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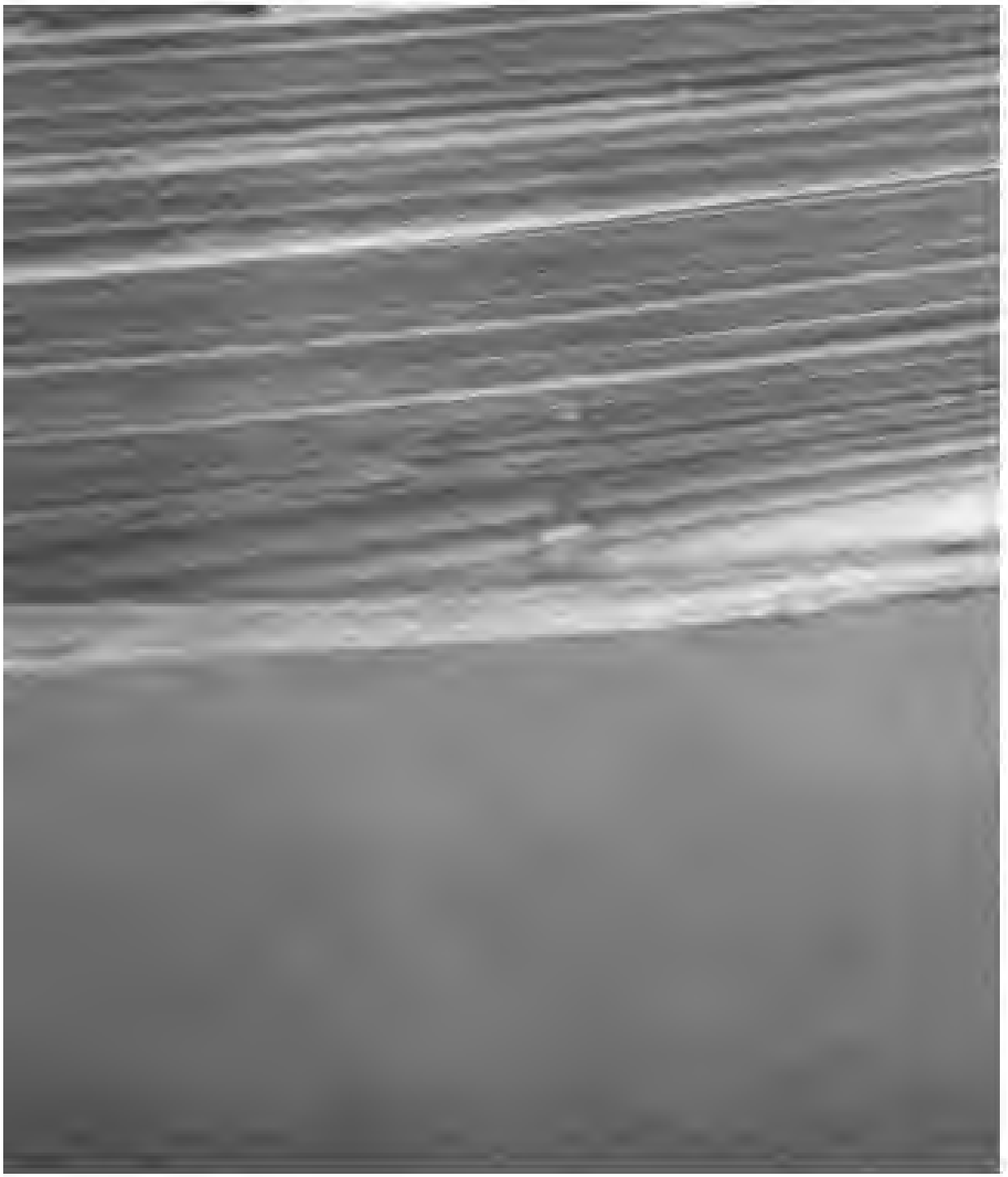

THE

WORKS

OF

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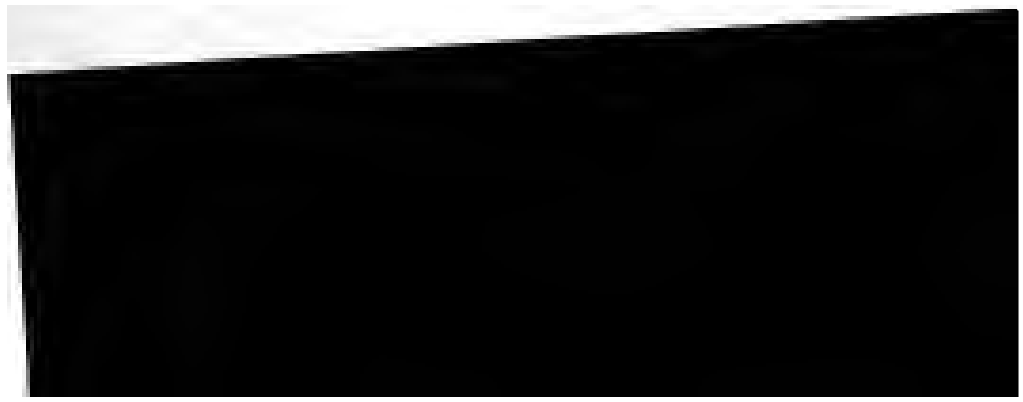

COMPRISING THE SUPPRESSED POEMS.

VOL. VI.

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1826.

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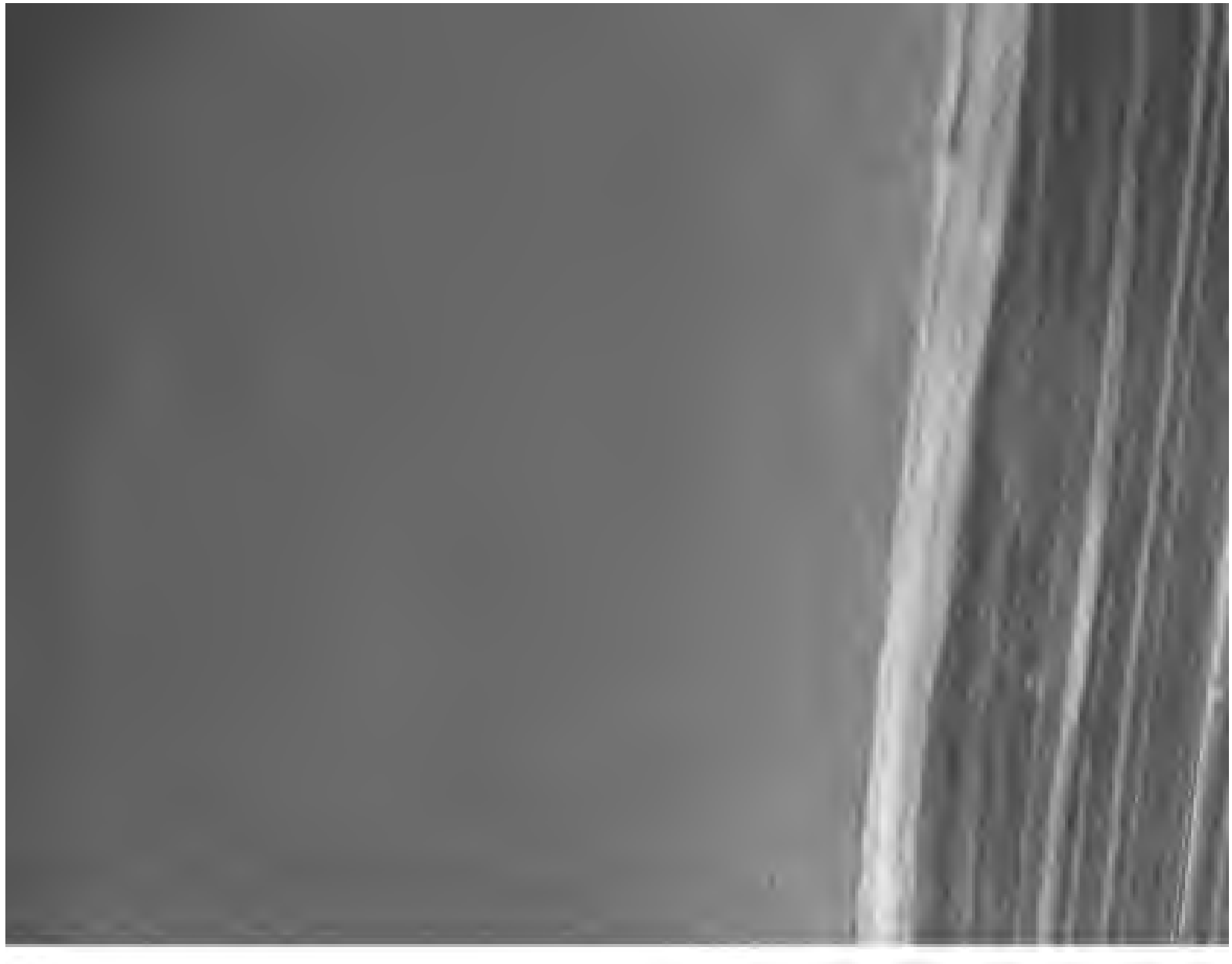

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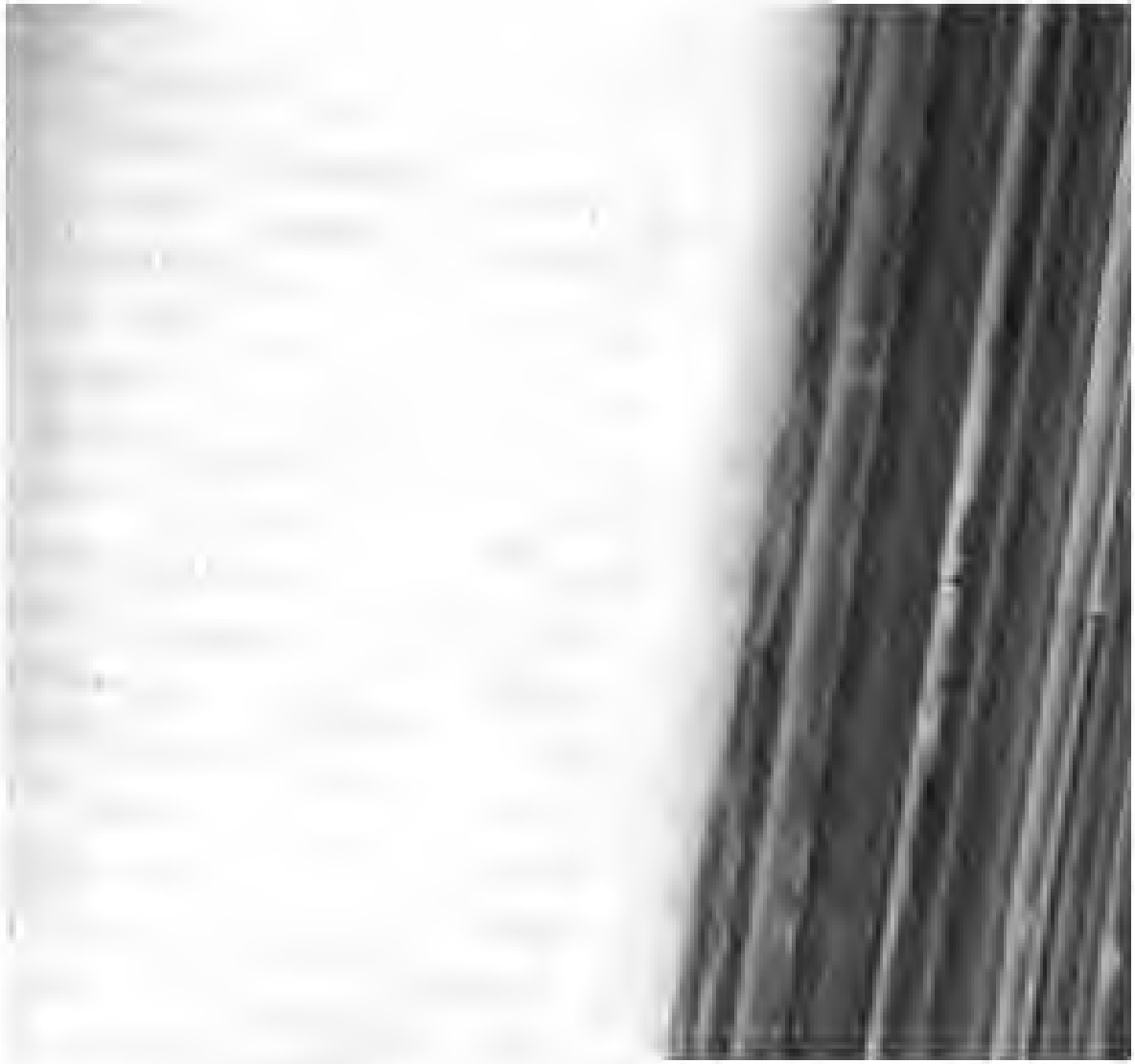
Mazeppa de Padolie; il avait été élevé page de Jean Casimir, et avait pris à sa cour quelque teinture des belles-lettres. Une intrigue qu'il eut dans sa jeunesse avec la femme d'un gentilhomme Polonais, ayant été découverte, le mari le fit lier tout nu sur un cheval farouche, et le laissa aller en cet état. Le cheval, qui était du pays de l'Ukraine, y retourna, et y porta Mazeppa, demi-mort de fatigue et de faim. Quelques paysans le secoururent : il resta long-temps parmi eux, et se signala dans plusieurs courses contre les Tartares. La supériorité de ses lumières lui donna une grande considération parmi les Cosaques : sa réputation s'augmentant de jour en jour, obligea le Czar à le faire Prince de l'Ukraine.»

VOLTAIRE, *Histoire de Charles XII.* p. 196.

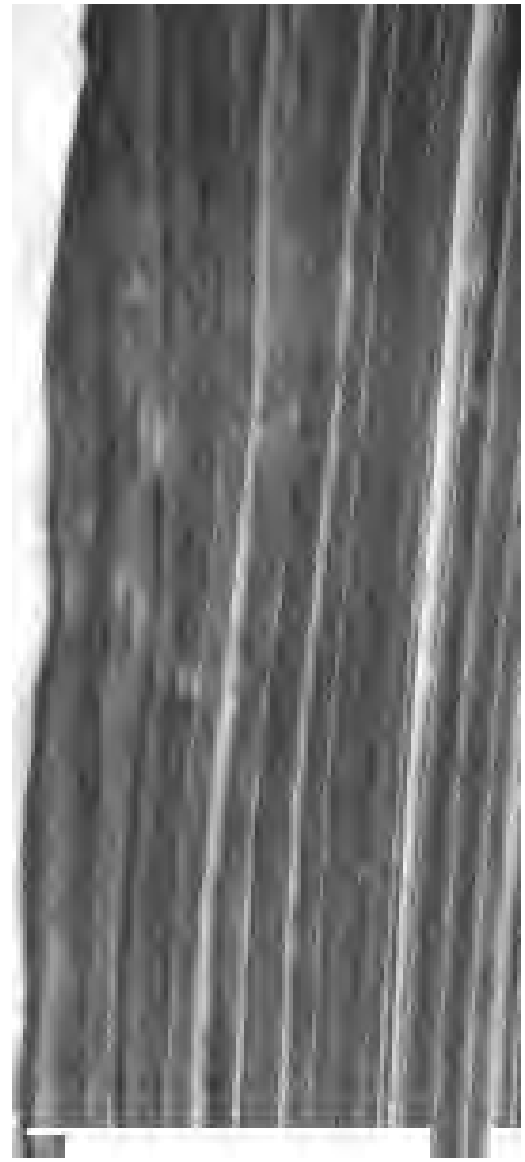
«Le roi fuyant et poursuivi eut son cheval tué sous lui; le Colonel Gieta, blessé, et perdant tout son sang, lui donna le sien. Ainsi on remit deux fois à cheval, dans la fuite, ce conquérant qui n'avait pu y monter pendant la bataille.»

VOLTAIRE, *Histoire de Charles XII.* p. 216.

«*Le roi alla par un autre* chemin avec quelques cs-



gh, and scarce less old,
hetman, calm and bold;
eat with this long course,
ince rubb'd down his horse,
him a leafy bed,
l his fetlocks and his mane,
is girth, and stripp'd his rein,
how well he fed;
e had the dread
ner might refuse
th the midnight dews:
r as his lord,
for bed and board;
docile too,
be done, would do;
, and strong of limb,
carried him;
and came to call,



And flints unloosen'd kept their lock—
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
And whether they had chafed his belt—
And next the venerable man,
From out his haversack and can,
Prepared and spread his slender stock;
And to the monarch and his men
The whole or portion offer'd then
With far less of inquietude
Than courtiers at a banquet would.
And Charles of this his slender share
With smiles partook a moment there,
To force of cheer a greater show,
And seem above both wounds and woe;—
And then he said—"Of all our band,
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,

And I will be the sentinel
Of this your troop.»—« But I request,
Said Sweden's monarch, « thou wilt tell
This tale of thine, and I may reap
Perchance from this the boon of sleep
For at this moment from my eyes
The hope of present slumber flies.»

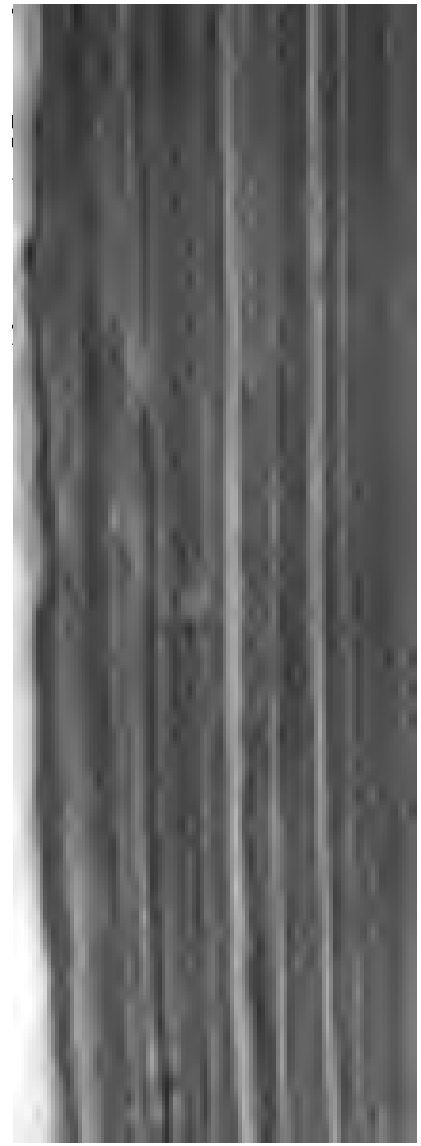
« Well, sire, with such a hope, I 'll track
My seventy years of memory back:
I think 't was in my twentieth spring,—
Ay, 't was,—when Casimir was king;
John Casimir,—I was his page
Six summers in my earlier age;
A learned monarch, faith! was he,
And most unlike your majesty:
He made no wars, and did not gain
New realms *to lose them back* again
And (save debates in Warsaw's diet)
He reign'd in most unseemly quiet

But soon his wrath being o'er, he took
Another mistress, or new book:
And then he gave prodigious fêtes—
All Warsaw gather'd round his gates
To gaze upon his splendid court,
And dames, and chiefs, of princely port:
He was the Polish Solomon,
So sung his poets, all but one,
Who, being unpension'd, made a satire,
And boasted that he could not flatter.
It was a court of jousts and mimes,
Where every courtier tried at rhymes;
Even I for once produced some verses,
And sign'd my odes, Despairing Thirsis.
There was a certain Palatine,
A count of far and high descent,
Rich as a salt or silver mine;*
And he was proud, ye may divine,
As if from heaven he had [illegible]

[illegible], some glances
[illegible] some songs, and dances,
[illegible] chances,
[illegible] which render
[illegible] so very tender,
[illegible] with titles given,
[illegible] into heaven;
[illegible]y, they rarely boast
[illegible]ave deserved them most.

V.

[illegible] stripling then;
[illegible]rs I so may say,
[illegible] few, or boys or men,
[illegible]dawning time of day,
[illegible] knight's degree,
[illegible]ities with me;
[illegible]th, youth, gaiety,
[illegible] this we see.



Between me and you chestnut's bough,
The memory is so quick and warm;
And yet I find no words to tell
The shape of her I loved so well:
She had the Asiatic eye,
Such as our Turkish neighbourhood
Hath mingled with our Polish blood,
Dark as above us is the sky;
But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moonrise at midnight;
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
Which seem'd to melt to its own beam;
All love, half languor, and half fire,
Like saints that at the stake expire,
And lift their raptured looks on high,
As though it were a joy to die.
A brow like a midsummer lake,

And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense,
Which link the burning chain that binds,
Without their will, young hearts and minds;
Conveying, as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire.—
I saw, and sigh'd—in silence wept,
And still reluctant distance kept,
Until I was made known to her,
And we might then and there confer
Without suspicion—then, even then,
I long'd, and was resolved to speak;
But on my lips they died again,
The accents tremulous and weak,
Until one hour.—There is a game,
A frivolous and foolish play,
Wherewith we while away the day;

The being whom I loved the most.—
I watch'd her as a sentinel,
(May ours this dark night watch as well!)
Until I saw, and thus it was,
That she was pensive, nor perceived
Her occupation, nor was grieved
Nor glad to lose or gain; but still
Play'd on for hours, as if her will
Yet bound her to the place, though not
That hers might be the winning lot.
Then through my brain the thought did pass
Even as a flash of lightning there,
That there was something in her air
Which would not doom me to despair;
And on the thought my words broke forth,
All incoherent as they were—
Their eloquence was little worth,
But yet she listen'd—'t is enough—
Who listens once will listen twice;
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
And one refusal no rebuff.

VII.

I loved, and was beloved again

Was fiery expectation's dower.
My days and nights were nothing—all
Except that hour, which doth recal
In the long lapse from youth to age
  No other like itself—I 'd give
  The Ukraine back again to live
It o'er once more—and be a page,
The happy page, who was the lord
Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
And had no other gem nor wealth
Save nature's gift of youth and health—
We met in *secret*—doubly sweet,
Some say, they find it so to meet;
I know not that—I would have *given*

VIII.

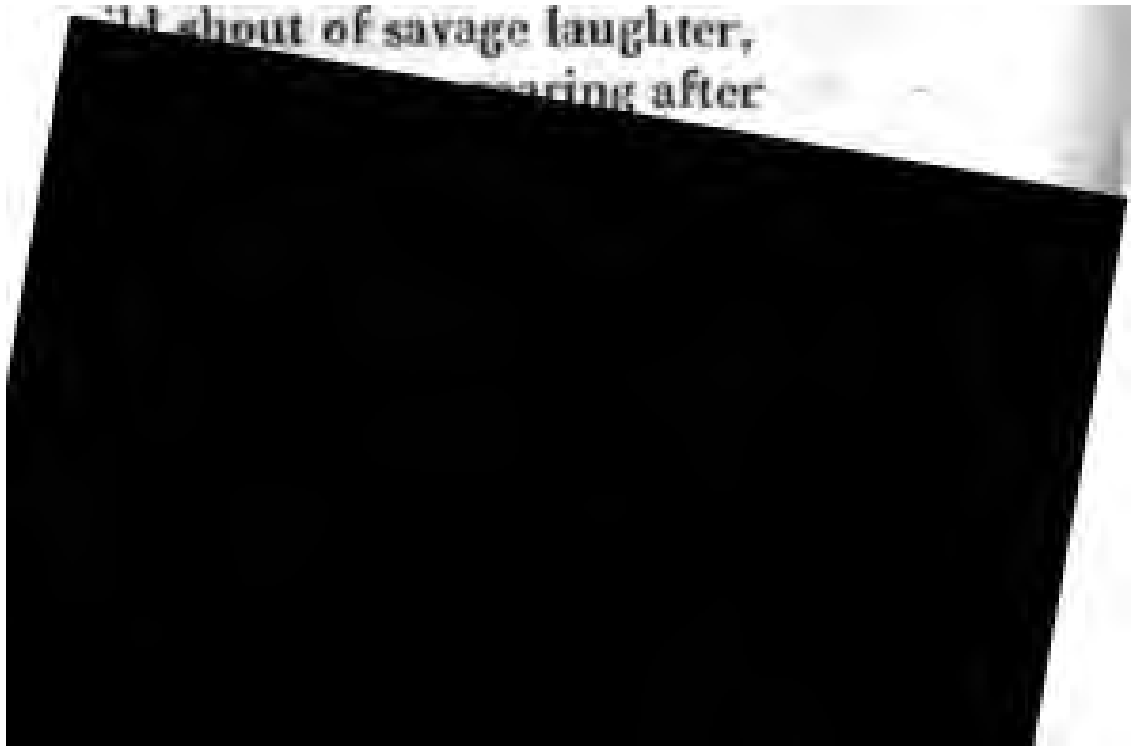
« For lovers there are many eyes,
And such there were on us:—the devil
On such occasions should be civil—
The devil!—I 'm loth to do him wrong,
It might be some untoward saint,
Who would not be at rest too long,
But to his pious bile gave vent—
But one fair night, some lurking spies
Surprised and seized us both.
The count was something more than wroth—
I was unarm'd; but if in steel,
All cap-à-pie from head to heel,
What 'gainst their numbers could I do?—

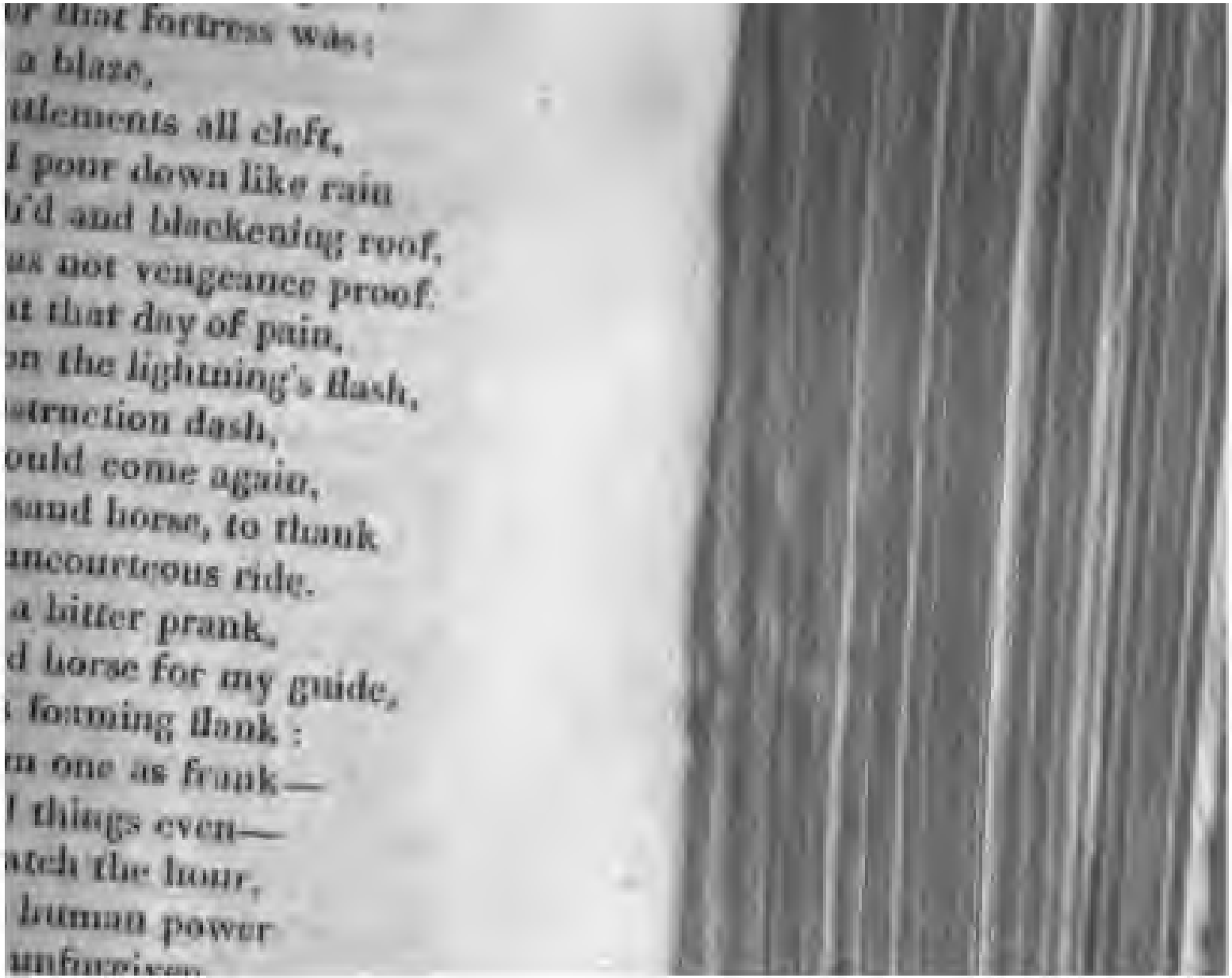
IX.

« ' Bring forth the horse !'—the horse was brought
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs: but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'T was but a day he had been caught,
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, *but in vain*,
In the *full foam of wrath and dread*,
To me the *desert-born* was led:

him with a sudden lash—
y!—and on we dash!—
s rapid and less rash.

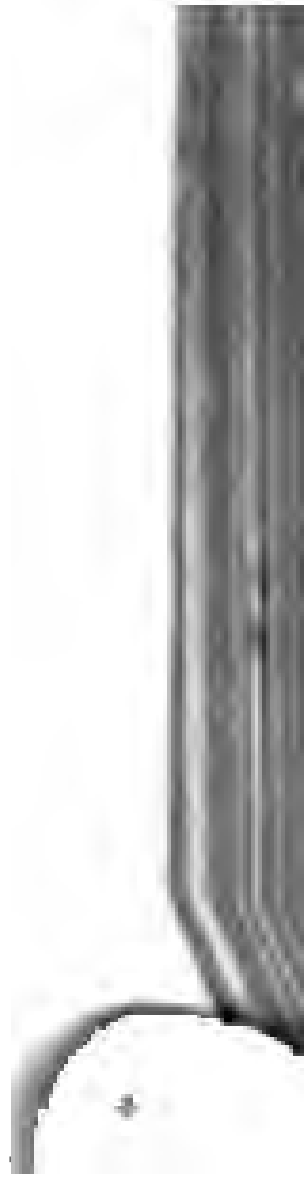
X.

away!—My breath was gone—
where he hurried on:
rcely yet the break of day,
e foam'd—away!—away!—
of human sounds which rose,
darted from my foes,


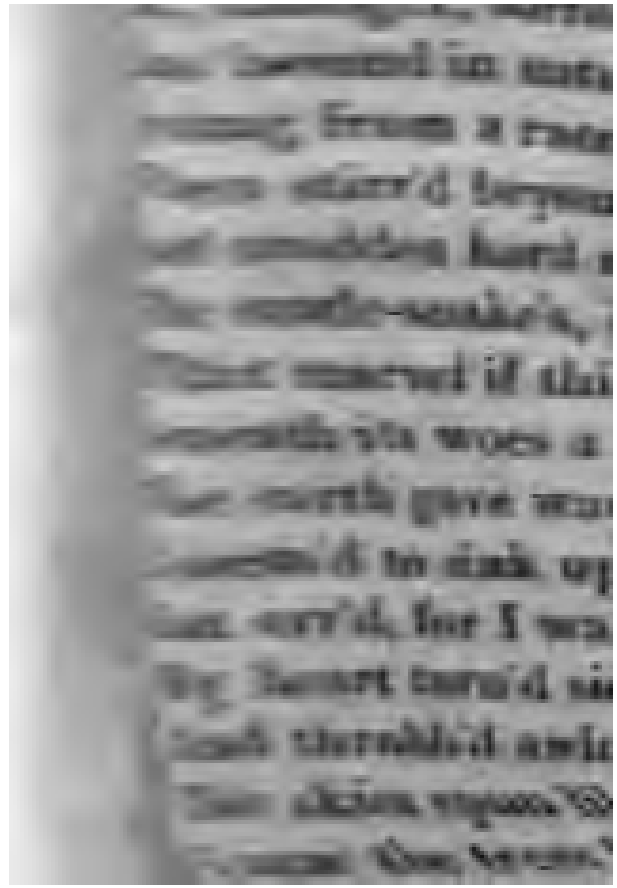


On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod:—
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by—
I could have answer'd with a sigh—
But fast we fled, away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane:
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed:
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became:
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright:
I tried my voice,—'t was faint and low

But these were few, and far between
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:
'T was a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chesnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine;
But far apart—and well it *were*,
Or else a different lot were mine—



midst the horde,
t must be so—
ng many a foe.
ourser's race begun,
l already won;
ed strength and speed.
swift and savage breed
like the mountain-roe;
he blinding snow
the peasant near the door
l he shall cross no more,
the dazzling blast,
e forest-paths he past—



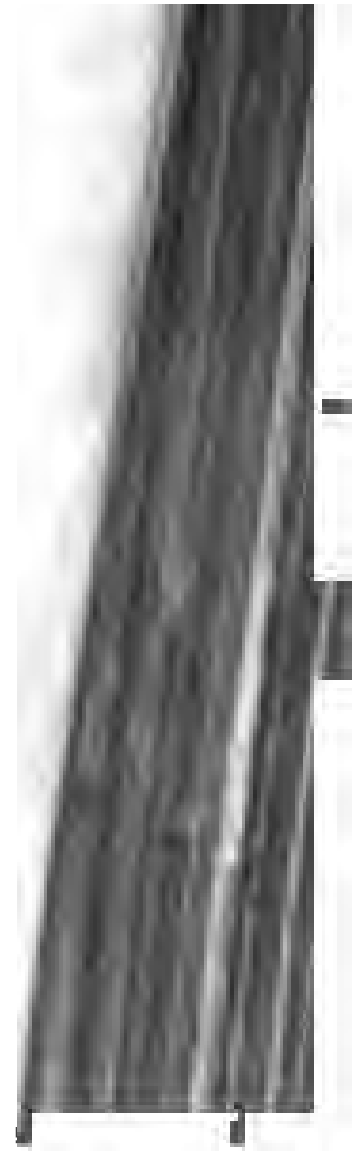
—who has her will.

XIII.

ast;—'twas more than noon;
Through in June;
veins ran cold—
e tames the bold:
what I seem,
wintry stream,
ngs out before
here causes o'er:
fear, and wrath,
beset my path,
, shame, distress,
's nakedness;
whose rising blood
its calmer mood,
on, is like
act to strike,
worn out trunk,

no farth
more than then I die
ed by that ghastly ride,
blackness come and go,
trove to wake; but could not make
es climb up from below:
on a plank at sea,
all the waves that dash o'er thee,
same time upheave and whelm,
url thee towards a desert realm.
ndulating life was as
fancied lights that flitting pass
shut eyes in deep midnight, when
er begins upon the brain;
t soon it pass'd, with little pain,
But a confusion worse than such:
I own that I should deem it much,
ying, to feel the same again;
et I do suppose we must
we turn to dust:
brow

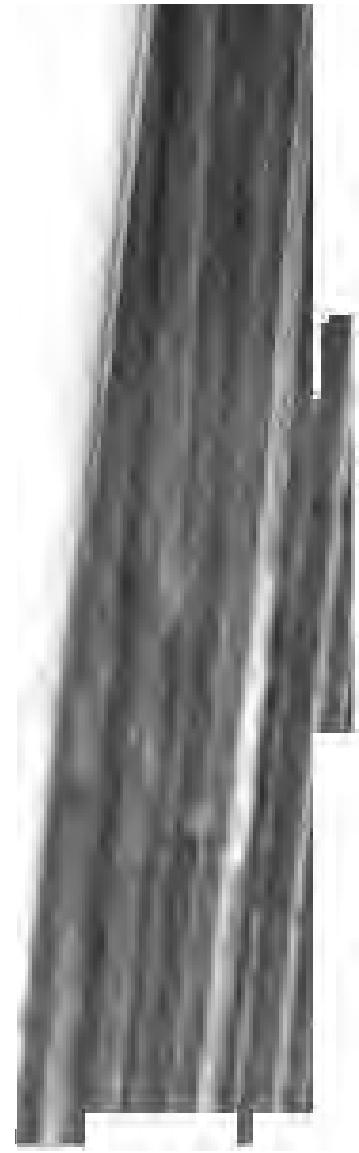
waves was nigh;
gleam too of the sky,
h stars;—it is no dream;
rse swims the wilder stream!
road river's gushing tide
ling onward, far and wide,
alf-way struggling o'er
own and silent shore.
oke my hollow trance,
mporary strength
limbs were rebaptized.
road breast proudly braves,
the ascending waves
advance!
lippery shore at length,
t little prized,
was dark and drear,
as night and fear.
s of night or day.



Stood like an hospitable star;
Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
To make him merry with my woes:
  That very cheat had cheer'd me then!
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me, through every ill,
  Of the abodes of men.

XVI.

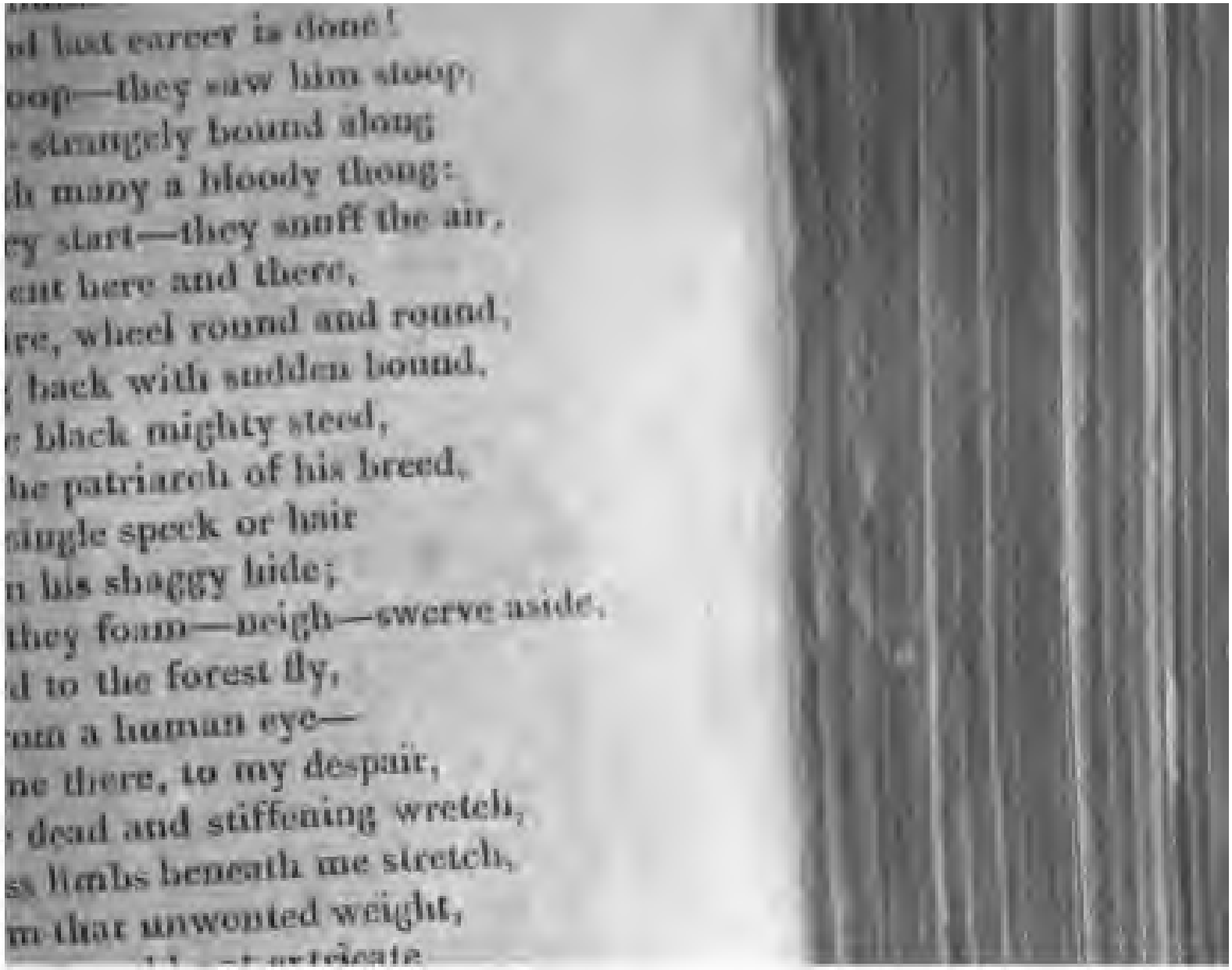
« Onward we went—but slack and slow;
  His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
  All feebly foaming went.
A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour;
  But useless all to me.



...ly tied—
it was in vain;
ere only wrung the more,
e idle strife gave o'er,
it prolong'd their pain:
ce seem'd almost done,
goal was nearly won:
announced the coming sun—
alas! he came!
at mist of dawning gray
dapple into day;
t roll'd away—
astern flame
and deposed the stars,
adiance from their cars,
rth, from his deep throne,
tre, all his own.

XVII.

. . . . . as it his heart would burst,
The weary brute still stagger'd on;
And still we were—or seem'd—alone:
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?
No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse—and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod.



ol last career is done!
oop—they saw him stoop,
e strangely bound along
h many a bloody thong:
ey start—they snuff the air,
ant here and there,
ire, wheel round and round,
back with sudden bound,
e black mighty steed,
he patriarch of his breed,
ingle speck or hair
n his shaggy hide;
they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
d to the forest fly,
nn a human eye—
ne there, to my despair,
dead and stiffening wretch,
s limbs beneath me stretch,
m that unwonted weight,

... last of fears
Inevitable—even a boon,
Nor more unkind for coming soon;
Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,
As if it only were a snare
  That prudence might escape:
At times both wish'd for and implored,
At times sought with self-pointed sword,
Yet still a dark and hideous close
To even intolerable woes,
  And welcome in no shape.
And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
They who have revell'd beyond measure
In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,
Die calm, or calmer, oft than he
Whose heritage was misery:
For he who hath in turn run through
All that was beautiful and new,
  Hath nought to hope, and nought to lea...
And ...

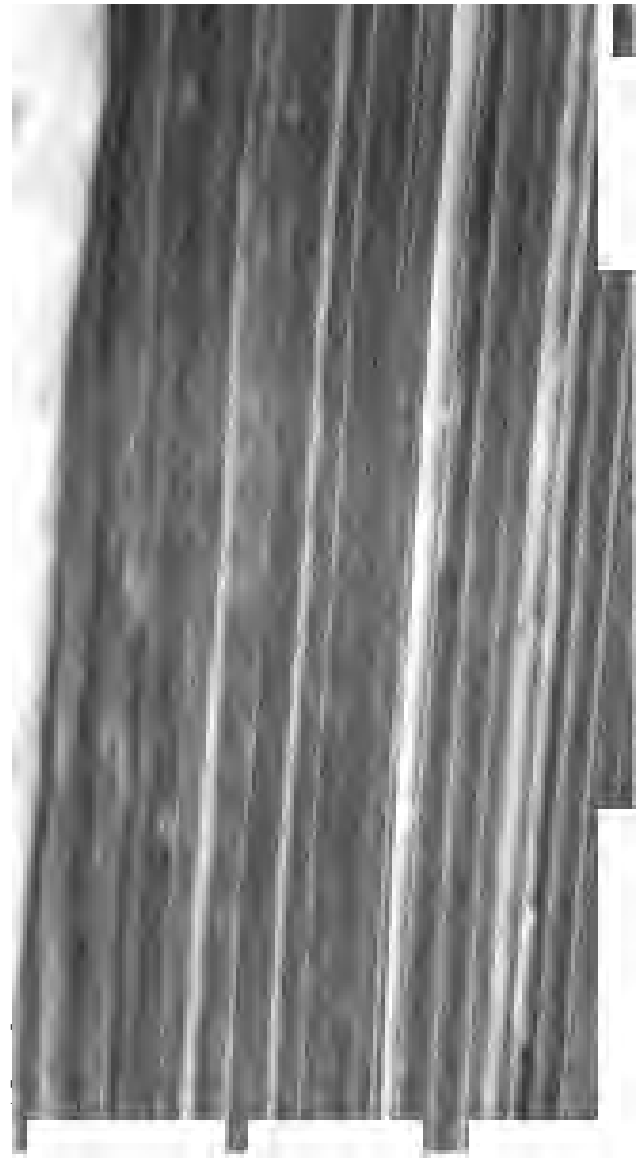
"The sun was sinking—still I lay
  Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed
I thought to mingle there our clay;
  And my dim eyes of death had need
  No hope arose of being freed:
I cast my last looks up the sky.
  And there between me and the sun
I saw the expecting raven fly,
Who scarce would wait till both should die
  Ere his repast begun;
He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more
And each time nearer than before;
I saw his wing through twilight flit
And once so near me he alit
  I could have smote, but lack'd the strength
But the slight motion of my hand,
And feeble scratching of the sand,
The *exerted throat's faint struggling* noise
Which scarcely could be call'd a voice.

XIX.

«I woke—Where was I?—Do I see
A human face look down on me?
And doth a roof above me close?
Do these limbs on a couch repose?
Is this a chamber where I lie?
And is it mortal yon bright eye,
That watches me with gentle glance?
  I closed my own again once more,
As doubtful that the former trance
  Could not as yet be o'er.
A slender girl, long-hair'd, and tall,
Sate watching by the cottage wall;
The sparkle of her eye I caught,
Even with my first return of thought

I must not strive as yet to break
The silence, till my strength should be
Enough to leave my accents free;
And then her hand on mine she laid,
And smooth'd the pillow for my head.
And stole along on tiptoe tread,
And gently oped the door, and spake
In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet!
Even music follow'd her light feet!
But those she call'd were not awake.
And she went forth; but ere she pass'd,
Another look on me she cast,
Another sign she made, to say,
That I had nought to fear, that all
Were near, at my command or call,
And she would not delay
Her due return;—while she was gone
Methought I felt too much alone.

Since I became the Cossack's guest:
They found me senseless on the plain—
  They bore me to the nearest hut—
They brought me into life again—
Me—one day o'er their realm to reign!
  Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
His rage, refining on my pain,
  Sent me forth to the wilderness,
Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
To pass the desert to a throne.—
  What mortal his own doom may guess?-
  Let none despond, let none despair!
To-morrow the Borysthenes
May see our coursers graze at ease
Upon his Turkish bank,—and never
Had I such welcome for a river
  As I shall yield when safely there.
Comrades, good night!»—The Hetman thre
  His length beneath the oak

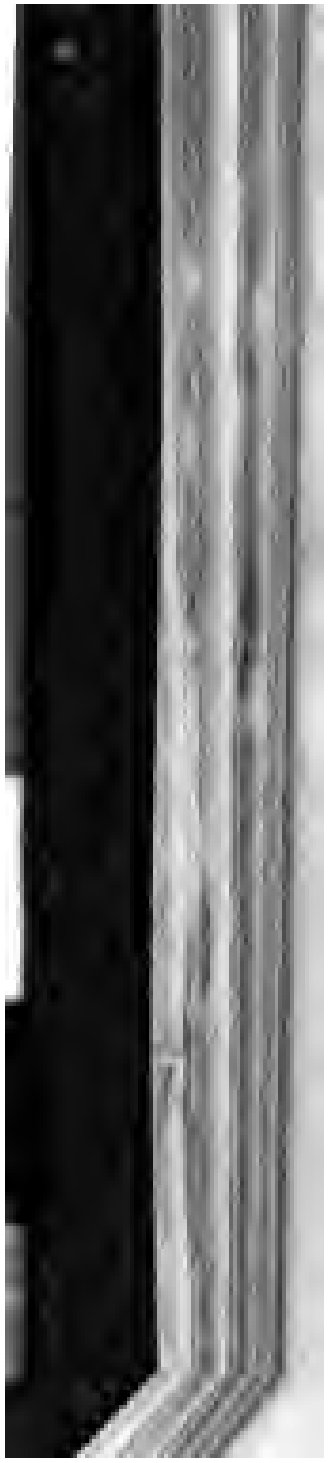


ED,

C POEM.

—

ren and earth, Horatio,
losophy.»



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MANFRED.	WITCH OF THE ALPS.
CHAMOIS HUNTER.	ARIMANES.
ABBOT OF ST MAURICE.	NEMESIS.
MANUEL.	THE DESTINIES.
HERMAN.	SPIRITS, etc.

The Scene of the Drama is amongst the Higher —partly in the Castle of Manfred, and partly in Mountains.

y bidding bow'd,
nsion in the cloud.
eath of twilight builds,
ner's sun-set gilds
and vermilion,
for my pavilion;
st may be forbidden,
I have ridden;
ion bow'd,
rish avow'd!

he SECOND SPIRIT.
monarch of mountains,
m long ago
ks, in a robe of clouds
f snow

The deep echo roll'd—
To the Spirit of Ocean
Thy wishes unfold!

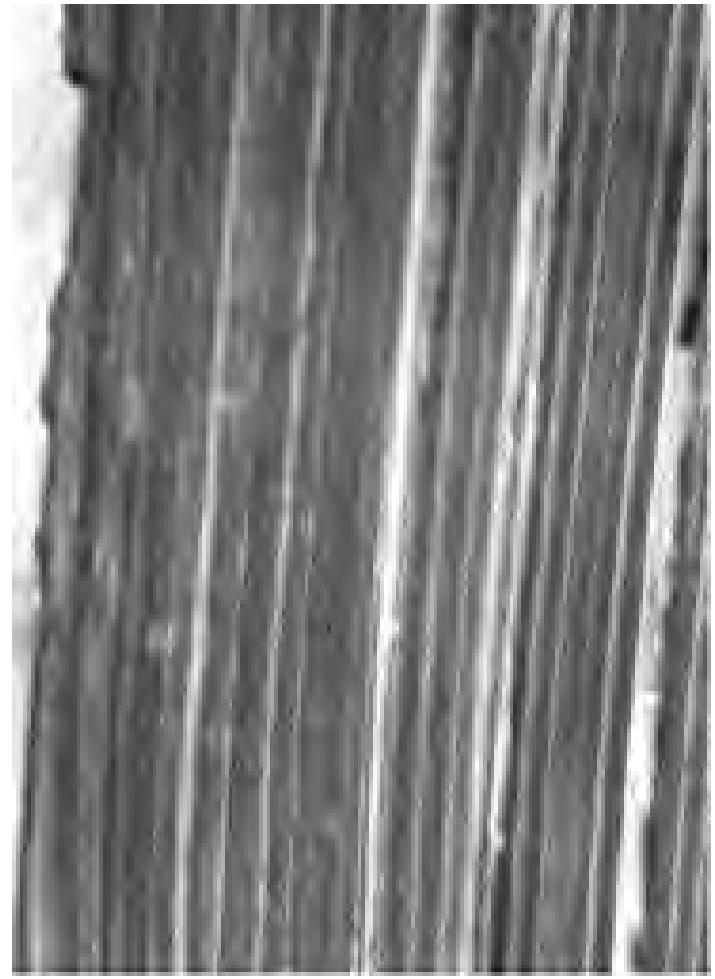
FOURTH SPIRIT.

Where the slumbering earthquake
Lies pillow'd on fire,
And the lakes of bitumen
Rise boilingly higher;
Where the roots of the Andes
Strike deep in the earth,
As their summits to heaven
Shoot soaringly forth;
I have quitted my birth-place,
Thy bidding to bide—
Thy spell hath subdued me,
Thy will be my guide!

IT.
w'd,
cloud.
ght builds,
gilds
lion,
ilion ;
forbidden,
en ;

d!

) SPIRIT.
of mountains,
go
the of clay !



What would'st thou, child of clay, with me?

THE SEVEN SPIRITS.

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,
Are at thy beck and bidding, child of clay!
Before thee, at thy quest, their spirits are—
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—say?

MANFRED.

Forgetfulness——

FIRST SPIRIT.

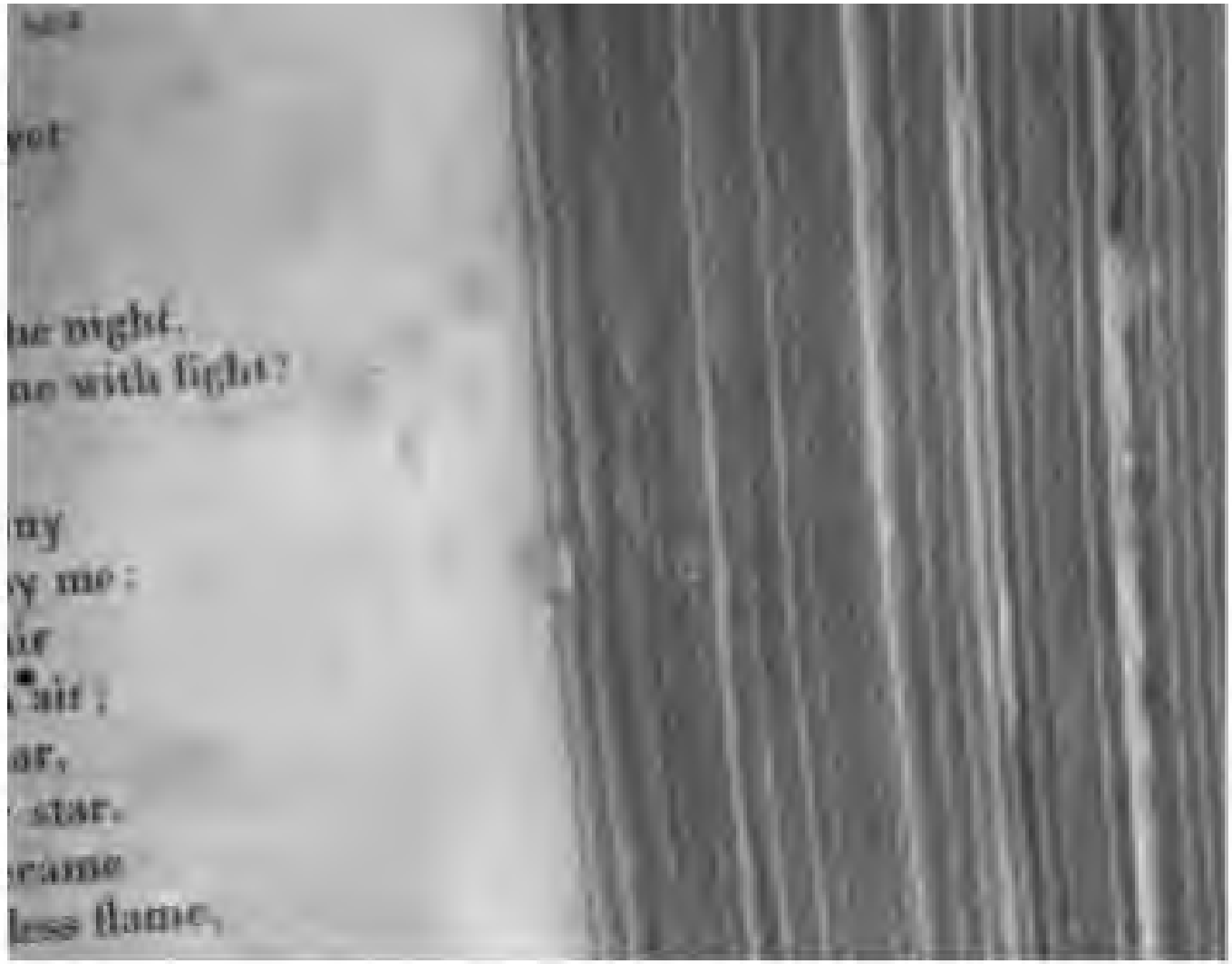
Of what—of whom—and why?

MANFRED.

Of that which is within me; read it there
Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

SPIRIT.

We can but give thee that which we possess:
Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power
O'er earth, the whole, or portion, or a sign
Which shall control the elements, whereof
We are the dominators——



But nothing more. Art
Or one, or all, in your accustomed ...

SPIRIT.

We have no forms beyond the elements
Of which we are the mind and principle:
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

MANFRED.

I have no choice; there is no form on earth
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect
As unto him may seem most fitting—Come!

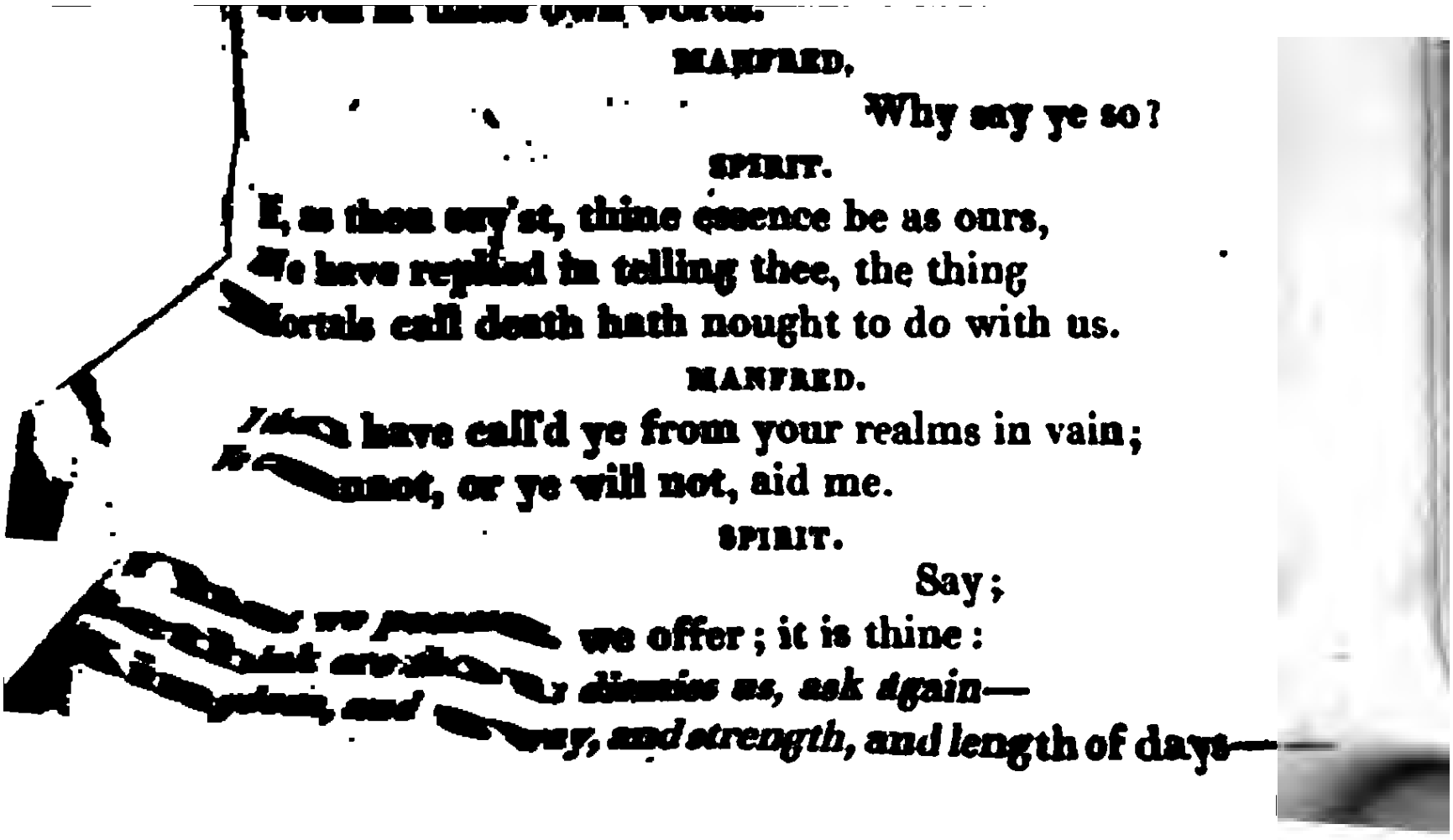
SEVENTH SPIRIT.

(*Appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure.*)

Behold!

MANFRED.

Oh God! if it be thus, and thou
Art not a madness and a mockery,



MANFRED.

Why say ye so?

SPIRIT.

If, as thou say'st, thine essence be as ours,
We have replied in telling thee, the thing
Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

MANFRED.

I have call'd ye from your realms in vain;
I cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

SPIRIT.

Say;
we offer; it is thine:
dismiss us, ask again—
ay, and strength, and length of days——

Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptised thee with a curse;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;
And to thee shall Night deny
All the quiet of her sky;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.

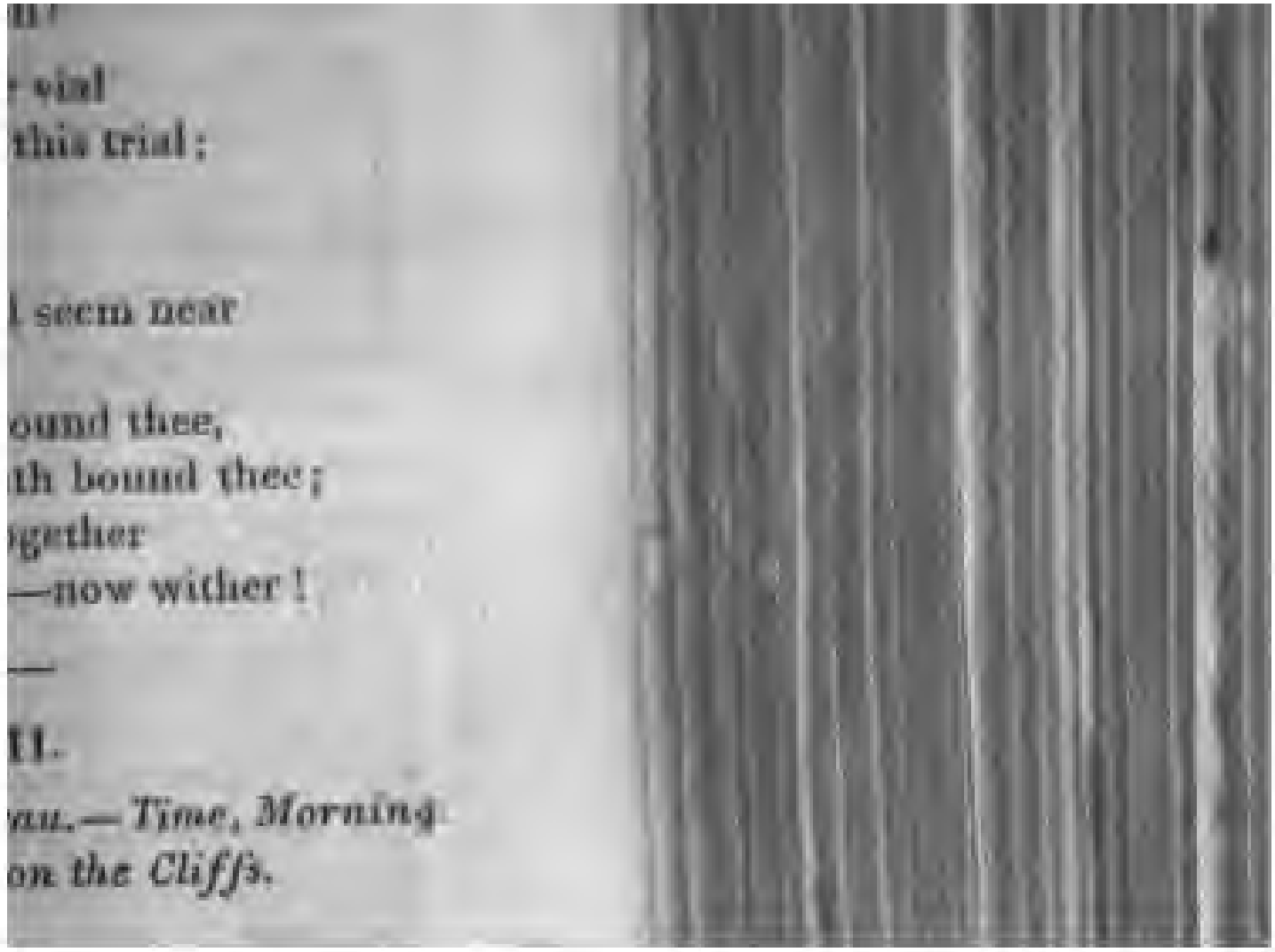
From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring;

shall fly
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep:
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou can-st not banish.
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou can-st never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud
Thou art gather'd in a cloud:
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
As a thing that, though unseen,
Must be near thee, and hath been

ehold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
n dizziness of distance; when a leap,
stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
fy breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
o rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?
feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
see the peril—yet do not recede;
nd my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm:
here is a power upon me which withholds
nd makes it my fatality to live;
it be life to wear within myself
his barrenness of spirit, and to be
y own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
o justify my deeds unto myself—
ie last infirmity of evil. Ay,
iou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,

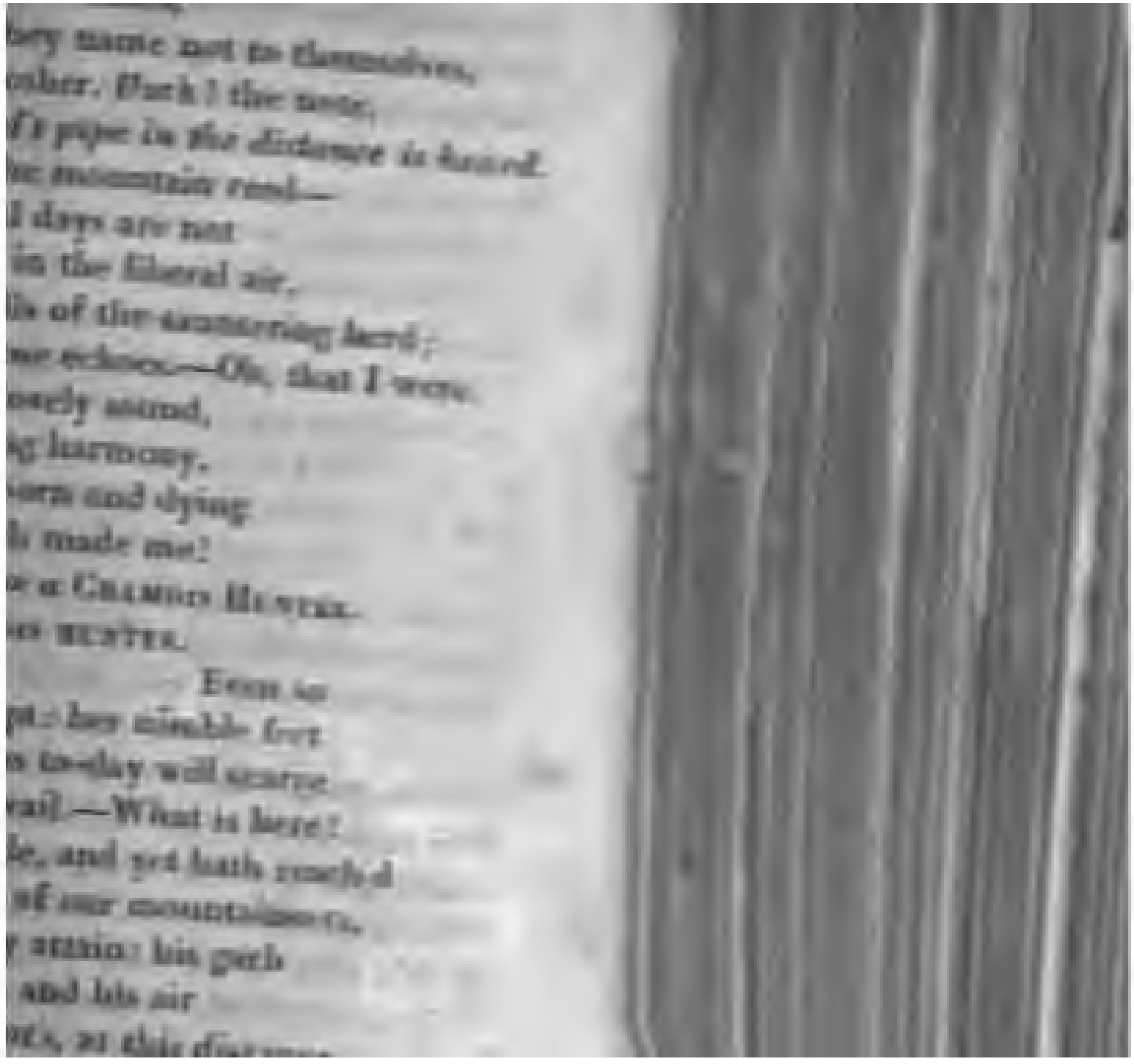


n?
vial
this trial;
l seem near
ound thee,
th bound thee;
gether
—now wither!
—
II.
au.— *Time, Morning*
on the *Cliffs*.

ted trunk upon a cursed root,
but supplies a feeling to decay—
be thus, eternally but thus,
been otherwise! Now furrow'd o'er
wrinkles, plough'd by moments, not by years;
ours—all tortured into ages—hours
h I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of ice!
alanches, whom a breath draws down
ountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
r ye momently above, beneath,
h with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
only fall on things that still would live;
he young flourishing forest, or the hut
hamlet of the harmless villager.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

mists begin to rise from up the valley;
or he may chance



anon.—Away!
w thicker—there—now lean
here—here, take this staff, and cling
hat shrub—now give me your hand,
by my girdle—softly—well—
ll be gain'd within an hour—
ll quickly find a surer footing,
ng like a pathway, which the torrent
since winter.—Come, 't is bravely done—
have been a hunter.—Follow me.

As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the scene closes.)

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

No, no—yet pause—thou must not yet go forth:
Thy mind and body are alike unfit
To trust each other, for some hours, at least;
When thou art better, I will be thy guide—
But whither?

MANFRED.

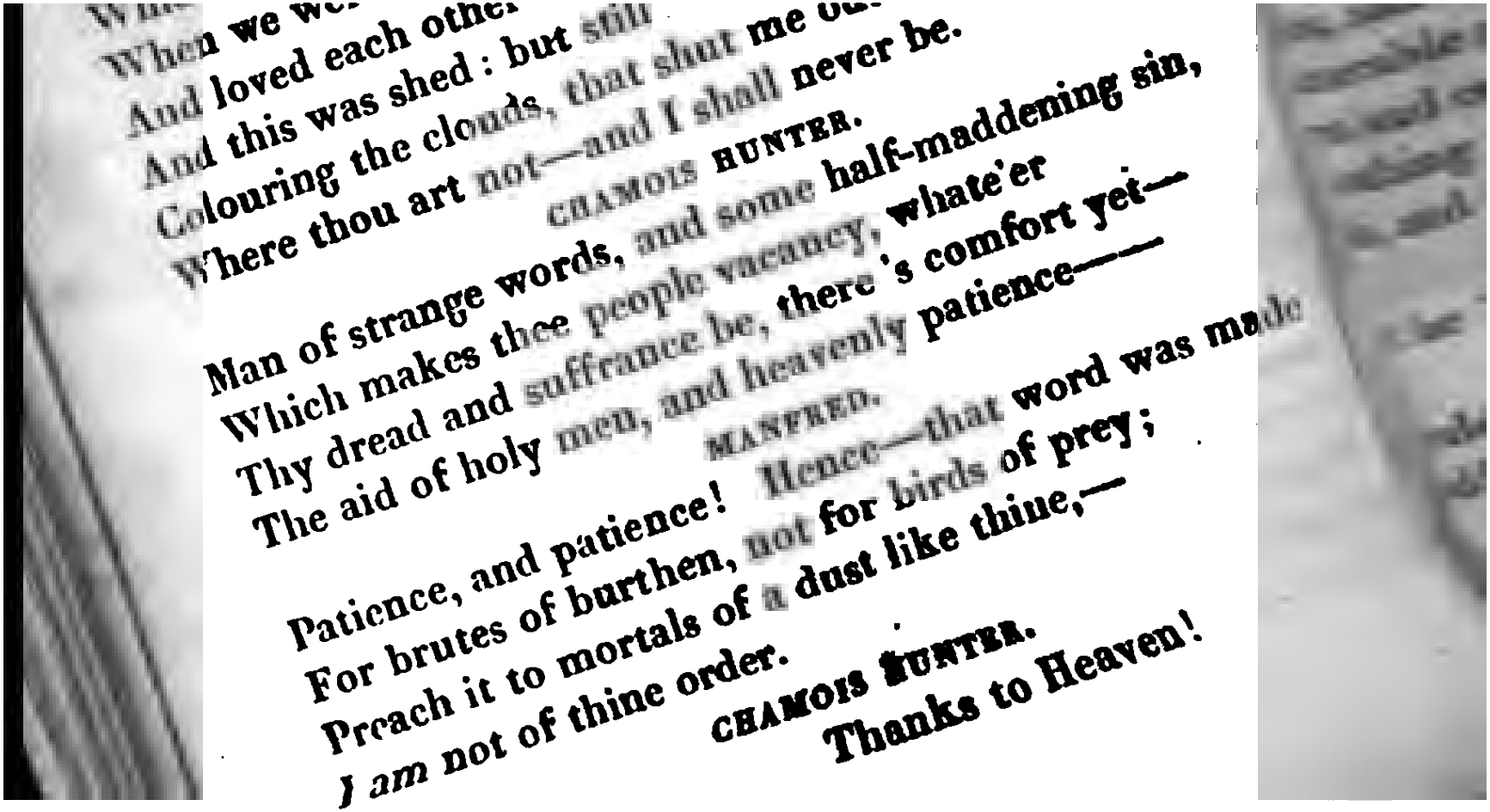
It imports not: I do know
My route full well, and need no further guidance.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high lineage—
One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags
Look o'er the lower valleys—which of these
May call thee Lord? I only know their portals;
My way of life leads me but rarely down
To bask by the huge hearths of those old halls,
Carousing with the vassals; but the paths,
Which step from *out our mountains* to their doors,
I know from childhood—which of these is thine?

MANFRED.

No matter.



When we we
And loved each othe
And this was shed: but still
Colouring the clouds, that shut me ou
Where thou art not—and I shall never be.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Man of strange words, and some half-maddening sin,
Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er
Thy dread and suffrance be, there 's comfort yet—
The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience——

MANFRED.

Patience, and patience! Hence—that word was made
For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,—
I am not of thine order.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Thanks to Heaven!

MANFRED.

Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth: but actions are our epochs: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable
Endless, and all alike as sands on the shore,
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Alas! he's mad—but yet I must not leave him

MANFRED.

I will be sane—for then the things I see
Will be but a distemper'd dream.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

And would'st thou then exchange thy lot for mine?

MANFRED.

No, friend! I would not wrong thee, nor exchange
My lot with living being: I can bear—
However wretchedly, 't is still to bear—
In life what others could not brook to dream,
But perish in their slumber.

CHAMOIS HUNTER.

And with this—
This cautious feeling for another's pain,
Canst thou be black with evil?—say not so.
Can one of gentle thoughts have wreak'd revenge
Upon his enemies?

MANFRED.

Oh! no, no, no!

SCENE II.

A lower Valley in the Alps—A Cataract.

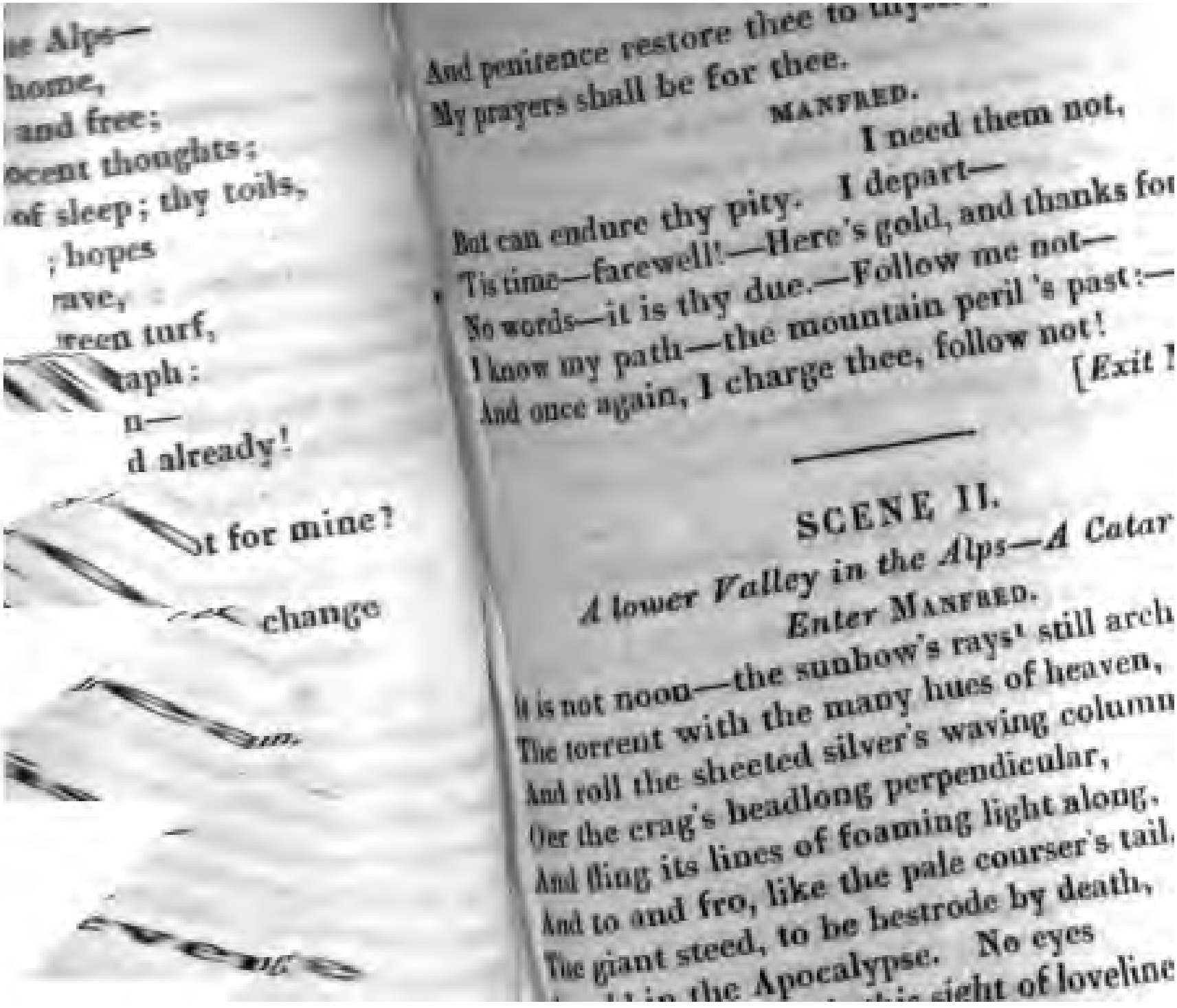
Enter MANFRED.

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er *the* crag's headlong perpendicular,
And *fling* its lines of foaming light along,
And *to* and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The steed, to be bestrode by death,
as *in* the Apocalypse. No eyes
mine now drink *this sight* of loveliness;
could be sole in this sweet solitude,

... THE ALPS *rises beneath*
arch of the sunbeam of the torrent.

MANFRED.

eautiful spirit! with thy hair of light;
nd dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
he charms of earth's least-mortal daughters grow
o an unearthly stature, in an essence
f purer elements; while the hues of youth,—
rnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,
ock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,
: the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
on the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
e blush of earth embracing with her heaven,—
ge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
e beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
utiful spirit! in thy calm clear brow,



e Alps—
home,
and free;
ocent thoughts;
of sleep; thy toils,
; hopes
rave,
reen turf,
aph:
n—
d already!
t for mine?
change
in.

And penitence restore thee to my—
My prayers shall be for thee.

MANFRED.

I need them not,
But can endure thy pity. I depart—
'Tis time—farewell!—Here's gold, and thanks for
No words—it is thy due.—Follow me not—
I know my path—the mountain peril 's past:—
And once again, I charge thee, follow not!

[*Exit*

SCENE II.

A lower Valley in the Alps—A Catar

Enter MANFRED.

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
Over the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed, to be bestrode by death,
in the Apocalypse. No eyes
sight of loveline

:

en,

; wing

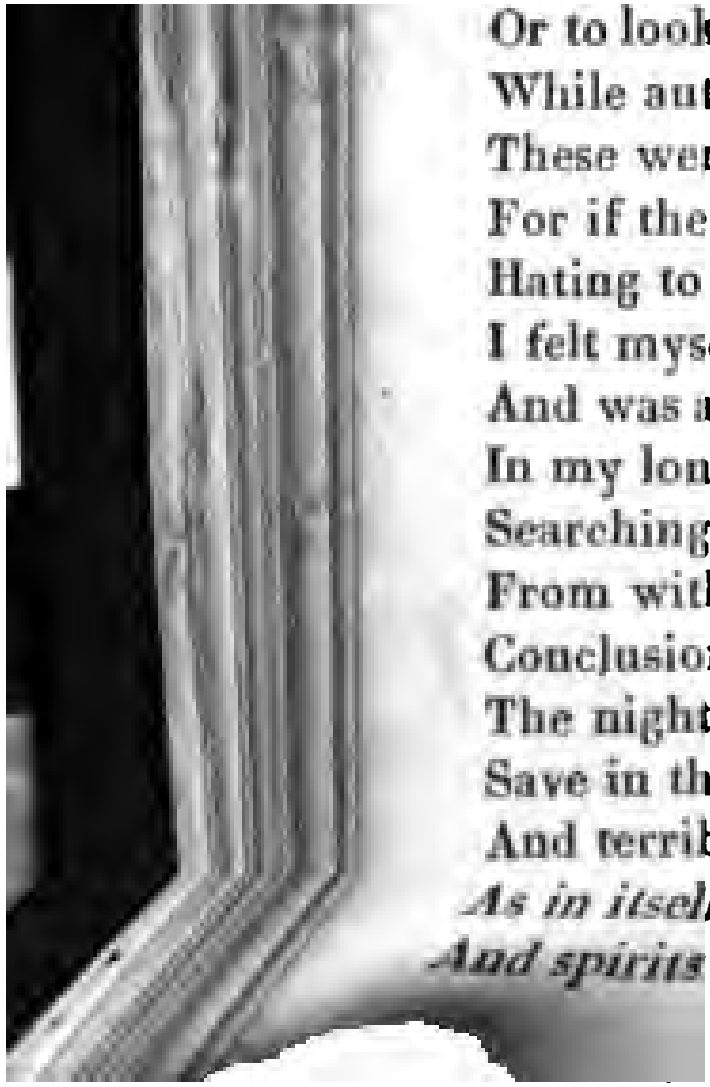
/ave

; moon,
catch

adara,
a my knowledge grew
, and the power and joy
lligence, until——
WITCH.

NFRED.
prolong'd my words,
utes, because
f my heart's grief—
not named to thee
ss, friend, or being,
hain of human ties;
l not such to me—

ITCH.
d.
NFRED.
ents—her ...

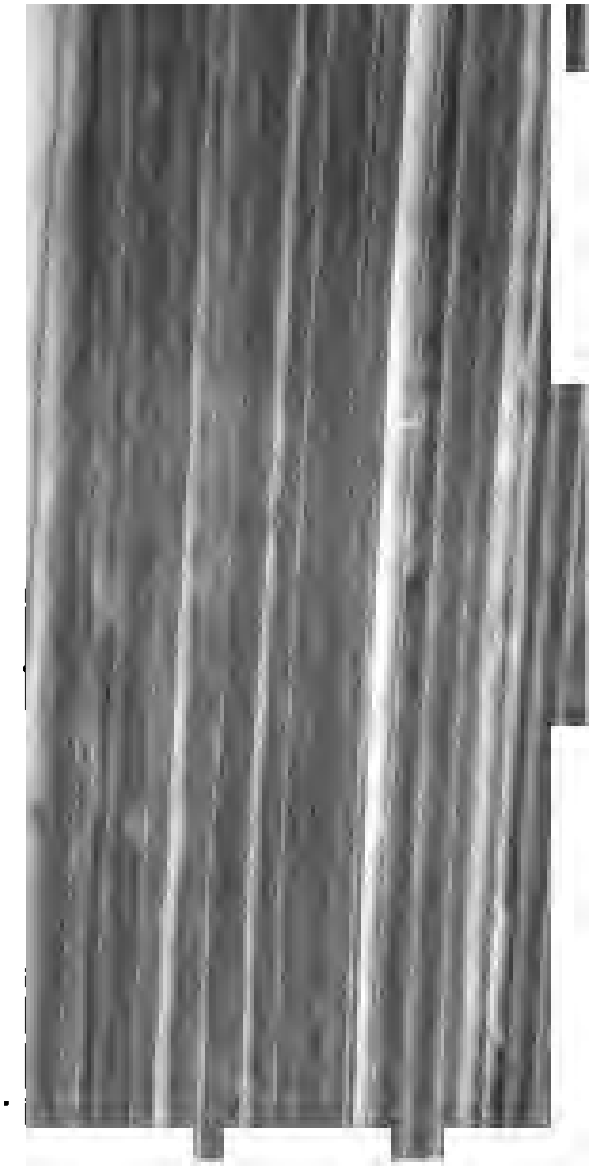


Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,
While autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again. And then I dived,
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
From wither'd bones, and sculls, and heap'd up dus
Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd
The nights of years in sciences untaught,
Save in the old-time; and with time and toil,
And terrible ordeal, and such penance
As in itself hath power upon the air,
And spirits that do compass air and earth,

—[illegible] deep,
dash'd me back
n'd thought.
-Forgetfulness
is to be found,
y sciences,
human art,
y despair—

H.
may be

ND.
thy power
e low with them.
hour—
e last.
t.
ut if thou



We are the fools of time and terror: days
Steal on us and steal from us; yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this detested yoke—
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain,
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—
In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's. I have one resource
Still in my science—I can call the dead,
And ask them what it is we dread to be:
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,
And that is nothing—if they answer not—
The buried Prophet answer'd to the Hag
Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit
An answer and his destiny—he slew
That which he loved, unknowing what he slew,

here 't is to be found,
rn—my sciences,
super-human art,
ll in my despair—
r ever.

WITCH.

It may be

MANFRED.

do this thy power
or lay me low with them.
–in any hour—
it be the last.

WITCH.

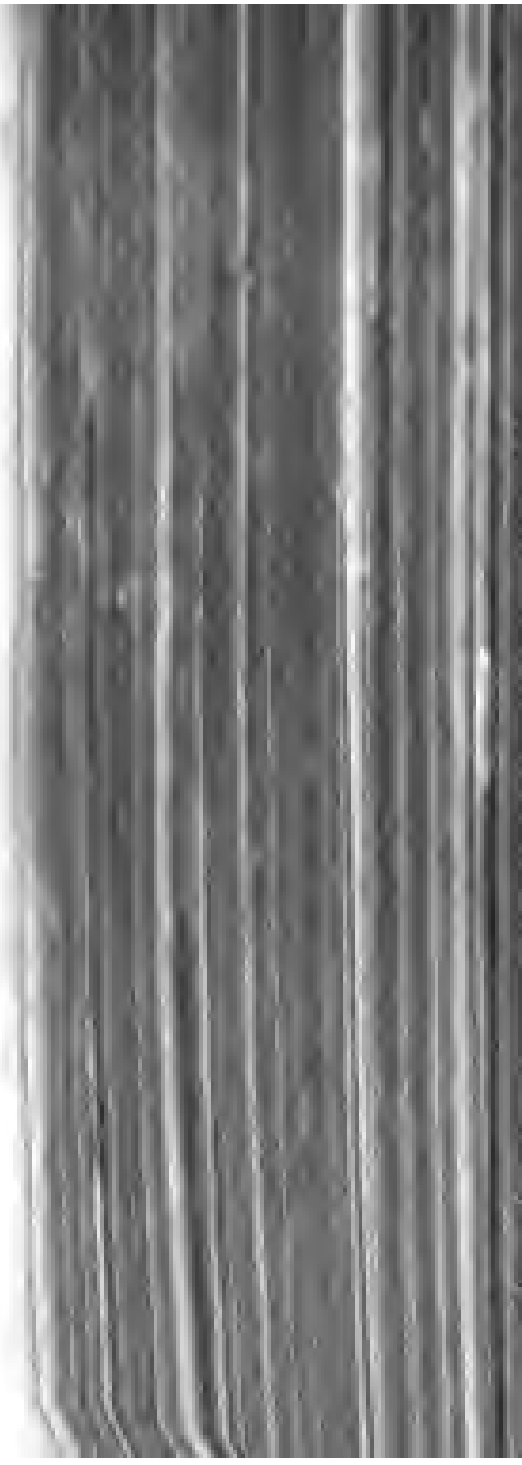
vince; but if thou
to my will, and do
lp thee to thy wishes.

MANFRED.

ey! and whom? the spirits
mand, and be the slave
me—Never!

WITCH.

Is this all?



WITCH.

ough!—I may retire then—say!

MANFRED.

Retire!

[*The* WITCH *disapp*

MANFRED (*alone*).

e are the fools of time and terror: days
eal on us and steal from us; yet we live,
»athing our life, and dreading still to die.
. all the days of this detested yoke—
iis vital weight upon the struggling heart,
'hich sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pai
r joy that ends in agony or faintness—
ı all the days of past and future, for
ı life there is no present, we can number
ow few—how less than few—wherein the soul
orbears to pant for death, and yet draws back
s from a stream in winter, though the chill
[illegible] I have one resource

Of their own desolation.-
This work of a night,
This wreck of a realm—this deed of my doing--
For ages I 've done, and shall still be renewing!

Enter the SECOND *and* THIRD DESTINIES

The Three.

Our hands contain the hearts of men,
Our footsteps are their graves;
We only give to take again
The spirits of our slaves!

FIRST DESTINY.

Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?

The Captive Usurper,
Hurl'd down from the throne,
Lay buried in torpor,
Forgotten and lone;
I broke through his slumbers,
I shiver'd his chain,
I leagued him with numbers—
He 's Tyrant again!
With the blood of a million he 'll answer my care,
With a nation's destruction—his flight and despair.

Second Voice, without.

The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,
But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;
There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,
And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his wreck;
Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the hair,
And he was a subject well worthy my care;
A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea—
But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me!

Sullenly, slowly,
The black plague flew o'er it—
Thousands lie lowly;
Tens of thousands shall perish—
The living shall fly from
The sick they should cherish;
But nothing can vanquish
The touch that they die from.
Sorrow and anguish,
And evil and dread,
Envelope a nation—
The blest are the dead,
Who see not the sight
Of their own desolation.—
This work of a night,
f a realm—this deed of my doing—
done, and shall still be renewing!

the SECOND *and*

ALL THE SPIRITS.

Prostrate thyself, and thy condemned clay,
Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.

MANFRED.

I know it;
And yet ye see I kneel not.

FOURTH SPIRIT.

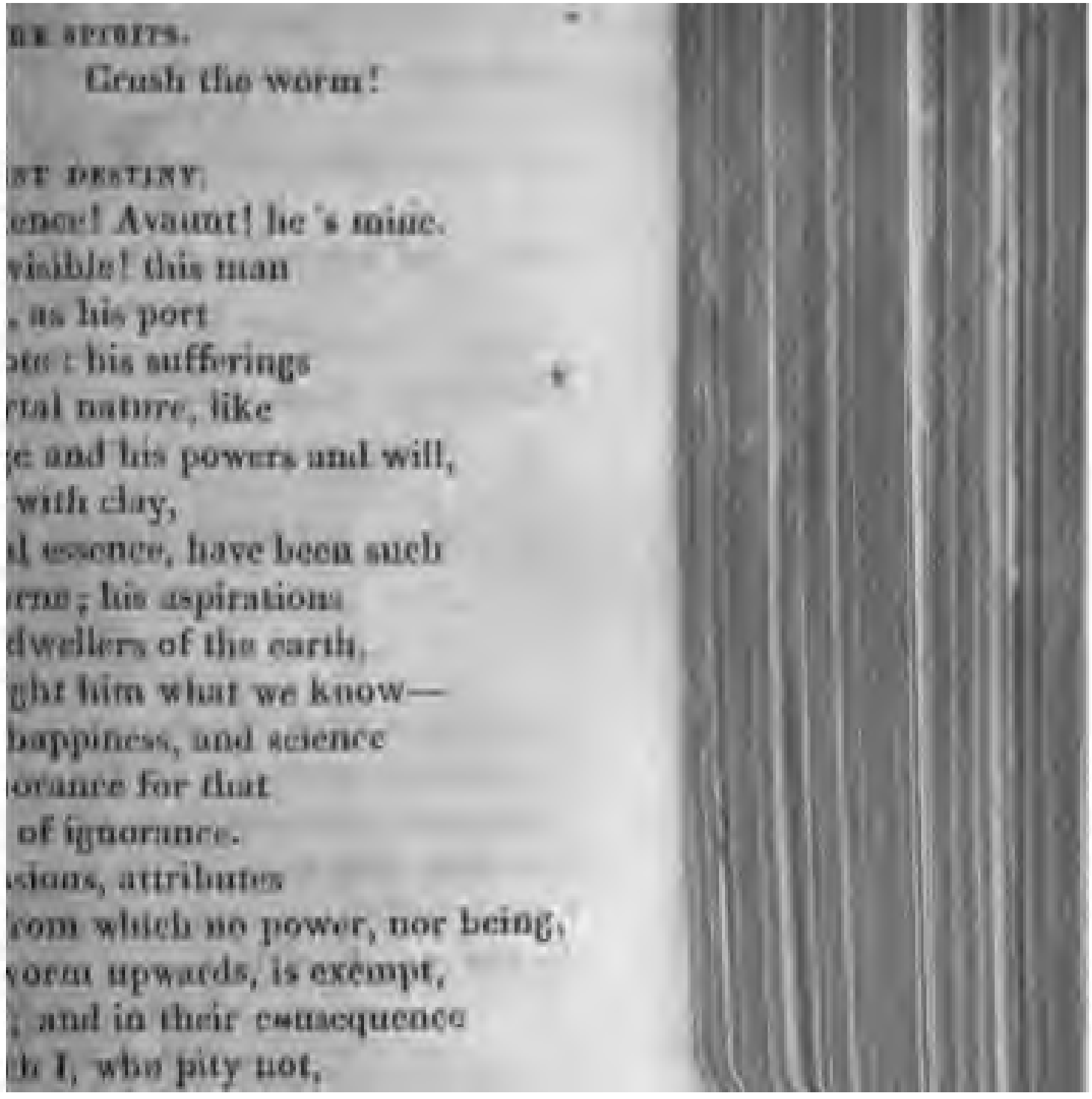
'T will be taught thee.

MANFRED.

'T is taught already;—many a night on the earth,
On the bare ground, have I bow'd down my face,
And strew'd my head with ashes; I have known
The fulness of humiliation, for
I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt
To my own desolation.

FIFTH SPIRIT.

Dost thou dare
Refuse to Arimanes on his throne



ER SPIRITS.
Crush the worm!

ET DESTINY;
ence! Avaunt! he 's mine.
visible! this man
, as his port
ate : his sufferings
rtal nature, like
e and his powers and will,
with clay,
l essence, have been such
rne ; his aspirations
dwellers of the earth,
ght him what we know—
happiness, and science
orance for that
of ignorance.
sions, attributes
rom which no power, nor being,
ward upwards, is exempt,
, and in their consequence
h I, who pity not,

l like his—or power ...

NEMESIS.

: doth he here then?

FIRST DESTINY.

Let him answer that.

MANFRED.

now what I have known; and without power
ıld not be amongst ye: but there are
'ers deeper still beyond—I come in quest
uch to answer unto what I seek.

NEMESIS.

ıat wouldst thou?

MANFRED.

Thou canst not reply to me.
ll up the dead—my question is for them.

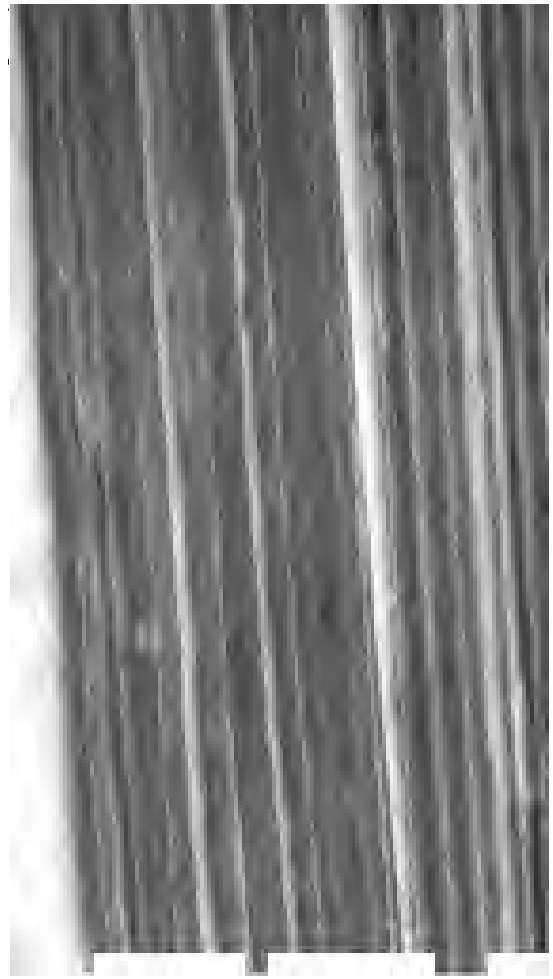
NEMESIS.

'eat Arimanes, doth thy will avouch
ıe wishes of this mortal?

ARIMANES.

Yea.

s the day!
f forest,
d the form,
t thou worest
m the worm.
pear!—appear!
ere requires thee here!
ntom of ASTARTE *rises and*
ds in the midst.)
NFRED.
s bloom upon her cheek!
ng hue,
e the unnatural red
pon the perish'd leaf.
that I should dread



Asta...
I have so much en...
Look on me! the grave hath not ch...
Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me
Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made
To torture thus each other, though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.
Say that thou loathest me not—that I do bear
This punishment for both—that thou wilt be
One of the blessed—and that I shall die;
For hitherto all hateful things conspire
To bind me in existence—in a life
Which makes me shrink from immortality—
A future like the past. I cannot rest.
I know not what I ask nor what I seek:
I feel but what thou art—and what I am;
And I would hear yet once before I perish
The voice which was my music—Speak to me!
For I have call'd on thee in the still night,

... of thee.
...r'd o'er the earth.
...—Speak to me!
—they feel for me:
...r thee alone—
...in wrath;—but say—
...hear thee once—

...' ASTARTE.
...ed!

...ED.

Say on, say on—
...thy voice!

...M.

...ine earthly ills.

NEMESIS.

She 's gone, and will not be recall'd;
Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.

A SPIRIT.

He is convulsed.—This is to be a mortal,
And seek the things beyond mortality.

ANOTHER SPIRIT.

Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and makes
His torture tributary to his will.
Had he been one of us, he would have made
An awful spirit.

NEMESIS.

Hast thou further question
Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers?

MANFRED.

None.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

in the Castle of Manfred.

NFRED AND HERMAN.

MANFRED.

HERMAN.

unset,

twilight.

MANFRED.

Say,

d of in the tower

RMAN.

d. ..

hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,
nd I within my tablets would note down
hat there is such a feeling. Who is there?

Re-enter HERMAN.

HERMAN.

ly lord, the abbot of St Maurice craves
'o greet your presence.

Enter the ABBOT OF ST MAURICE.

ABBOT.

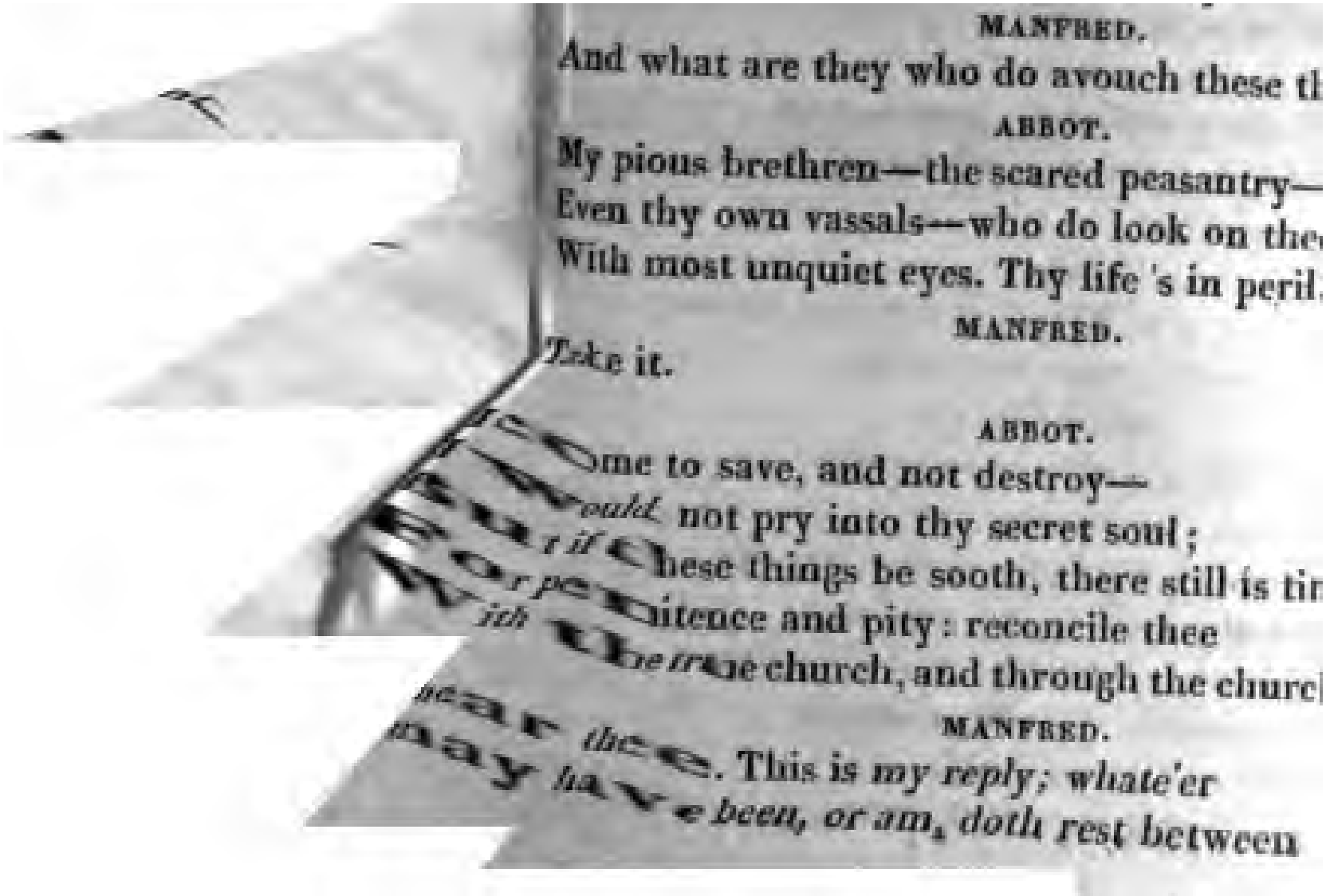
'eace be with Count Manfred!

MANFRED.

'hanks, holy father! welcome to these walls;
'hy presence honours them, and blesseth those
Who dwell within them.

ABBOT.

Would it were so, Count!—



MANFRED.

And what are they who do avouch these th

ABBOT.

My pious brethren—the scared peasantry—
Even thy own vassals—who do look on the
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life 's in peril.

MANFRED.

Take it.

ABBOT.

come to save, and not destroy—
would not pry into thy secret soul;
if these things be sooth, there still is tir
penitence and pity: reconcile thee
the true church, and through the churc

MANFRED.

thee. This is my reply; whate'er
have been, or am, doth rest between

ut penitence and pardon;—with thyself
he choice of such remains—and for the last,
ur institutions and our strong belief
lave given me power to smooth the path from sin
'o higher hope and better thoughts; the first
leave to Heaven—«Vengeance is mine alone!»
o saith the Lord, and with all humbleness
lis servant echoes back the awful word.

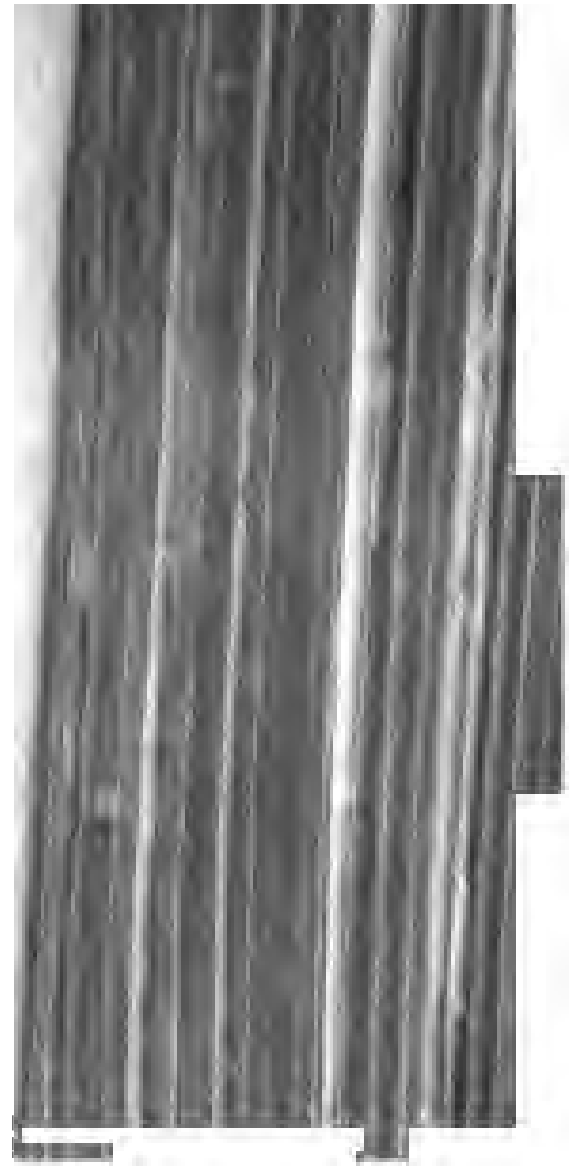
MANFRED.

)ld man! there is no power in holy men,
Nor charm in prayer—nor purifying form
)f penitence—nor outward look—nor fast—
Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,
The inmate tortures of that deep despair
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
But all in all sufficient to itself

—Say on—
[illegible] thee shall be taught;
[illegible], shall be pardon'd.
[illegible].
[illegible] was near his last,
[illegible] wound,
[illegible] public death
[illegible], a certain soldier,
would have staunch'd
his officious robe;
him back and said—
[illegible] glance,
[illegible]?»
[illegible].

[illegible].
I answer with the Roman—

[illegible]



Even in the foaming strength of its abyss
(Which casts up misty columns that become
Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies),
Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past,
My thoughts mistook themselves.

ABBOT.

And wherefore?

MANFRED.

I could not tame my nature down; for he
Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe—and
And watch all time—and pry into all place—
And be a living lie—who would become
A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such
The mass are: I disdain'd to mingle with
A herd, though to be leader—and of wolves.

Some worn with toil — some —
Some of disease—and some insanity—
And some of wither'd or of broken hearts:
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are number'd in the lists of Fate
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.
Look upon me! for even of all these things
Have I partaken: and of all these things,
One were enough: then wonder not that I
Am what I am, but that I ever was,
Or, having been, that I am still on earth.

ABBOT.

Yet, hear me still——

WANDERER.

Old man! I do respect

dare all things for a righteous end.
ollow him—but cautiously, though surely.

[*Exit* ABBOT.

SCENE II.

Another Chamber.

MANFRED AND HERMAN.

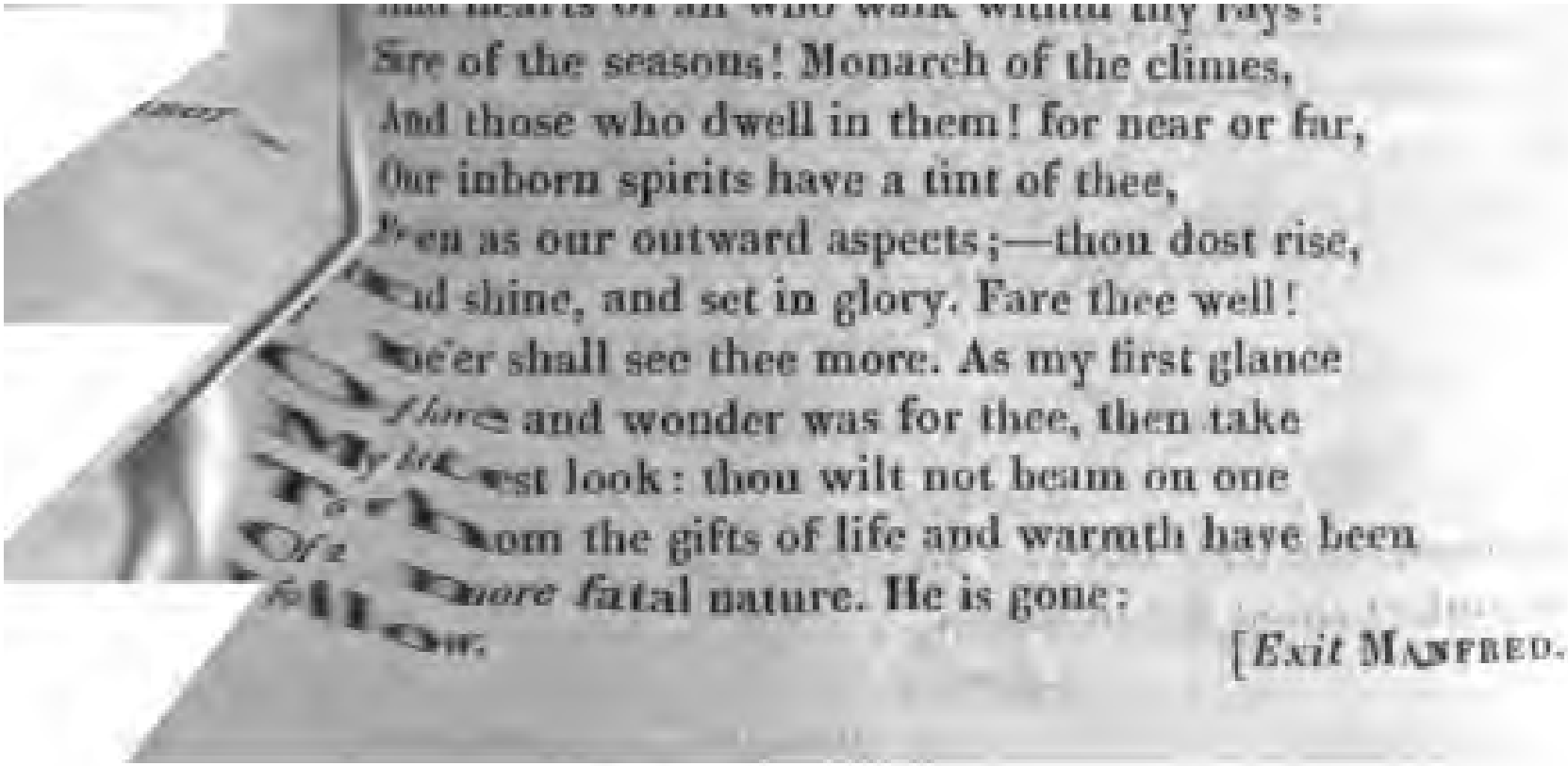
HERMAN.

Lord, you bade me wait on you at sunset:
inks behind the mountain.

MANFRED.

Doth he so?

ok on him.



Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost rise,
And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well!
Ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
Shares and wonder was for thee, then take
My last: thou wilt not beam on one
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
More fatal nature. He is gone:

[*Exit* MANFRED.

'T is strange enough; night after night, for years,
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,
Without a witness. I have been within it,—
So have we all been oft-times; but from it,
Or its contents, it were impossible
To draw conclusions absolute, of aught
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is
One chamber where none enter; I would give
The fee of what I have to come these three years,
To pore upon its mysteries.

MANUEL.

'T were dangerous;
Content thyself with what thou knowest already.

HERMAN.

Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly and wise,
And could'st say much [illegible]

These walls
Must change their chieftain first. Oh! I have seen
Some strange things in them. Herman.

HERMAN.

Come, be friendly;
Relate me some to while away our watch:
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event
Which happen'd hereabouts, by this same token!

MANUEL.

That was a night indeed; I do remember
'Twas twilight as it may be now, and such
Another evening;—yon red cloud, which rests
On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then,—
So like *that it might be* the same: the wind
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain shows
Began to glitter with the climbing moon:
Count Manfred was, as *now, within* his tower—

t lived, the only thing he seem'd to love,
ıe, indeed, by blood was bound to do,
lady Astarte, his—
Hush! who comes here?

Enter the ABBOT.

ABBOT.

here is your master?

HERMAN.

ınder, in the tower.

ABBOT.

must speak with him.

MANUEL.

'T is impossible;
.e is most private, and must not be thus
ntruded on.

father, stop—

ABBOT.

Why so?

MANUEL.

But step this way,
ll you further.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Interior of the Tower.

MANFRED *alone.*

MANFRED.

th, the moon above the tops
ng mountains.—Beautiful!
lature, for the night
more familiar face
and in her starry sh
lovel:—

Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.—

'T was such a night!

'T is strange that I recal it at this time;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight

ABBOT.

My good lord!

for this approach;
nble zeal offend
it hath of ill
d in the effect
nead—could I say *heart*—
th words or prayers, I should
hich hath wander'd;

MANFRED.

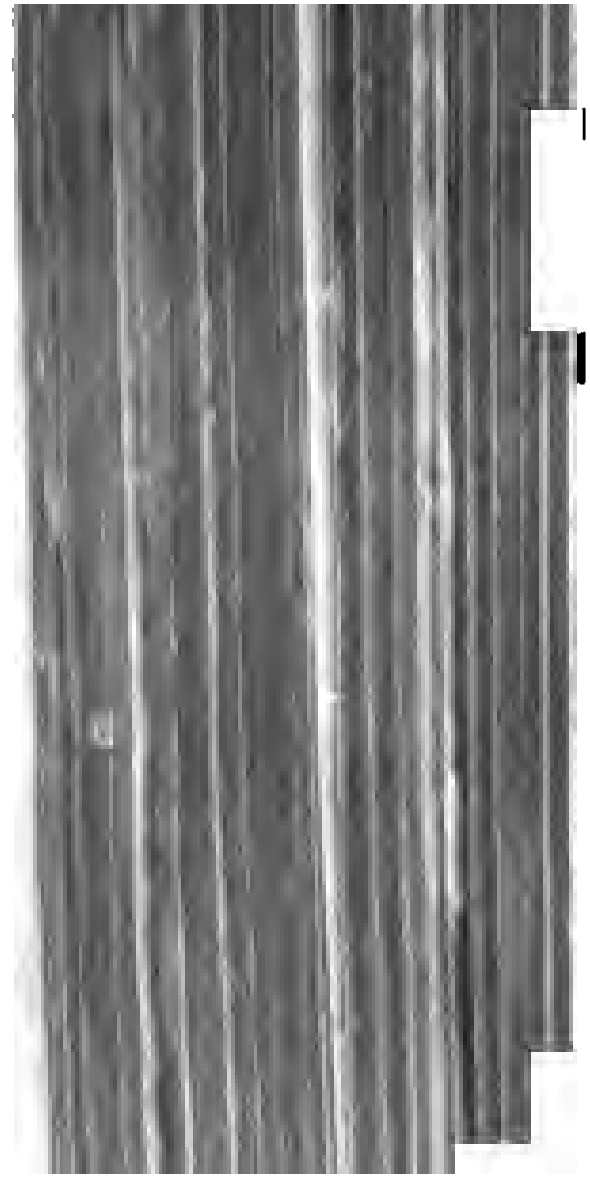
Thou know'st me not;
d, and my deeds recorded:
angerous—Away!

ABBOT.

to menace me?

MANFRED.

Not I;
il is at hand.



[illegible] which should shake me,—but I fear
I see a dusk and awful figure rise
Like an infernal god from out the earth;
His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
Robed as with angry clouds; he stands bet
Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

MANFRED.

Thou hast no cause—he shall not harm th
His sight may shock thine old limbs into p
I say to thee—Retire!

ABBOT.

And I reply—
Never—till I have battled with this fiend—
What doth he here?

MANFRED.

Why—ay—what doth he h[illegible]

but deny
me. Who sent thee here?
IT.
come!
RED.
I have commanded
far than thine,
s. Get thee hence!
IT.
—Away! I say.
FRED.
: is come, but not
ich as thee:
ed—alone.
.RIT.
— brethren —Rise!

more I summon him—Away! away!

MANFRED.

defy ye,—though I feel my soul
bing from me, yet I do defy ye;
will I hence, while I have earthly breath
reathe my scorn upon ye—earthly strength
restle, though with spirits; what ye take
be ta'en limb by limb.

SPIRIT.

Reluctant mortal!
s the Magian who would so pervade
orld invisible, and make himself
st our equal?—Can it be that thou
us in love with life? the very life
made thee wretched!

MANFRED.

Thou false fiend, thou liest!
is in its last hour,—*that* I know,
ould redeem a moment of

Born from the knowledge of its own desert.
Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt me;
I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey —
But was my own destroyer, and will be
My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends!
The hand of death is on me—but not yours!

The Demons disappear

ABBOT.

Alas! how pale thou art—thy lips are white—
And thy breast heaves—and in thy gasping throat
The accents rattle.—Give thy prayers to heaven
Pray—albeit but in thought,—*but* die not thus.

cold—cold—even to the heart—
yet one prayer—alas! how fares it with thee?—

MANFRED.

man! 't is not so difficult to die.

[MANFRED *expires.*

ABBOT.

s gone—his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight—
ither? I dread to think—but he is gone.

flight—
e.

—— , lines 114 and 115.

—— The sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven.

This Iris is formed by the rays of the sun over the lower part of the Alpine torrents: it is exactly like a rainbow, come down to pay a visit, and so close that you may walk into it:—this effect lasts till noon.

Note 2. Page 233, lines 100 and 101.

He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
Eros and Anteros, at Gadara.

The philosopher Iamblicus. The story of the raising of Eros and Anteros may be found in his life, by Eunapius. It is well told.

Note 3. Page 234, lines 91 and 92.

—— She replied
In words of dubious import, but fulfilled.

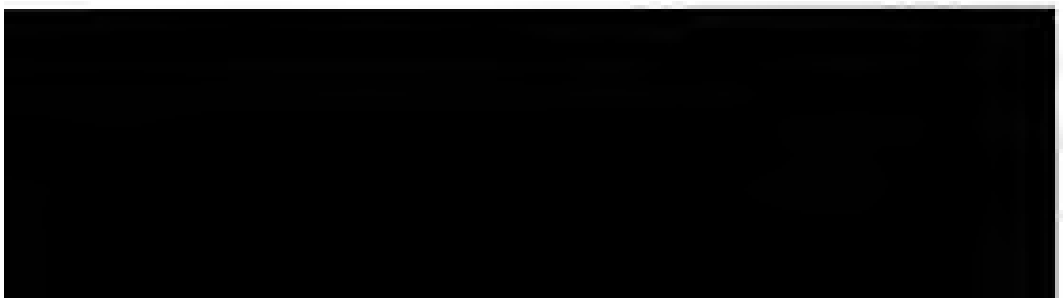
The story of Pausanias, king of Sparta (who commanded the Greeks at the battle of Platea, and afterwards perished for an attempt to betray the Lacedemonians), and Cleonice, is told in Plutarch's life of Cimon; and in the Laconics of Pausanias the S[illegible] in his description of Greece.

Note 4. Page 209, line 9 —

——— The giant sons
Of the embrace of angels.

«That the *Sons of God* saw the daughte
that they were fair,» etc.

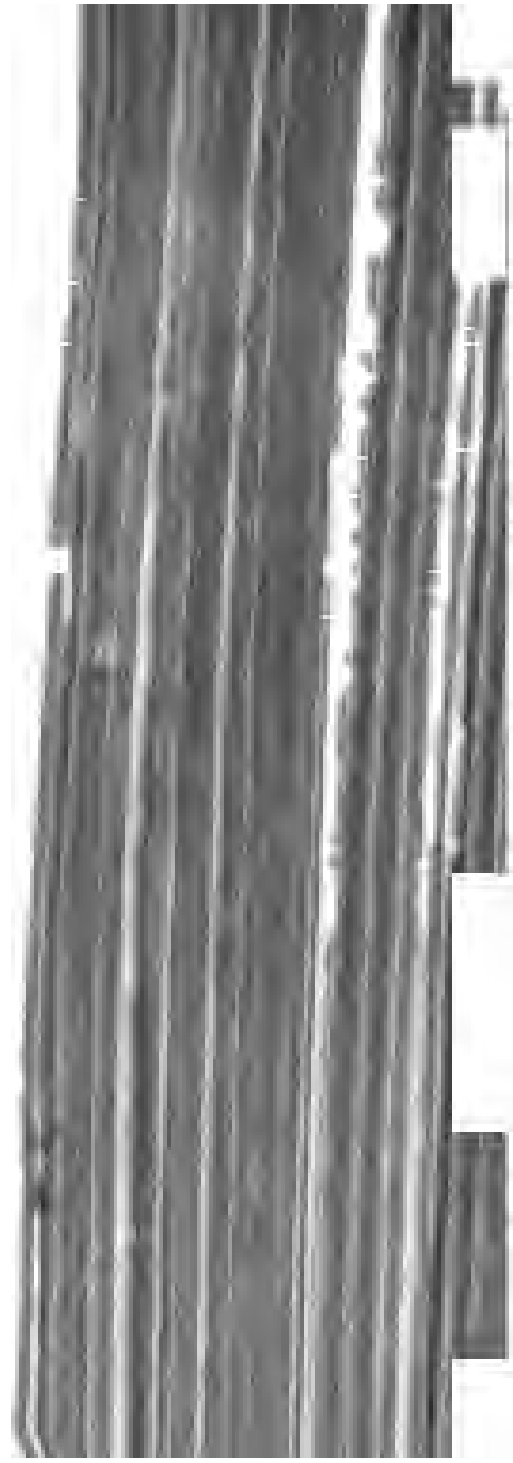
«There were giants in the earth in those
also after that, when the *Sons of God* ca
the daughters of men, and they bare childr
the same became mighty men which were
of renown.»—*Genesis*, ch. vi. verses 2 and



ARINO FALIERO,

OGE OF VENICE;

STORICAL TRAGEDY.



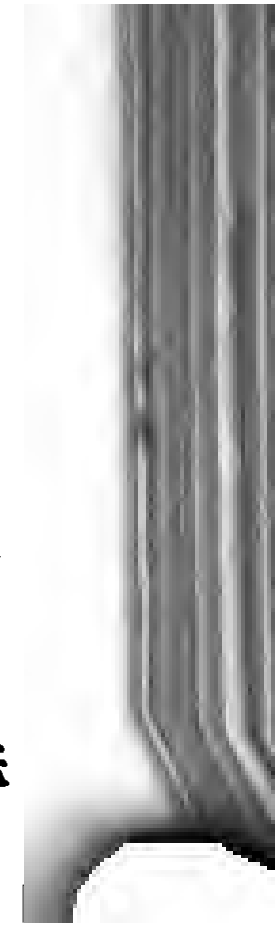
PREFACE.

The conspiracy of the Doge Marino Faliero is or
the most remarkable events in the annals of the
singular government, city, and people of modern
tory. It occurred in the year 1355. Every thing a
Venice is, or was, extraordinary—her aspect is li
dream, and her history is like a romance. The s
of this Doge is to be found in all her Chronicles,
particularly detailed in the «Lives of the Doge

... boxed the ears of the l
was somewhat tardy in bringing the Hos
honest Sanuto «saddles him with a jud
Thwackum did Square; but he does not tell
he was punished or rebuked by the sen
outrage at the time of its commission. He
deed, to have been afterwards at peace with
for we find him ambassador at Rome, a
with the fief of Val di Marino, in the mar
viso, and with the title of Count, by Lore
Bishop of Ceneda. For these facts my auth
Sanuto, Vettor Sandi, Andrea Navagero, and t
of the siege of Zara, first published by the in
Abbate Morelli, in his «Monumenti Venezia
letteratura,» printed in 1796, all of which I h
over in the original language. The mode
Sismondi, and Laugier, nearly agree with t
chroniclers. Sismondi attributes the conspir
jealousy; but I find this no where ...

upon the subject.

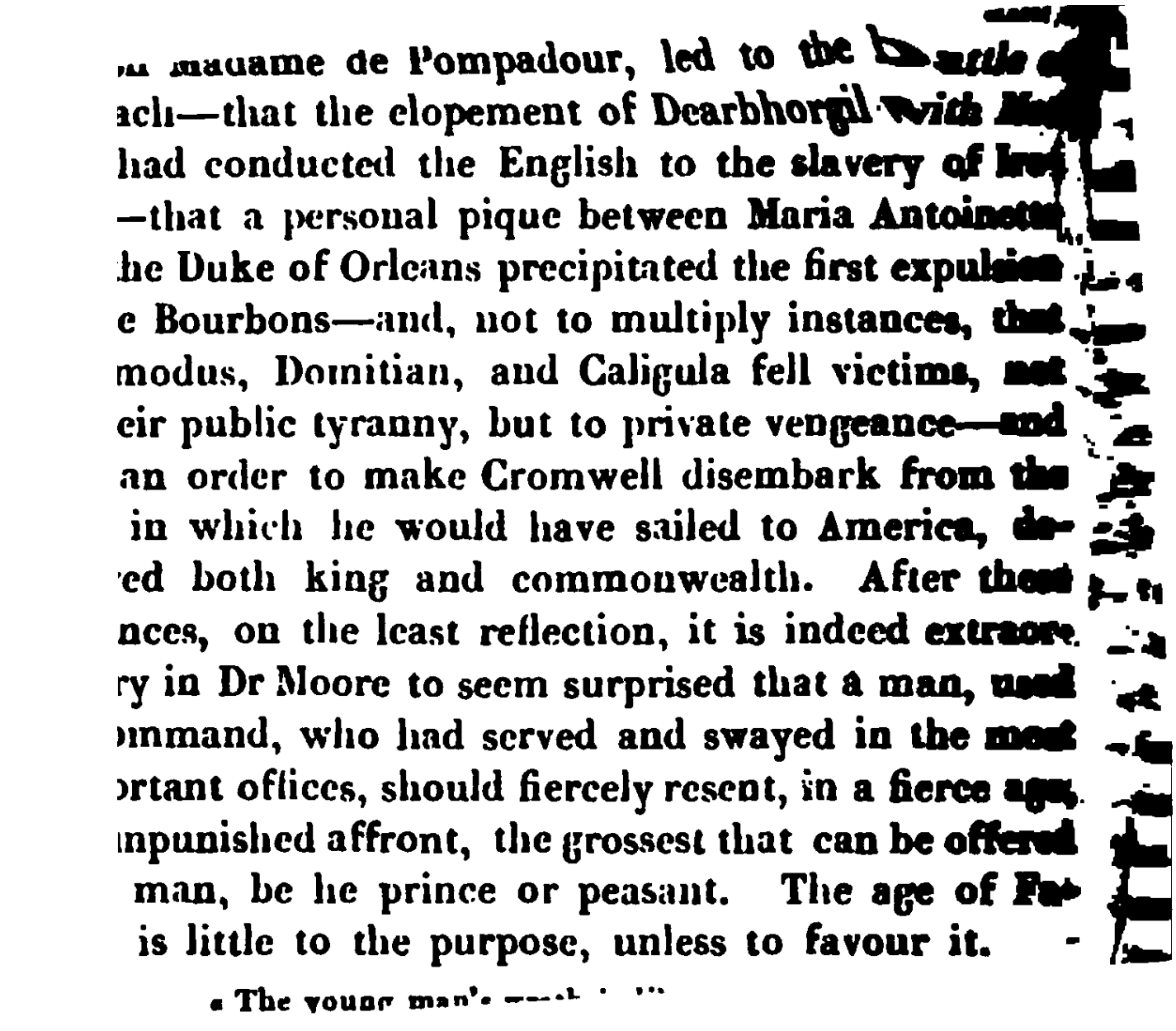
Marino Faliero appears to have been a man of talents and of courage. I find him commander in chief of the land forces at the siege of Zara, where he beat the King of Hungary and his army of eighty thousand men, killing eight thousand men, and keeping the besieged at the same time in check, an exploit to which I know none similar in history, except that of Cæsar at Alesia, and of Prince Eugene at Belgrade. He was afterwards commander of the fleet in the same war. He took Capo d'Istria. He was ambassador at Genoa and Rome, at which last he received the news of his election to *the dukedom; his* absence being a proof



land—that a personal pique between Maria Antoi and the Duke of Orleans precipitated the first expu of the Bourbons—and, not to multiply instances, Commodus, Domitian, and Caligula fell victims to their public tyranny, but to private vengeance— that an order to make Cromwell disembark from ship in which he would have sailed to America stroyed both king and commonwealth. After instances, on the least reflection, it is indeed ext dinary in Dr Moore to seem surprised that a man, to command, who had served and swayed in the important offices, should fiercely resent, in a fierce an unpunished affront, the grossest that can be of to a man, be he prince or peasant. The age of liero is little to the purpose, unless to favour it.

> « The young man's wrath is like straw on fire,
> *But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire.*»
>
> «Young men soon give and soon forget affronts,

ano on the ducal chair, and by
nate sentence of the Forty on the
ne of their « tre Capi.» The at-
self appear to have been directed
damsels, and not to the « Doga-
t whose fame not the slightest
hile she is praised for her beauty,
r youth. Neither do I find it
at of Sandi be an assertion) that
d by jealousy of his wife; but
her, and for his own honour,
services and present dignity.
e historical facts are alluded to
Mr. Moore in his View of Italy.
nd flippant, full of stale jests
ng wives, and wondering at so
slight a cause. How so acute
of mankind as the author of
this is incapable



...n madame de Pompadour, led to the battle of
...ach—that the elopement of Dearbhorgil with Mac
had conducted the English to the slavery of Ire
—that a personal pique between Maria Antoinette
the Duke of Orleans precipitated the first expulsion
e Bourbons—and, not to multiply instances, that
modus, Domitian, and Caligula fell victims, not
eir public tyranny, but to private vengeance—and
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mpunished affront, the grossest that can be offered
man, be he prince or peasant. The age of Fa-
is little to the purpose, unless to favour it.

« The young man's ...

pere le antiche sue qualità, e a
dei scellerati, serio esempio, che
, *in cui la prudenza umana sia*
no restano sempre passioni capaci
o non invigili sopra se stesso.»—
slation, vol. iv. pp. 30, 31.

e find that Marino Faliero begged
rched the chroniclers, and find
; it is true that he avowed all.
the place of torture, but there
of any application for mercy on
ry circumstance of their having
seems to argue any thing but
want of firmness, which would
lso mentioned by those minute
eans favour him: such, indeed,
is character as a soldier, to the
and *at* which he died, as it is
. I know no justification at
for calumniating

to bring back the legitimate drama. I tried
« De Montfort» revived, but in vain, and equall
Sotheby's « Ivan,» which was thought an actiu
voured also to wake Mr Coleridge to write a tra
not in the secret will hardly believe that the « S
the play which has brought *least money*, aver
times it has been acted since its production; so
sured me. Of what has occurred since Maturi
not aware, so that I may be traducing, throu
excellent new writers: if so, I beg their pardon.
from England nearly five years, and, till last y
English newspaper since my departure, and am
theatrical matters through the medium of the Pari
of Galignani, and only for the last twelve month
precate all offence to tragic or comic writers, to
and of whom I know nothing. The long comp
state of the drama arise, however, from no fault o
can conceive nothing better than Kemble, Cooke,
very different manners, or than Elliston in *gentle*

rious Mother," a tragedy of
ot a puling love-play. He is
nance, and of the last tragedy
ely worthy of a higher place
e he who he may.

ia of Marino Faliero, I forgot
re of preserving, though still
roach to unity than the irre-
roach of the English theatri-
, has induced me to represent
formed, and the Doge ac-
fact, it was of his own pre-
el Bertuccio. The other cha-
the duchess), incidents, and
as wonderfully short for such
strictly historical, except that
: place in the palace. Had I
would have been better pre-
produce the Doge in the full
ors, instead of monotonously
dialogue with the same indi-

Ay, if a poor man: Stell
Young, galliard, gay, and haughty.

BATTISTA.

Then you think
He will not be judged hardly.

PIETRO.

'T were enough
He be judged justly; but 't is not for us
To anticipate the sentence of the Forty.

BATTISTA.

And here it comes.—What news, Vincenzo?

Enter VINCENZO.

VINCENZO.

'Tis
Decided; but as yet his doom 's unknown:
I saw the president in act to seal
The parchment which will bear the Forty's judgment
Unto the Doge, and hasten to inform him.

[*Exe*

his nephew, BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

t be but they will do you justice.

DOGE.

ch as the Avogadori did,
sent up my appeal unto the Forty
him by his peers, his own tribunal.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

rs will scarce protect him; such an act
bring contempt on all authority.

DOGE.

ou not Venice? know you not the Forty?
hall see anon.

UCCIO FALIERO (*addressing* VINCENZO, *then entering*).

How now—what tidings?

VINCENZO.

ged to tell his highness that

In forwarding the intimation due,
Not only to the Chief of the Republic,
But the complainant, both in one united.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Are you aware, from aught you have perceived,
Of their decision?

VINCENZO.

No, my lord; you know
The secret customs of the courts in Venice.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

True; but there still is something given to guess,
Which a shrewd gleaner and quick eye would catch
A whisper, or a murmur, or an air
More or less solemn spread o'er the tribunal.
The Forty are but men—most worthy men,
And wise, and just, and cautious—this I grant—
And secret as the grave to which they doom
The guilty; but with all this, in their aspects—
At least in some, the [illegible]

s,
atch at;

d.
a,
grant—
doom
y aspects—
r number—
Vincenzo,
pronounced.

ment,
that
n in seeming;

contain'd, together with its penalty,
Within the rescript which I now present.

DOGE.

Retire and wait without.—Take thou this

[*Exeunt* SECRETARY an

The misty letters vanish from my eyes;
I cannot fix them.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Patience, my dear un

Why do you tremble thus?—nay, doubt n
Will be as could be wish'd.

DOGE.

Say on.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO (*reading*).

« De

Dishonour'd in its chief—that chief the prince
Of Venice, first of cities?—To the sentence.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Forgive me, my good lord; I will obey—
(*Reads*) « That Michel Steno be detain'd a month
In close arrest.»

DOGE.

Proceed.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

My lord, 't is finish'

DOGE.

How, say you?—finish'd! Do I dream?—'T is false—
Give me the paper—(*Snatches the paper, and reads*)
« 'T is decreed in council
That Michel Steno »—Nephew, thine arm!

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Nay,
Cheer up, be calm; this transport is uncall'd for—
Let me seek some assistance.

DOGE (*dashing down the ducal bonnet, and offering to trample upon it, exclaims, as he is withheld by his nephew*).

Oh, that the Saracen were in Saint Mark's!
Thus would I do him homage.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

For the sake
Of heaven and all its saints, my lord——

DOGE.

Away!
Oh, that the Genoese were in the port!
Oh, that the Huns whom I o'erthrew at Zara
Were ranged around the palace!

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

'T is not well
In Venice' Duke to say so.

If you forget
Your office, and its dignity and duty,
Remember that of man, and curb this passion.
The Duke of Venice——

DOGE (*interrupting him*).

There is no such thing—
It is a word—nay, worse—a worthless by-word:
The most despised, wrong'd, outraged, helpless wretch
Who begs his bread, if 't is refused by one,
May win it from another kinder heart;
But he who is denied his right by those
Whose place it is to do no wrong, is poorer
Than the rejected beggar—he 's a slave—
And that am I, and thou, and all our house,
Even from this hour; the meanest artisan
Will point the finger, and the haughty noble
May spit upon us: where is our redress?

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

The law, my prince——

... of almost eighty years,
d if the balance, 'gainst the foulest stain,
t insult, most contemptuous crime
... rash patrician—and found wanting!
... is to be borne?

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

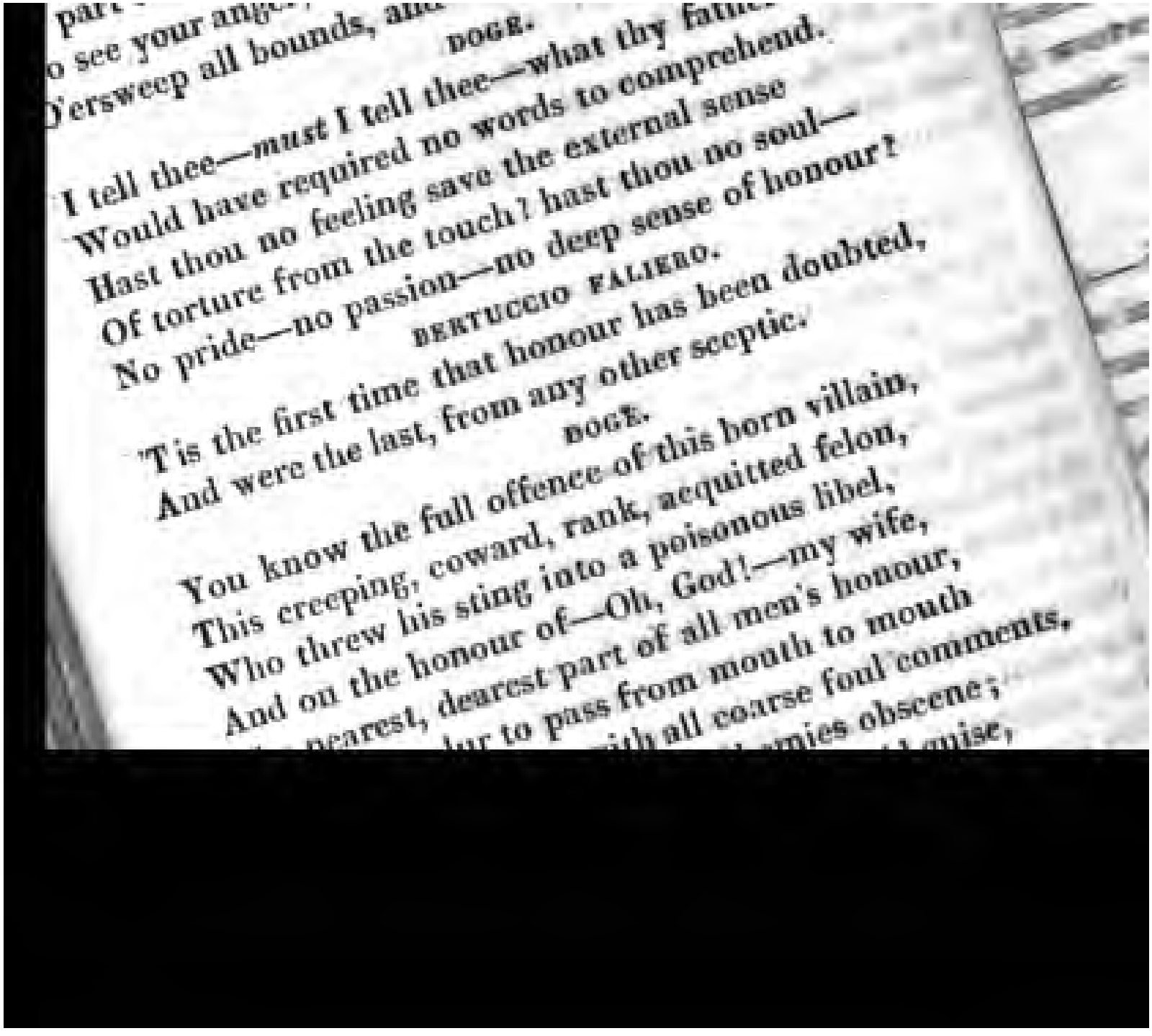
I say not that:—
... fresh appeal should be rejected,
find other means to make all even.

DOGE.

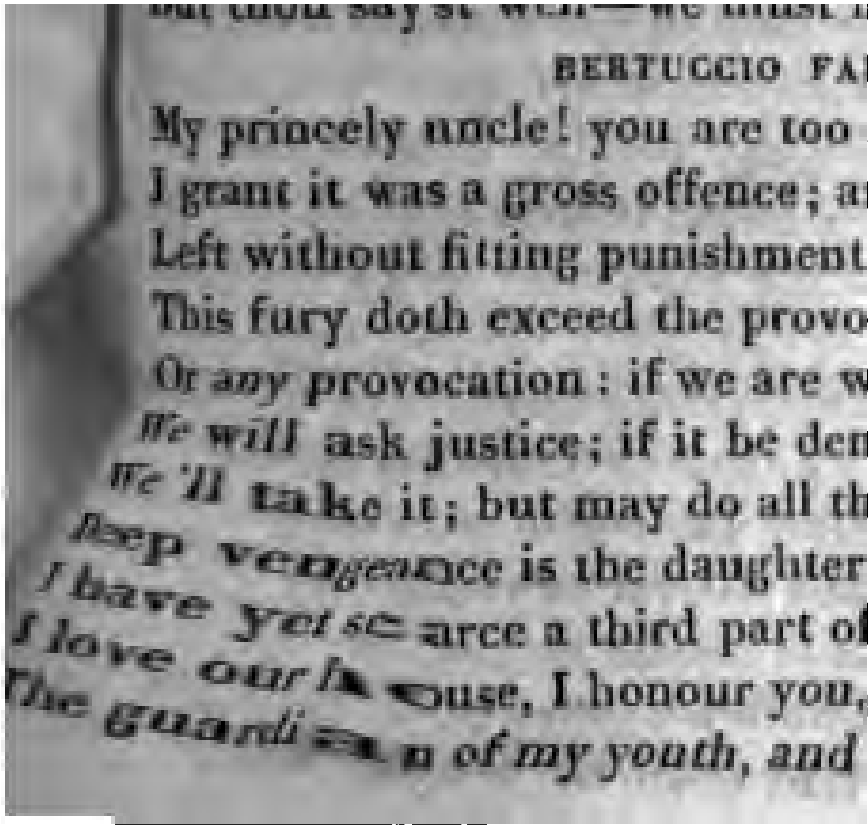
...! art thou my brother's son?
f the house of Faliero?
w of a doge? and of that blood
th already given three dukes to Venice?
ay'st well—we must be humble now.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

... uncle! you are too much moved:—
as a gross offence; and grossly
t fitting punishment; ...



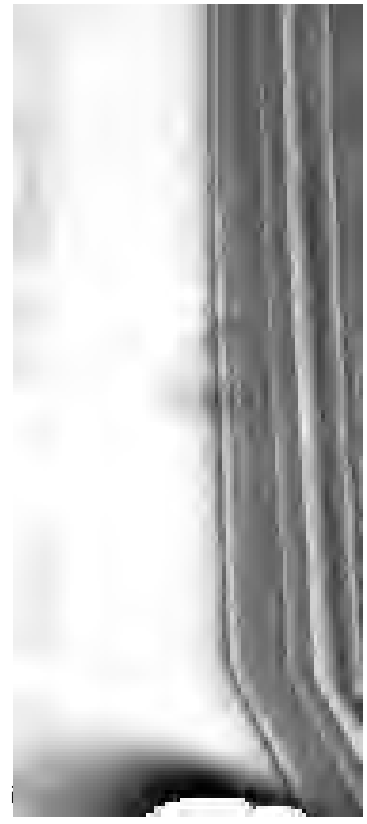
part
o see your ange
O'ersweep all bounds, and
DOGE.
I tell thee—*must* I tell thee—what thy fathe
Would have required no words to comprehend.
Hast thou no feeling save the external sense
Of torture from the touch? hast thou no soul—
No pride—no passion—no deep sense of honour?
BERTUCCIO FALIERO.
'T is the first time that honour has been doubted,
And were the last, from any other sceptic.
DOGE.
You know the full offence of this born villain,
This creeping, coward, rank, acquitted felon,
Who threw his sting into a poisonous libel,
And on the honour of—Oh, God!—my wife,
nearest, dearest part of all men's honour,
ur to pass from mouth to mouth
ith all coarse foul comments,
mies obscene;
guise,

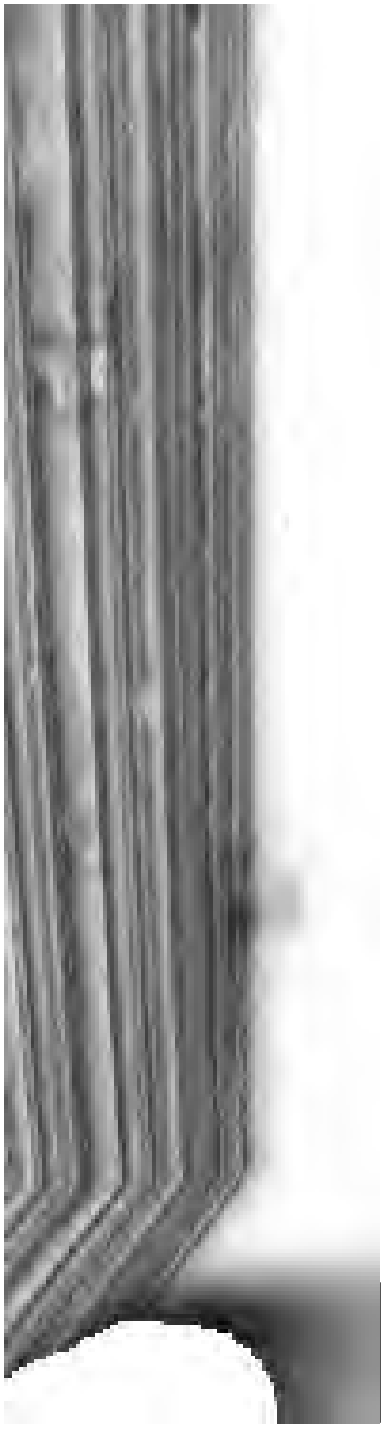


but thou say'st well.—We must be humble now.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

My princely uncle! you are too much moved:—
I grant it was a gross offence; and grossly
Left without fitting punishment; but still
This fury doth exceed the provocation,
Or any provocation: if we are wrong'd,
We will ask justice; if it be denied,
We 'll take it; but may do all this in calmness—
Deep vengeance is the daughter of deep silence.
I have yet scarce a third part of your years,
I love our house, I honour you, its chief,
The guardian of my youth, and its instructor—





BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

'T is the first time that honour has been doubted,
And were the last, from any other sceptic.

DOGE.

You know the full offence of this born villain,
This creeping, coward, rank, acquitted felon,
Who threw his sting into a poisonous libel,
And on the honour of—Oh, God!—my wife,
The nearest, dearest part of all men's honour,
Left a base slur to pass from mouth to mouth
Of loose mechanics, with all coarse foul comment
And villanous jests, and blasphemies obscene;
While sneering nobles, in more polish'd guise,
Whisper'd the tale, and smiled upon the lie
Which made me look like them— a courteous wi
Patient—ay, proud, it may be, of dishonour.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

But still it was a lie—you knew it false,
And so did all men.

DOGE.

Nephew, the high Roman

would not suffer,
ence must hear? Old Dandolo
n of all the Cæsars,
al cap I trample on,
degraded.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

'Tis even so.

DOGE.

ot visit on
, thus most vilely slander'd
for her lord,
ther's friend
were
outh

—— revived, degraded, as a prince?
Was not offence like his a complication
Of insult and of treason? and he lives!
Had he, instead of on the Doge's throne,
Stamp'd the same brand upon a peasant's stool,
His blood had gilt the threshold, for the carle
Had stabb'd him on the instant.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Do not doubt it,
He shall not live till sunset—leave to me
The means, and calm yourself.

DOGE.

Hold, nephew! this
Would have sufficed but yesterday: at present
I have no further wrath against this man.

BERTUCCIO [illegible]

s sovereign who commands it,
uded me of both my rights
vereign is a citizen);
oding, harm not thou a hair
—he shall not wear it long.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

s longer, had you left to me
neans: if you had calmly heard me,
his miscreant should escape,
to repress such gusts of passion,
urely might devise together

DOGE.

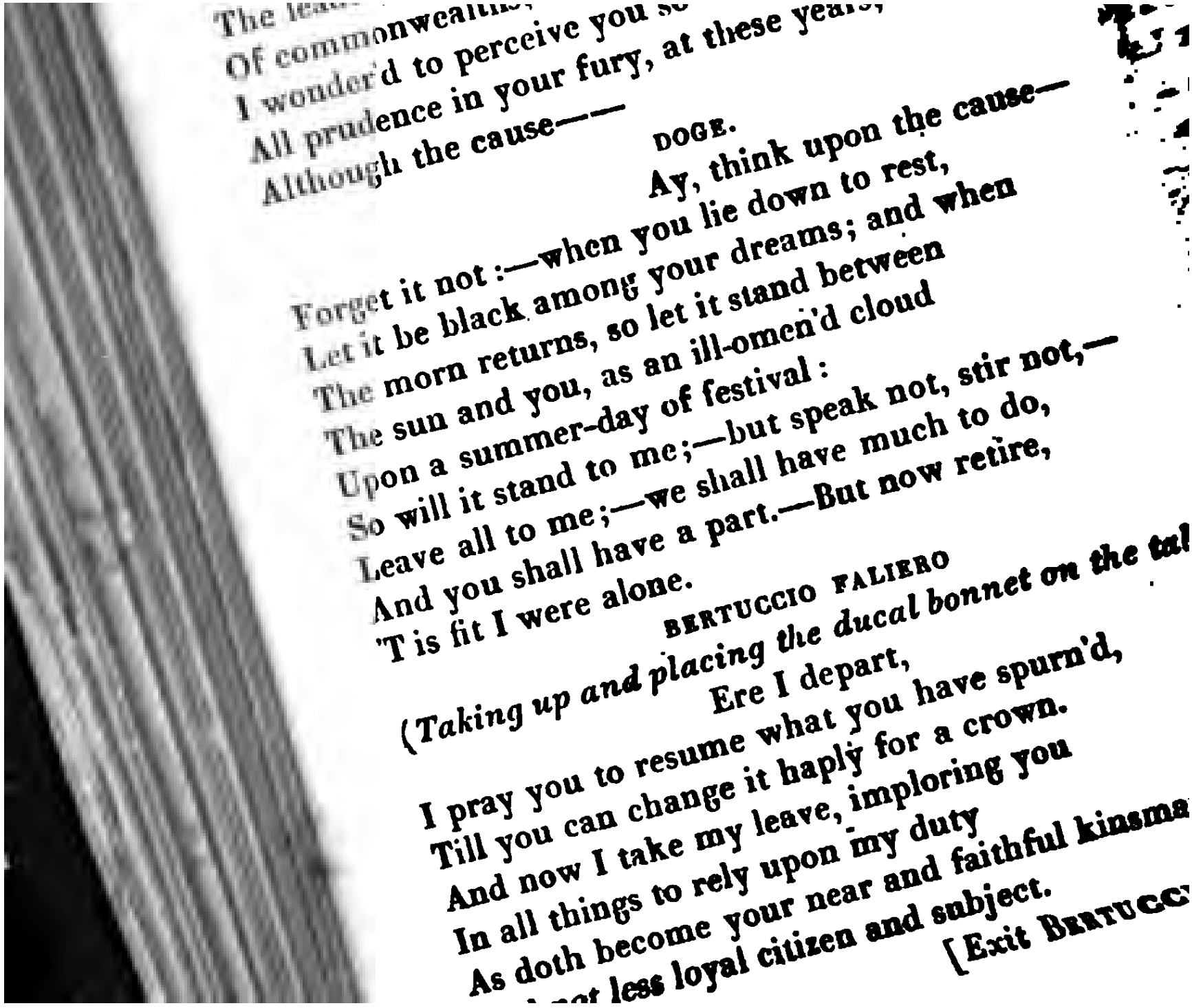
No, nephew, he must live;
w—a life so vile as his
t this hour; in th' olden time
ask'd a single victim;
s had a hecatomb.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

e my law; and yet I fain
you how near unto my heart
our house must ever be.

DOGE.

hall have time and place of proof:



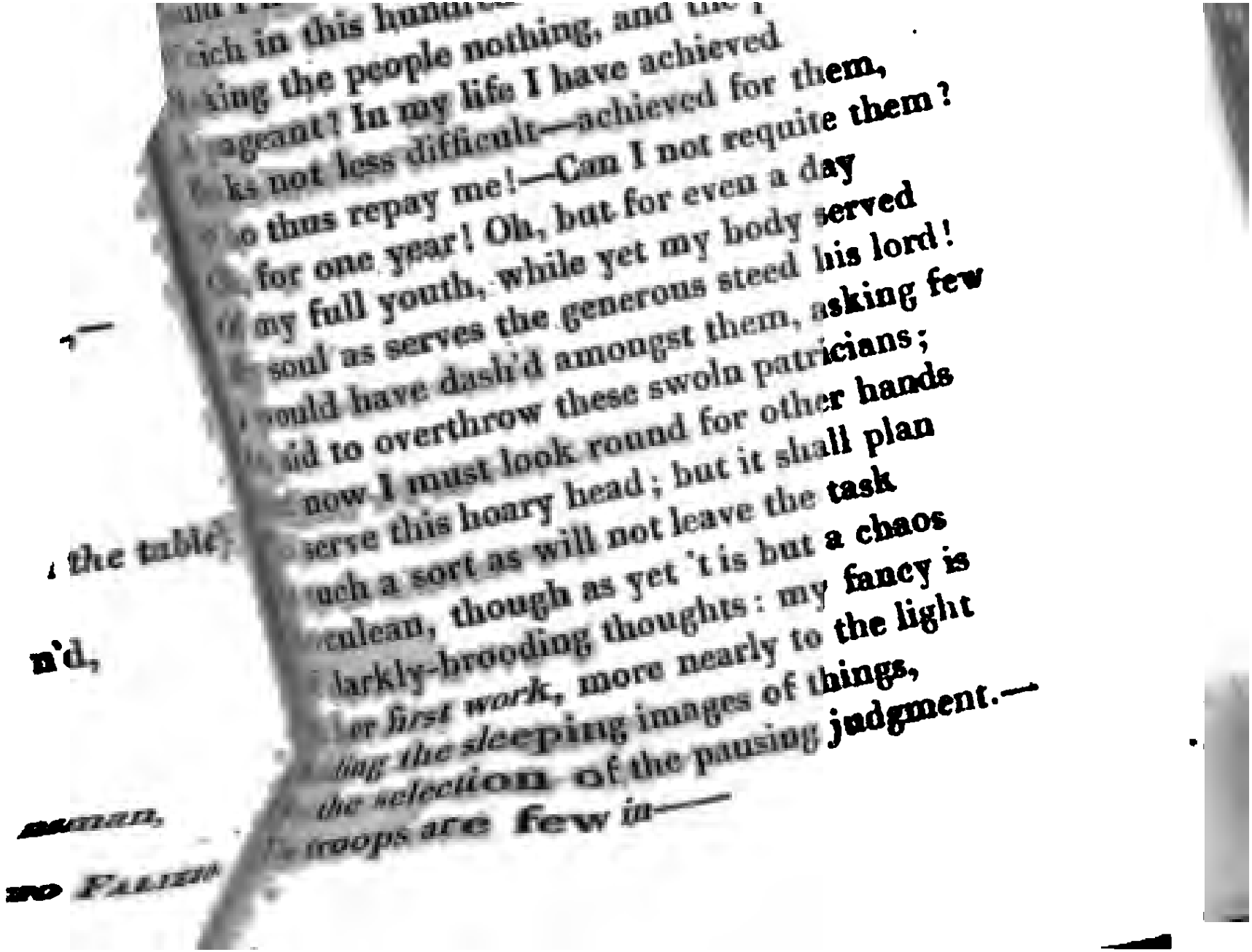
The lea
Of commonwealth
I wonder'd to perceive you so
All prudence in your fury, at these years
Although the cause——

DOGE.

Ay, think upon the cause—
Forget it not:—when you lie down to rest,
Let it be black among your dreams; and when
The morn returns, so let it stand between
The sun and you, as an ill-omen'd cloud
Upon a summer-day of festival:
So will it stand to me;—but speak not, stir not,—
Leave all to me;—we shall have much to do,
And you shall have a part.—But now retire,
'T is fit I were alone.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO

(*Taking up and placing the ducal bonnet on the tal*
Ere I depart,
I pray you to resume what you have spurn'd,
Till you can change it haply for a crown.
And now I take my leave, imploring you
In all things to rely upon my duty
As doth become your near and faithful kinsma
less loyal citizen and subject.
[Exit BERTUCC



Craves audience of your highness.

DOGE.

I'm unwell—
I can see no one, not even a patrician—
Let him refer his business to the council.

VINCENZO.

My lord, I will deliver your reply;
It cannot much import—he's a plebeian,
The master of a galley, I believe.

DOGE.

How! did you say the patron of a galley?
That is—I mean—a servant of the state:
Admit him, he may be on public service.

[*Exit*

DOGE (*solus*).

This patron may be sounded; I will try him.
I know the people to be discontented;
They have cause, since Sapienza's adverse da
. they have further c

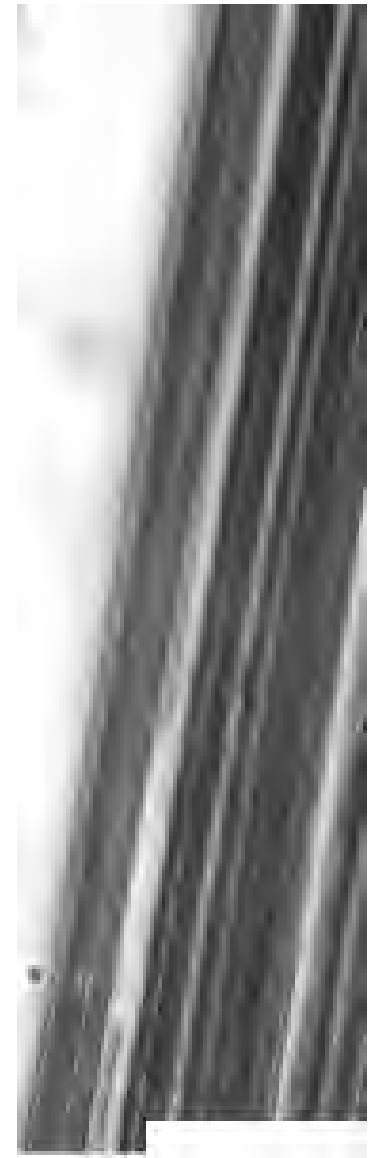
...concessions; but, above ...home,
must be speedy; at my hour
the light of life remains.
...enice, and avenge my wrongs,
...long, and willingly would sleep
...with my sires; and, wanting this,
... of my fourscore years
...y where—how soon, I care not—
...be extinguish'd;—better that
...een, than drag me on to be
...ch-oppressors fain would make me.
...of efficient troops
...ousand posted at——

...ENZO *and* ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

VINCENZO.

May it please
...ame patron whom I spake of
...patience.

DOGE.



ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

'T were in vain;
For he who injured me is one of them.

DOGE.

There 's blood upon thy face—how came it ther

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

'T is mine, and not the first I 've shed for Venic
But the first shed by a Venetian hand:
A noble smote me.

DOGE.

Doth he live?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Not lon
But for the hope I had and have, that you,
My prince, yourself a soldier, will redress
Him, whom the laws of discipline and Venice

And treats me like a brute, the brute may turn—
'T is said the worm will.

DOGE.

Say—his name and lineage?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Barbaro.

DOGE.

What was the cause? or the pretext?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

I am the chief of the arsenal, employ'd
At present in repairing certain galleys
But roughly used by the Genoese last year.
This morning comes the noble Barbaro

as patron of a galley? My new office
Was given as the reward of certain scars
(So was your predecessor pleased to say):
I little thought his bounty would conduct me
To his successor as a helpless plaintiff,
At least, in such a cause.

DOGE.

Are you much hurt?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Irreparably in my self-esteem.

DOGE.

Speak out; fear nothing: being stung at heart,
What would you do to be revenged on this man

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

That which I dare not name, and yet will do.

DOGE.

[illegible] obtain it—'t was denied
[illegible] solemnly an hour ago.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

[illegible] your highness?

DOGE.

Steno is condemn'd
[illegible] a month's confinement.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

What! the same who dared
To stain the ducal throne with those foul words,
That have cried shame to every ear in Venice?

DOGE.

Ay, doubtless they have echo'd o'er the arsenal,
Keeping due time with every hammer's clink
As a good jest to jolly artisans;
Or making chorus to the creaking oar,
In the vile tune of every galley slave,
Who, as he sung the merry stave, exulted
He was not a shamed dotard, like the Doge.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

To punish and avenge—I will not say
My petty wrong, for what is a mere blow,
However vile, to such a thing as I am?—
But the base insult done your state and person

DOGE.

You overrate my power, which is a pageant.
This cap is not the monarch's crown; these rol
Might move compassion, like a beggar's rags;
Nay, more, a beggar's are his own, and these
But lent to the poor puppet, who must play
Its part with all its empire in this ermine.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Wouldst thou be king?

DOGE.

Yes—of a happy]

[illegible] would you know why I have done all this?
[illegible] of the bleeding pelican why she
[illegible] her bosom? Had the bird a voice,
[illegible] 't was for *all* her little ones.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

And yet they made thee duke.

DOGE.

Ay, *They made* me so;
I sought it not; the flattering fetters met me
Returning from my Roman embassy,
And never having hitherto refused
Toil, charge, or duty for the state, I did not,
At [illegible] years, decline what was the highest
Of all in seeming, but of all most base
In *what we have to do and to endure*:

And many thousands more not less oppress'd,
Who wait but for a signal—will you give it?

DOGE.

You speak in riddles.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Which shall soon be read,
At peril of my life, if you disdain not
To lend a patient ear.

DOGE.

Say on.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Not thou,
Nor I alone, are injured and abused,
Contemn'd and trampled on, but the whole peop
Groan with the strong conception of their wron
The foreign soldiers in the senate's pay

bled.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

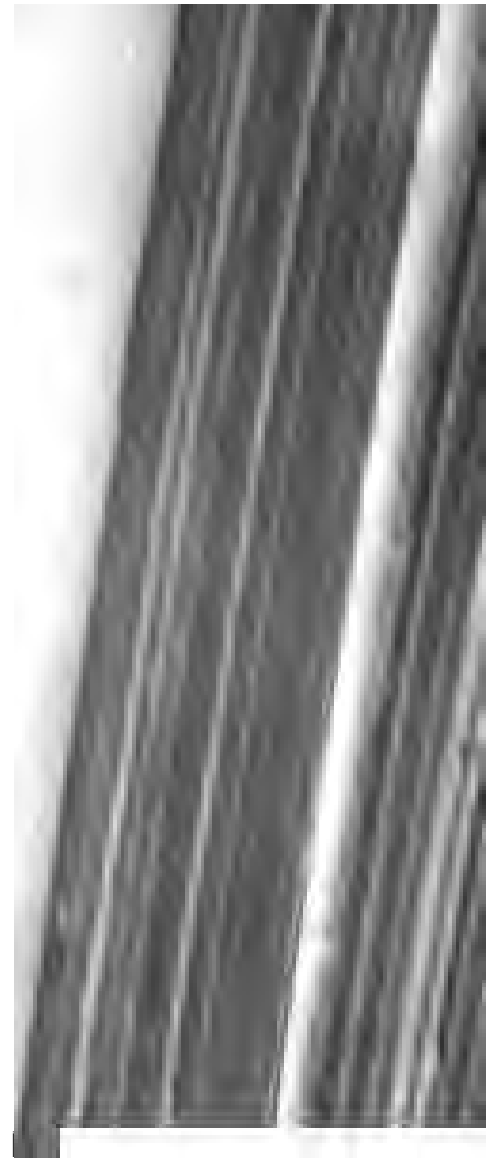
No, I will speak
; and if Venice' Doge
ator, be the shame on him,
; for he will lose far more

DOGE.

fear nothing; out with it.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

there are met and sworn in secret
n, valiant hearts and true;
wed all fortunes, and have long
f Venice, and have right
erved her in all climes,
l her from foreign foes,
from those within her walls.
ens, nor yet too few
ese; they have



the Piombi were in vain;
ring blood from me, but treachery never.
pass the fearful « Bridge of Sighs,»
ine must be the last that e'er
'er the Stygian wave which flows
murderers and the murder'd, washing
d the palace walls: there are
ould live to think on't and avenge me.

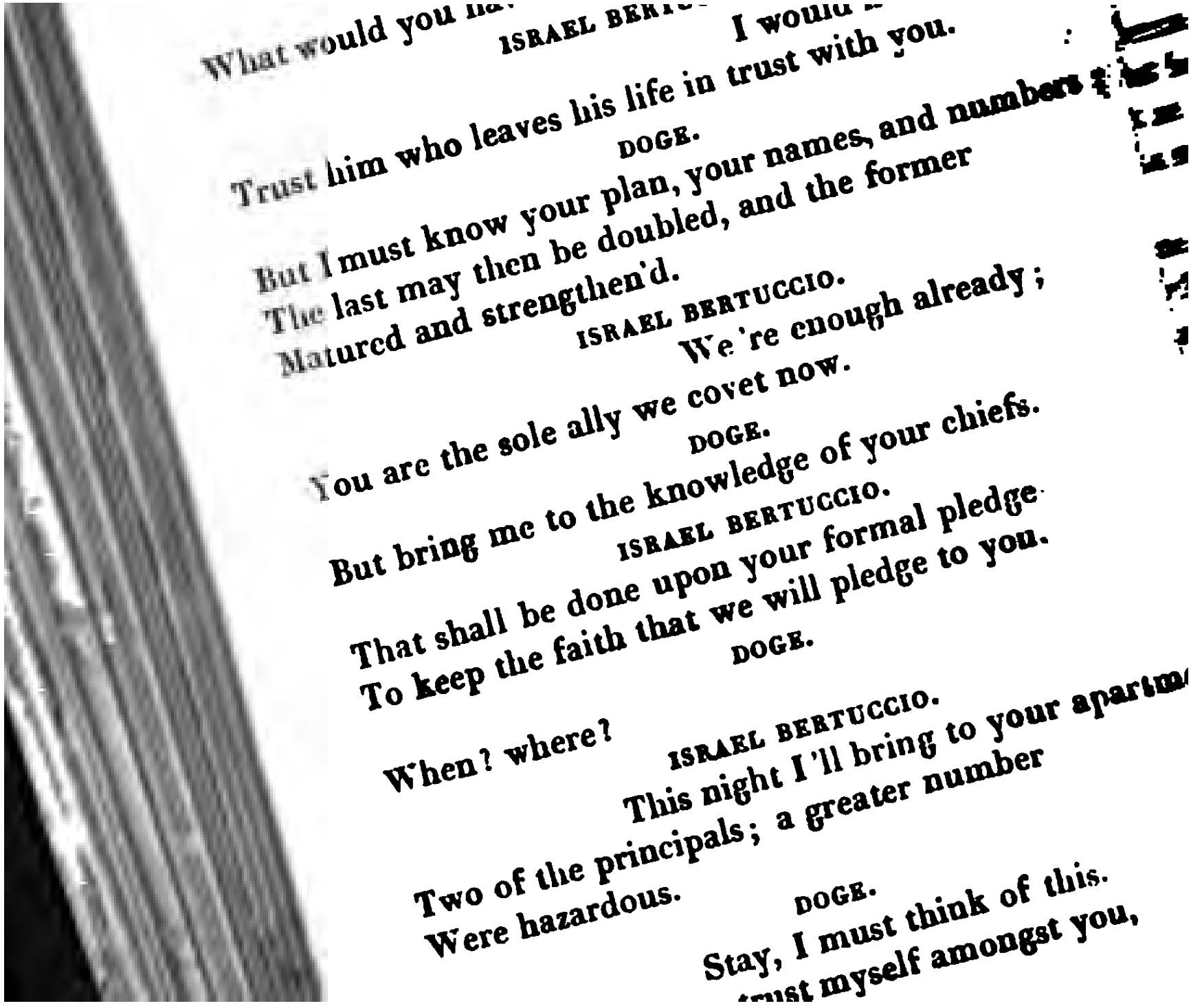
DOGE.

power and purpose, why come here
tice, being in the course
f due right?

Some rumours that the Doge was greatly moved
By the reference of the Avogadori
Of Michel Steno's sentence to the Forty
Had reach'd me. I had served you, honour'd you,
And felt that you were dangerously insulted.
Being of an order of such spirits as
Requite tenfold both good and evil: I was
My wish to prove and urge you to redress.
Now you know all; and that I speak the truth,
My peril be the proof.

DOGE.

You have deeply ventured,
But all must do so who would greatly win:
Thus far I 'll answer you—your secret 's safe



What would you ha

ISRAEL BERTU

I would

Trust him who leaves his life in trust with you.

DOGE.

But I must know your plan, your names, and numbers
The last may then be doubled, and the former
Matured and strengthen'd.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

We're enough already;
You are the sole ally we covet now.

DOGE.

But bring me to the knowledge of your chiefs.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

That shall be done upon your formal pledge
To keep the faith that we will pledge to you.

DOGE.

When? where?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

This night I'll bring to your apartm
Two of the principals; a greater number
Were hazardous.

DOGE.

Stay, I must think of this.
trust myself amongst you,

that he were alive, a
that he were alive e'er I be ashes!
should not need the dubious aid of strangers.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Not one of all those strangers whom thou doubtes
But will regard thee with a filial feeling,
So that thou keep'st a father's faith with them.

DOGE.

The die is cast. Where is the place of meeting?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

At midnight I will be alone and mask'd
Where'er your highness pleases to direct me,
To wait your coming, and conduct you where
You shall receive our homage, and pronounce
Upon our project.

DOGE.

At what hour arises
The moon?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Late; but the atmosphere is thick a
'Tis a sirocco.

e
u.
your apartment
mber
of this
last year,

A gondola,[2] with one oar only will
Lurk in the narrow channel which glides b
Be there.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

I will not fail.

DOGE.

And now retire——

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

In the full hope your highness will not falte
In your great purpose. Prince, I take my l

[*Exit* ISRAEL

DOGE (*solus*).

At midnight, by the church Saints John an
Where sleep my noble fathers, I repair—
To what? to hold a council in the dark

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Ducal Palace.

ANGIOLINA (*wife of the Doge*) *and* MARIANNA.

ANGIOLINA.

What was the Doge's answer?

MARIANNA.

That he was
That moment summon'd to a conference;
But 't is by this time ended. I perceived
Not long ago the senators embarking;
And the last gondola may now be seen
Gliding into the throng of barks which stud
The glittering waters.

ANGIOLINA.

Would he were return'd!
He has been much disquieted of late;
And Time, which has not tamed his fiery spirit,
Nor yet enfeebled even his mortal frame,

NICE.

gs wear in him
ghts,
evil, all
his bold brow
ne thoughts of years.
of late
his wont.
lone have power

NNA.
true,
a greatly moved
l with cause;
even now
h insult with
enforce respect
oble blood.
OLINA.

His own sins.
And every shadow on the wall ...
Upon his coward calumny.

MARIANNA.

'T were fit
He should be punish'd grievously.

ANGIOLINA.

He is so.

MARIANNA.

What! is the sentence past? is he condemn'd?

ANGIOLINA.

I know not that, but he has been detected.

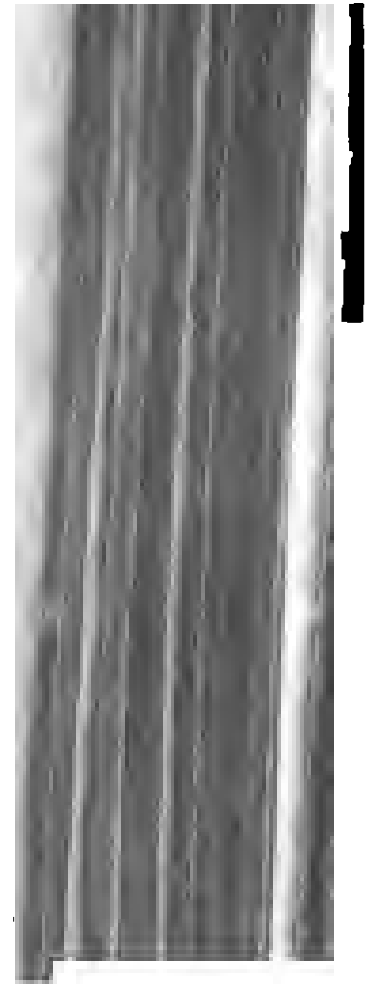
MARIANNA.

And deem you this enough for such foul scorn?

ANGIOLINA.

I would not be a judge in my own cause,
Nor do I know what sense of punishment
May reach the soul of ribalds such as Steno;
But if his insults sink no deeper in
... of the inquisitors than they
... all acquittance

[illegible]OLINA.
[illegible] it is the name
[illegible] prize: the first
[illegible] to hold their honour,
[illegible]zon'd forth;
t kept it seek its seeming
for an ornament
[illegible]nt, but not because
ive in others' thoughts,
as they must seem fair.
RIANNA.
[illegible]s for a patrician dame.
[illegible]OLINA.
[illegible]her's; with his name,
[illegible]ft.
[illegible]ANNA.



MARIANNA.

Yet this strange disproportion in your years,
And, let me add, disparity of tempers,
Might make the world doubt whether such an uni
Could make you wisely, permanently happy.

ANGIOLINA.

The world will think with worldlings: but my hea
Has still been in my duties, which are many,
But never difficult.

MARIANNA.

And do you love him?

ANGIOLINA.

I love all noble qualities which merit
Love, and I loved my father, who first taught me
To single out what we should love in others,

ANGIOLINA.

answer'd your first question when I said
married.

MARIANNA.

And the second?

ANGIOLINA.

Needs no answer.

MARIANNA.

ou pardon, if I have offended.

ANGIOLINA.

wrath, but some surprise: I knew not
dded *bosoms could permit* themselves
er upon what they now might choose,
t, save their past choice.

That far too often makes them deem they would
Now choose more wisely, could they cancel it.

ANGIOLINA.

It may be so. I knew not of such thoughts.

MARIANNA.

Here comes the Doge—shall I retire?

ANGIOLINA.

It may
Be better you should quit me; he seems wrapt
In thought.—How pensively he takes his way!

[*Exit* MARI

Enter the DOGE *and* PIETRO.

My lord!

DOGE.

ld, forgive me—why delay
:ching me?—I saw you not.

ANGIOLINA.

b'd in thought, and he who now
you might have words of weight
n the senate.

DOGE.

From the senate?

ANGIOLINA.

upt him in his duty

DOGE.

nate's duty! you mistake;
l service to the senate.

ANGIOLINA.

ıad held command in V

To compensate for many a [illegible]
On an old man oft moved with many cares?
Speak, and 'tis done.

ANGIOLINA.

You 're ever kind to me—
I have nothing to desire, or to request,
Except to see you oftener and calmer.

DOGE.

Calmer?

ANGIOLINA.

Ay, calmer, my good lord.—Ah, why
Do you still keep apart, and walk alone,
And let such strong emotions stamp your brow,
As, not betraying their full import, yet
Disclose too much?

DOGE.

Disclose too much!—of what?
What is there to disclose?

ANGIOLINA.

[illegible] this offence?

[illegible]

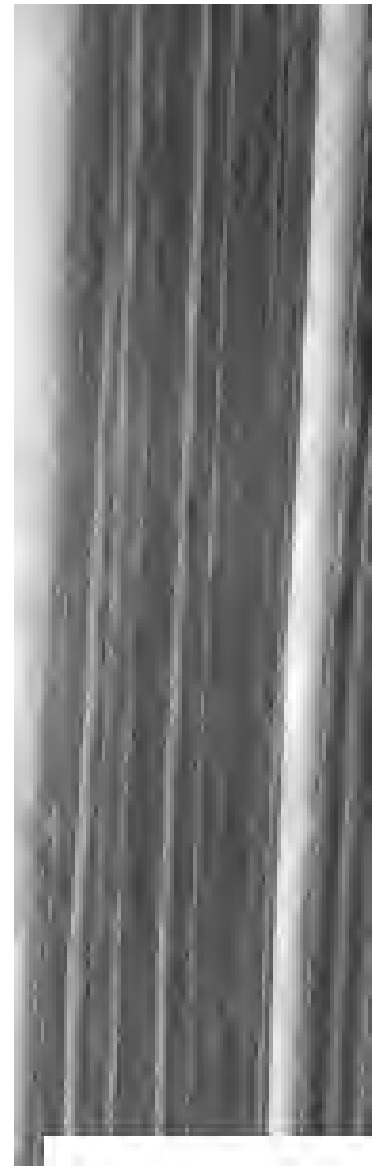
[illegible] I'd have him live
[illegible] to merit death;
[illegible] his hundred judges,
[illegible] his crime is theirs.

[illegible]

[illegible] flippant libeller
[illegible] for his absurd lampoon,
[illegible] could this breast have known
[illegible] slumber more.

[illegible] DOGE.

[illegible] say blood for blood?
[illegible] more than he who sheds it.
[illegible] *shame* of blows,
[illegible] to the sense of man?
[illegible] say blood for honour?
[illegible] a little gold?



In ours?—But let them look to it who have saved him.

ANGIOLINA.

Heaven bids us to forgive our enemies.

DOGE.

Doth Heaven forgive her own? Is Satan saved
From wrath eternal?

ANGIOLINA.

Do not speak thus wildly—
Heaven will alike forgive you and your foes.

DOGE.

Amen! May Heaven forgive them.

ANGIOLINA.

And will you?

DOGE.

Yes, when they are in heaven!

ANGIOLINA.

And not till then?

but I would still, whatever others think,
have your respect both now and in my grave.

ANGIOLINA.

should you doubt it? has it ever fail'd?

DOGE.

hither, child; I would a word with you.
father was my friend; unequal fortune
him my debtor for some courtesies
and the good more firmly: when oppress
last malady, he will'd our union:
not to repay me, long repaid
by his great loyalty in friendship;
was to place your orphan beauty
honourable safety from the perils
in this scorpion nest of vice, assail
and undower'd maid. I did not

young bride: for in my fieriest youth
'd such passions; nor was this my age,
ed with that leprosy of lust
taints the hoariest years of vicious men,
g them ransack to the very last
regs of pleasure for their vanish'd joys;
y in selfish marriage some young victim,
elpless to refuse a state that 's honest,
eling not to know herself a wretch.
edlock was not of this sort; you had
om from me to choose, and urged in answer
father's choice.

ANGIOLINA.

I did so; I would do so
of earth and heaven; for I have never

[illegible] again,
[illegible], in the ripest bloom
[illegible]re skilful to select
probationary years;
[illegible]'s name and riches;
hort penance of enduring
[illegible]me summers, against all
[illegible] or envious kinsmen might
[illegible]t her right: my best friend's child
re fitly in respect of years,
in a faithful heart.

ANGIOLINA.

[illegible]nt to my father's wishes,
[illegible]t words, and to my heart
rties, and replying
with whom I was affianced.

A free compliance with all honest wishes,
A kindness to your virtues, watchfulness
Not shown, but shadowing o'er such little failings
As youth is apt in; so as not to check
Rashly, but win you from them ere you knew
You had been won, but thought the change your choice
A pride not in your beauty, but your conduct,—
A trust in you—a patriarchal love,
And not a doting homage—friendship, faith—
Such estimation in your eyes as these
Might claim, I hoped for.

ANGIOLINA.

And have ever had.

DOGE.

I think so. For the difference in our years,
You knew it, choosing me, and chose: I trusted
Not to my qualities, nor would have faith
In such, nor outward ornaments of nature,
[illegible] five-and-twentieth spring:

vanities
rankle in the heart,
nvulse it, well I know
humanity to dream
ıfected blood,
to him it covets most:
e poet's god
ell'd beauty, or
es, in
uman manhood,
ind where virtue is not;
forms and proves it:
rtue cannot change.
ı must for ever fall,
iety, while virtue
l all which rolls around

At once insulted in her lord and laws.

ANGIOLINA.

Alas! why will you thus consider it?

DOGE.

I have thought on 't till—but let me lead you back
To what I urged; all these things being noted,
I wedded you; the world then did me justice
Upon the motive, and my conduct proved
They did me right, while yours was all to praise:
You had all freedom—all respect—all trust
From me and mine; and born of those who made
Princes at home, and swept kings from their thrones
On foreign shores, in all things you appear'd
Worthy to be our first of native dames.

ANGIOLINA.

To what does this conduct?

With me, my lord?

KING.

Ian, Angiolina. Do not marvel; I
Have let this prey upon me till I feel
My life cannot be long; and fain would have you
Regard the injunctions you will find within
This scroll. (*Giving her a paper*)——Fear not; they
are for your advantage:
Read them hereafter, at the fitting hour.

ANGIOLINA.

My lord, in life, and after life, you shall
Be honour'd still by me: but may your days
Be many yet—and happier than the present!
This passion will [illegible], and you will be
Serene, and what you should be—what you were.

[illegible]

The blighted old age of Faliero, shall
Sweet quiet shed her sunset! Never more
Those summer shadows rising from the past
Of a not ill-spent nor inglorious life,
Mellowing the last hours as the night approaches,
Shall soothe me to my moment of long rest.
I had but little more to ask, or hope,
Save the regards due to the blood and sweat,
And the soul's labour through which I had toil'd
To make my country honour'd. As her servant—
Her servant, though her chief—I would have gone
Down to my fathers with a name serene
And pure as theirs; but this has been denied me.—
Would I had died at Zara!

ANGIOLINA.

There you saved
The state; then live to save her still. A day,
Another day like that would be the best
Reproof to them, and sole revenge for you

There 's much for me to do—and the

ANGIOLINA.

Remember what you were.

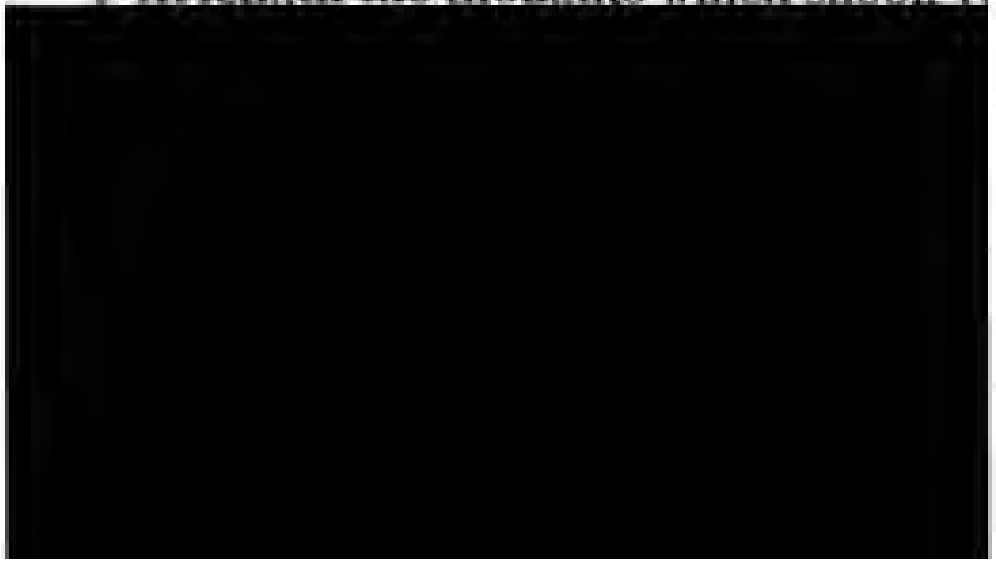
DOGE.

It were

Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
While sorrow's memory is a sorrow sti

ANGIOLINA.

At least, whate'er may urge, let me im
That you will take some little pause o
Your sleep for many nights has been s
That it had been relief to have awake
Had I not hoped that nature would o'
At length the thoughts which shook y



within—above—around, that in this city
Will make the cemeteries populous
As e'er they were by pestilence or war,—
When I *am* nothing, let that which I *was*
Be still, sometimes a name on thy sweet lips,
A shadow in thy fancy, of a thing
Which would not have thee mourn it, but remember;—
Let us begone, my child—the time is pressing.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

A retired spot near the Arsenal.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO *and* PHILIP CALENDARO.

CALENDARO.

How sped you, Israel, in your late complaint?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Why, well.

CALENDARO.

...sole draught of hate, forego
...we meditate for Venice,
...of hope for one of exile;
...pion crush'd, and thousands stinging
...family, my countrymen!
...these same drops of blood,
...ly, shall have the whole of his
...al——But not only his;
...ke for private wrongs alone:
...fish passions and rash men,
...hy a tyrannicide.

CALENDARO.

...patience than I care to boast.
...nt when you bore this insult,
...n him, or expired myself
...t to repress my wrath.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

...ou were not—all had else been marr'd.

Obtain right for himself. Why speak to *him*?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

You shall know that hereafter.

CALENDARO.

Why not now?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

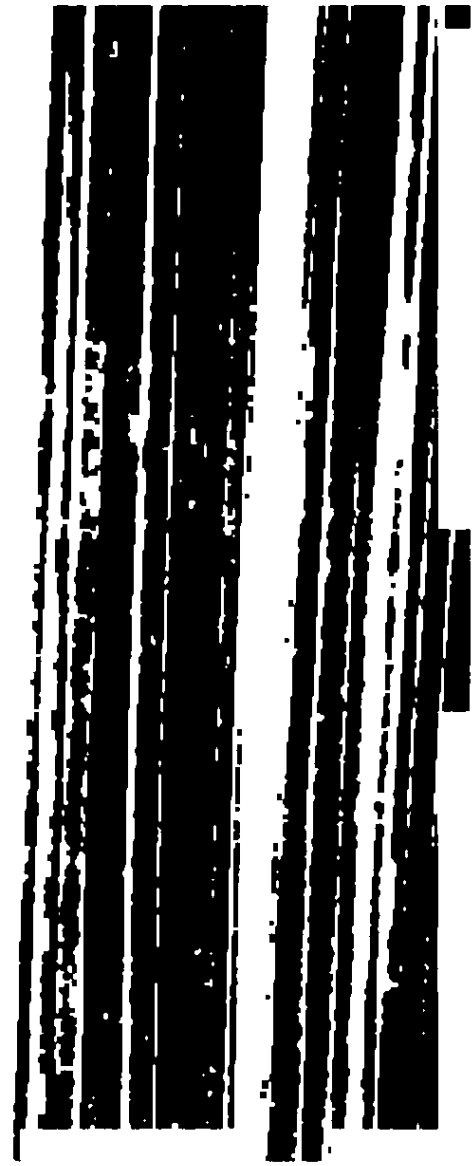
Be patient but till midnight. Get your musters,
And bid your friends prepare their companies:—
Set all in readiness to strike the blow,
Perhaps in a few hours; we have long waited
For a fit time—that hour is on the dial,
It may be of to-morrow's sun: delay
Beyond may breed us double danger. See
That all be punctual at our place of meeting,
And arm'd, excepting those of the Sixteen,
Who will remain among the troops to wait
The signal.

CALENDARO.

These brave words have breathed new life

I care not
be death or freedom!
nding neither.
RTUCCIO.
ath! the grave
he musters ready!
ies completed

ARO.
ich there are
e up the number.
TUCCIO.
at. Whose are they?
ARO.
both of whom
nse than we are.
TUCCIO.
deem all those
at there exists



And feel for what their duty bids them do.
I have known Bertram long; there doth not breath
A soul more full of honour.

CALENDARO.

It may be so:
I apprehend less treachery than weakness:
Yet, as he has no mistress, and no wife
To work upon his milkiness of spirit,
He may go through the ordeal; it is well
He is an orphan, friendless save in us:
A woman or a child had made him less
Than either in resolve.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Such ties are not
For those who are call'd to the high destinies
Which purify corrupted commonwealths;
We must forget all feelings save the *one*—
We must resign all passions save our purpose—
We must behold no object save our country—

When wicked men wax mighty, and a state
Turns servile: he and his high friend were styled
«The last of Romans!» Let us be the first
Of true Venetians, sprung from Roman sires.

CALENDARO.

Our fathers did not fly from Attila
Into these isles, where palaces have sprung
On banks redeem'd from the rude ocean's ooze,
To own a thousand despots in his place.
Better bow down before the Hun, and call
A Tartar lord, than these swoln silk-worms masters!
The first at least was man, and used his sword
As sceptre: these unmanly creeping things
Command our swords, and rule us with a word
As with a spell.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

It shall be broken soon.
You say that all things are in readiness:
To-day I *have not been* the usual round,

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

You have said well.—Have you remark'd all such?

CALENDARO.

I 've noted most: and caused the other chiefs.
To use like caution in their companies.
As far as I have seen, we are enough
To make the enterprise secure, if 't is
Commenced to-morrow; but till 't is begun,
Each hour is pregnant with a thousand perils.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Let the Sixteen meet at the wonted hour,
Except Soranzo, Nicoletto Blondo,
And Marco Giuda, who will keep their watch
Within the arsenal, and hold all ready,
Expectant of the signal we will fix on.

l to them.

NDARO.

the secret?

BERTUCCIO.

Yes.

NDARO.

ril your friends' lives

ne we know not?

BERTUCCIO.

: except my own—

ne who may

ly sure, according

, he no less

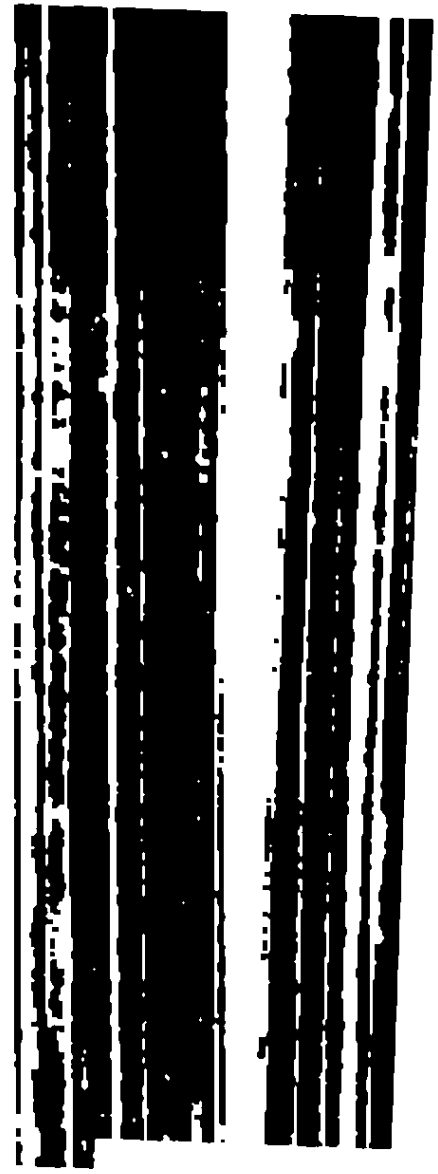
s alone with me,

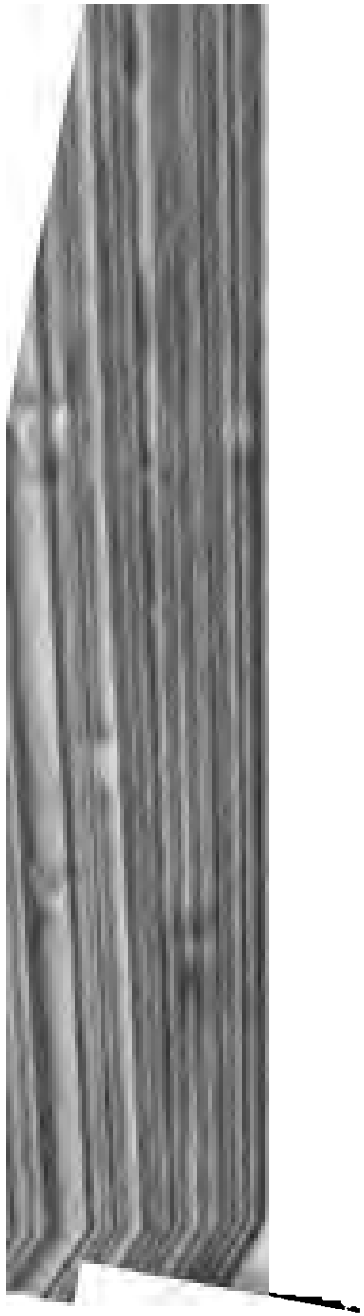
it he will not swerve

ENDARO.

til I know him:

BERTUCCIO.





And what part would you have me—

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

It may be, that of chief.

CALENDARO.

What! and resign
Your own command as leader?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Even so.
My object is to make your cause end well,
And not to push myself to power. Experience,
Some skill, and your own choice, had mark'd me out
To act in trust as your commander, till
Some worthier should appear: if I have found such
As you yourselves shall own more worthy, think you
That I would hesitate from selfishness,
And, covetous of brief authority,
Stake our deep interest on my single thoughts,
Rather than yield to one above me in
All leading qualities? No, Calendaro,
Know your friend better; but you all shall judge.—

ther chief;
now not, but
r been,
ow farewell,
sees us meet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Scene, the Space between the Canal and the Church San Giovanni e San Paolo. An equestrian St before it.—A Gondola lies in the Canal at distance.

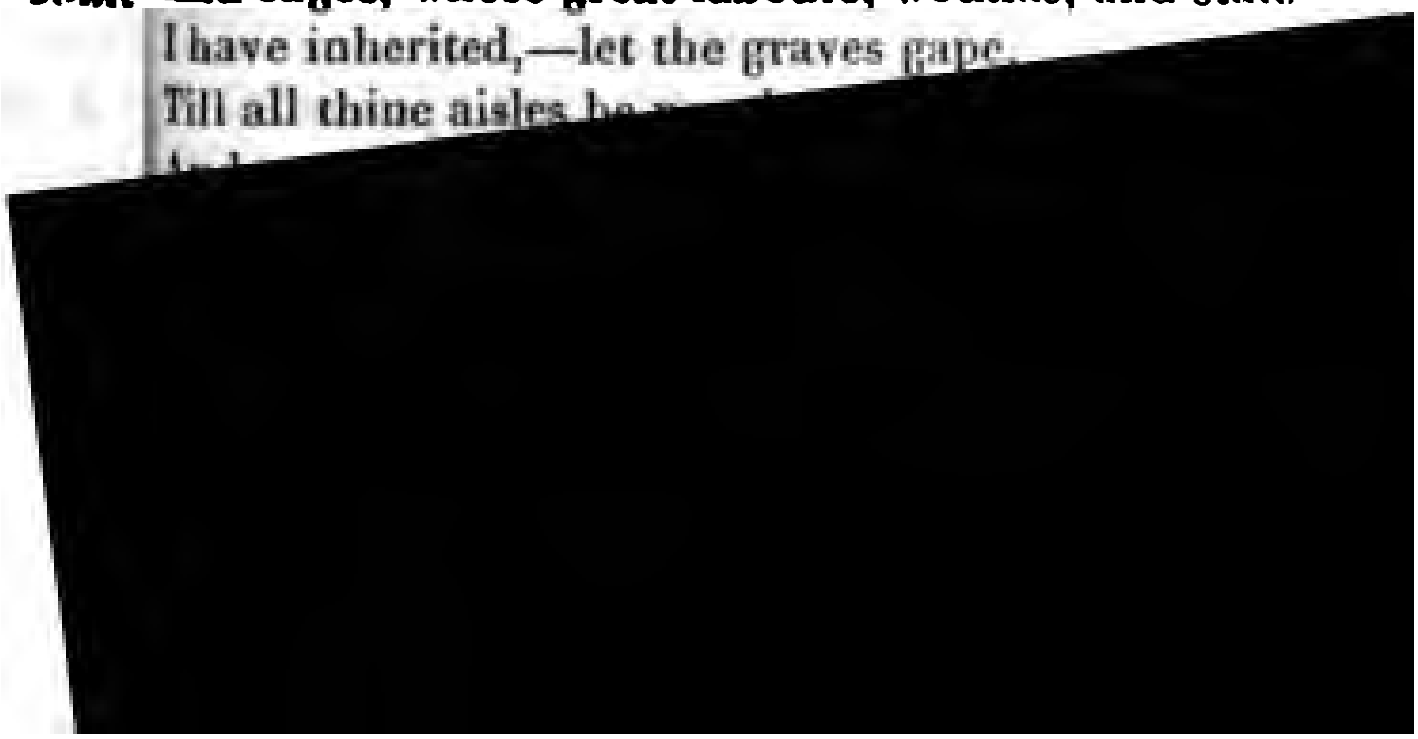
Enter the DOGE *alone, disguised.*

DOGE (*solus*).

I am before the hour, the hour whose voice,
Pealing into the arch of night, might strike
These palaces with ominous tottering,
[illegible] their marbles to the corner-stone,
[illegible] come hideous dream

Where sleep my fathers, whose dim statues shadow
The floor which doth divide us from the dead,
Where all the pregnant hearts of our bold blood,
Moulder'd into a mite of ashes, hold
In one shrunk heap what once made many heroes,
When what is now a handful shook the earth—
Fane of the tutelar saints who guard our house!
Vault where two Doges rest—my sires! who died
The one of toil, the other in the field,
With a long race of other lineal chiefs
And sages, whose great labours, wounds, and state

arch of Statue t some



ome, my lord,—you are before the time.

DOGE.

ready to proceed to your assembly.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

with you.—I am proud and pleased to see
confident alacrity. Your doubts
our last meeting, then, are all dispell'd?

DOGE.

—but I have set my little left
upon this cast: the die was thrown
I first listen'd to your treason—Start not!
is the word; I cannot shape my tongue
lable black deeds into smooth names,
gh I be wrought on to commit them. When
d you tempt your sovereign, and forbore
ve you dragg'd to prison, I became
guiltiest accomplice: now you may,
o please you, do as much by me.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

ge words, my lord, and most unmerited;
no spy, and neither are we traitors.

ISRAEL

'Tis not the moment to consider thus.
Else I could answer.—Let us to the meeting
Or we may be observed in lingering here.

DOGE.

We *are* observed, and have been.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

We observed!

let me discover—and this steel———

DOGE.

Put up!

Here are no human witnesses: look there!
What see you?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Only a tall warrior's statue

That warrior was the sire
Of my sire's fathers, and that statue was
Decreed to him by the twice rescued city:—
Think you that he looks down on us, or no?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

My lord, these are mere phantasies; there are
No eyes in marble.

DOGE.

But there are in death.
I tell thee, man, there is a spirit in
Such things that acts and sees, unseen, though felt;
And, if there be a spell to stir the dead,
'T is in such deeds as we are now upon.
Deem'st thou the souls of such a race as mine
Can rest, when he, their last descendant chief,
Stands plotting on the brink of their pure graves
With stung plebeians?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

[illegible] as well

-dress: the very means I am forced
se fell tyrants to adopt is such,
abhor them doubly for the deeds
I must do to pay them back for theirs.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

way—hark!——the hour strikes.

DOGE.

knell, or that of Venice.—On.— On—on—

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

; 't is her freedom's rising peal
——This way—we are near the place.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

ouse where the Conspirators meet.

RO, BERTRAM, F

Of trusting to their faith: *who,* save ourselves
And our more chosen comrades, is aware
Fully of our intent! they think themselves [3]
Engaged in secret to the Signory,
To punish some more dissolute young nobles
Who have defied the law in their excesses;
But once drawn up, and their new swords well-flesh'd
In the rank hearts of the more odious senators,
They will not hesitate to follow up
Their blow upon the others, when they see
The example of their chiefs; and I for one
Will set them such, that they for very shame
And safety will not pause till all have perish'd.

BERTRAM.

How say you? *all!*

CALENDARO.

Whom wouldst thou spare?

BERTRAM.

I spare?
I have no power to spare. I only question'd,

Revel and lie, or
So let them die as *one!*

DAGOLINO.

Should *one* survive,
He would be dangerous as the whole: it is not
Their number, be it tens or thousands, but
The spirit of this aristocracy
Which must be rooted out; and if there were
A single shoot of the old tree in life,
'Twould fasten in the soil and spring again
To gloomy verdure and to bitter fruit.
Bertram, we must be firm!

CALENDARO.

Look to it well.
Bertram; I have an eye upon thee.

BERTRAM.

Who
Distrusts me?

It is thy [illegible],
Which makes thee to be doubted.

BERTRAM.

You should l
Who hear me, who and what I am; a man
Roused like yourselves to overthrow oppressio
A kind man, I am apt to think, as some
Of you have found me; and if brave or no,
You, Calendaro, can pronounce, who have se
Put to the proof; or, if you should have doub
I 'll clear them on your person.

CALENDARO.

You are welcon
When once our enterprise is o'er, which mu
Be interrupted by a private brawl.

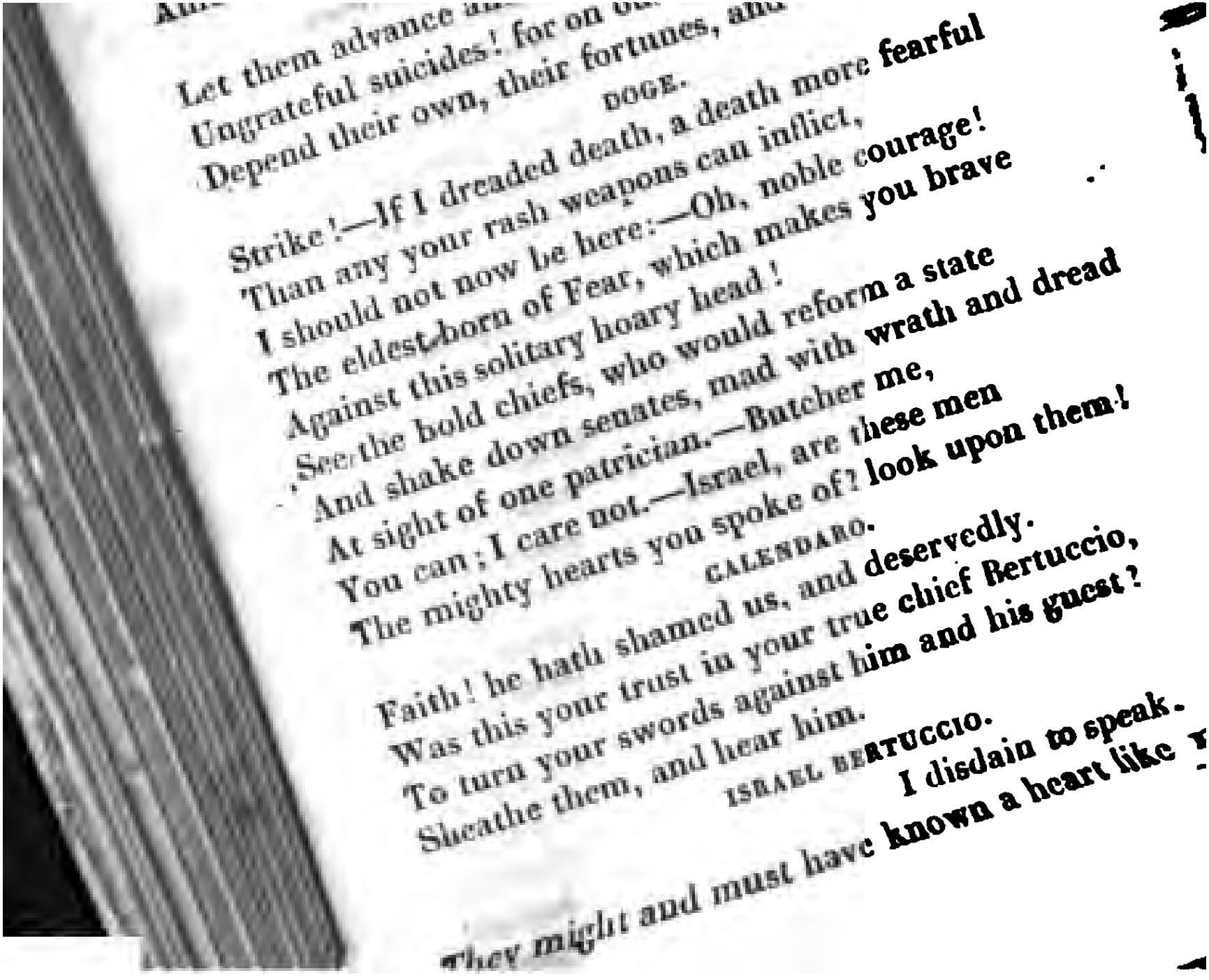
BERTRAM.

I am no brawler; but can bear myself
As far among the foe as any he
Who hears me; else why have I been selecte
[illegible] but no less

If there were some of these who could be saved
From out this sweeping fate, for our own sakes
And for our honour, to take off some stain
Of massacre, which else pollutes it wholly,
I had been glad; and see no cause in this
For sneer, nor for suspicion!

DAGOLINO.

Calm thee, Bertram;
For we suspect thee not, and take good heart.
It is the cause, and not our will, which asks
Such actions from our hands: we'll wash away
All stains in Freedom's fountain!



Let them advance
Ungrateful suicides! for on
Depend their own, their fortunes, and

DOGE.

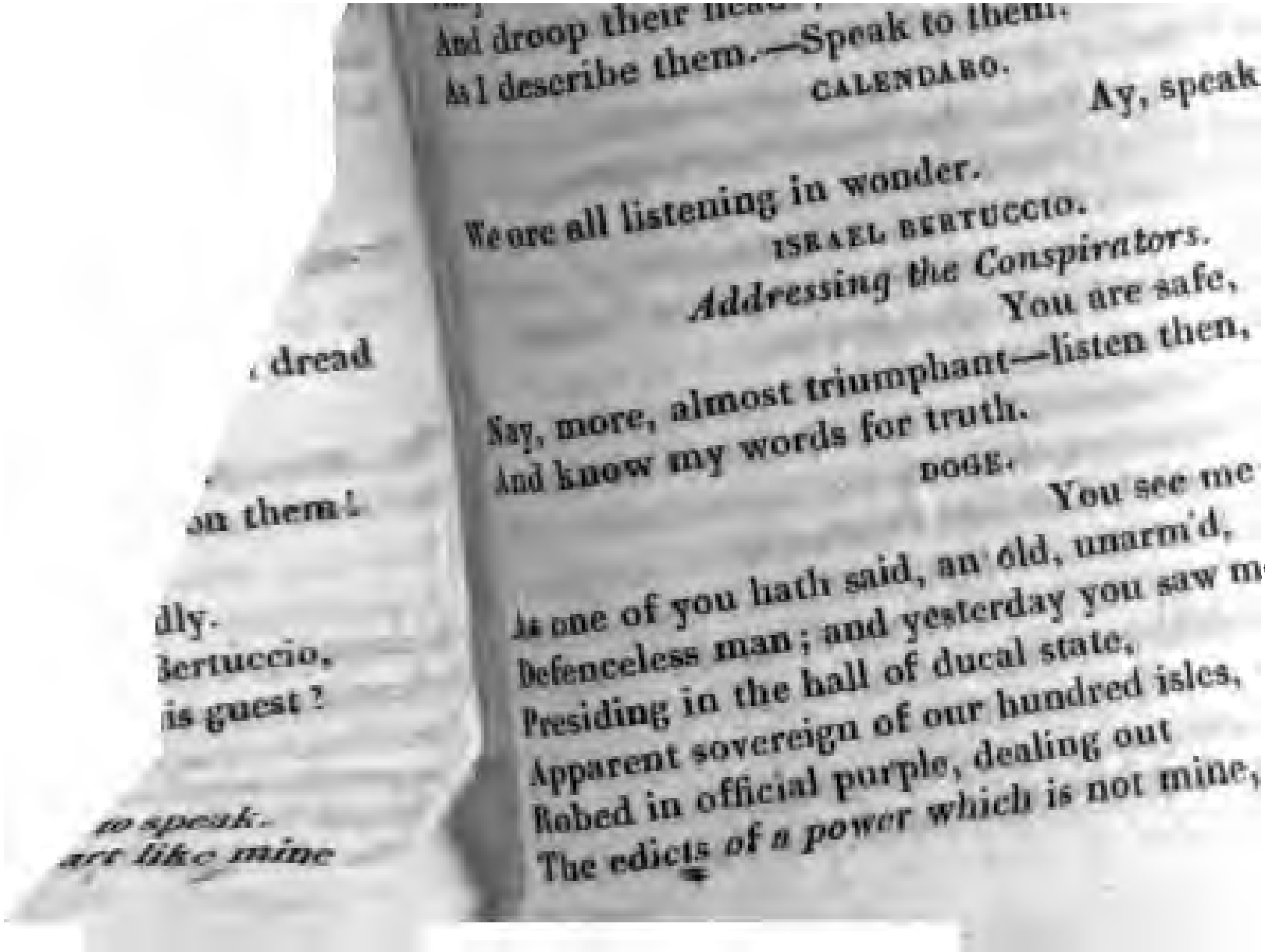
Strike!—If I dreaded death, a death more fearful
Than any your rash weapons can inflict,
I should not now be here:—Oh, noble courage!
The eldest-born of Fear, which makes you brave
Against this solitary hoary head!
See the bold chiefs, who would reform a state
And shake down senates, mad with wrath and dread
At sight of one patrician.—Butcher me,
You can; I care not.—Israel, are these men
The mighty hearts you spoke of? look upon them!

CALENDARO.

Faith! he hath shamed us, and deservedly.
Was this your trust in your true chief Bertuccio,
To turn your swords against him and his guest?
Sheathe them, and hear him.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

I disdain to speak.
they might and must have known a heart like



And droop their head
As I describe them.—Speak to them.

CALENDARO.

Ay, speak;

We are all listening in wonder.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Addressing the Conspirators.

You are safe,

Nay, more, almost triumphant—listen then,
And know my words for truth.

DOGE.

You see me he

As one of you hath said, an old, unarm'd,
Defenceless man; and yesterday you saw me
Presiding in the hall of ducal state,
Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles,
Robed in official purple, dealing out
The edicts of a power which is not mine,

, dread

on them!

dly.
Bertuccio,
is guest?

to speak.
are like mine

... sudden on, until he do
If he be worm or no, may answer for
Asking of his own heart what brought
You know my recent story, all men k
And judge of it far differently from th
Who sate in judgment to heap scorn o
But spare me the recital—it is here,
Here at my heart, the outrage—but m
Already spent in unavailing plaints,
Would only show my feebleness the m
And I come here to strengthen even the
And urge them on to deeds, and not to
With woman's weapons; but I need not
Our private wrongs have sprung from p
In this—I cannot call it commonwealth
Nor kingdom, which hath neither princ
But all the sins of the old Spartan state
Without its virtues—temperance and va
The lords of Lacedemon were true soldi
...

We will renew the times of truth and justice,
Condensing in a fair free commonwealth
Not rash equality, but equal rights,
Proportion'd like the columns to the temple,
Giving and taking strength reciprocal,
And making firm the whole with grace and beauty,
So that no part could be removed without
Infringement of the general symmetry.
In operating this great change, I claim
To be one of you—if you trust in me;
If not, strike home,—my life is compromised,
And I would rather fall by freemen's hands

Before he was degraded to a Doge,
And still has individual means and mind;
I stake my fame (and I had fame)—my breath
(The least of all, for its last hours are nigh)—
My heart—my hope—my soul—upon this cast!
Such as I am, I offer me to you
And to your chiefs, accept me or reject me,
A prince who fain would be a citizen
Or nothing, and who has left his throne to be so.

CALENDARO.

Long live Faliero!—Venice shall be free!

CONSPIRATORS.

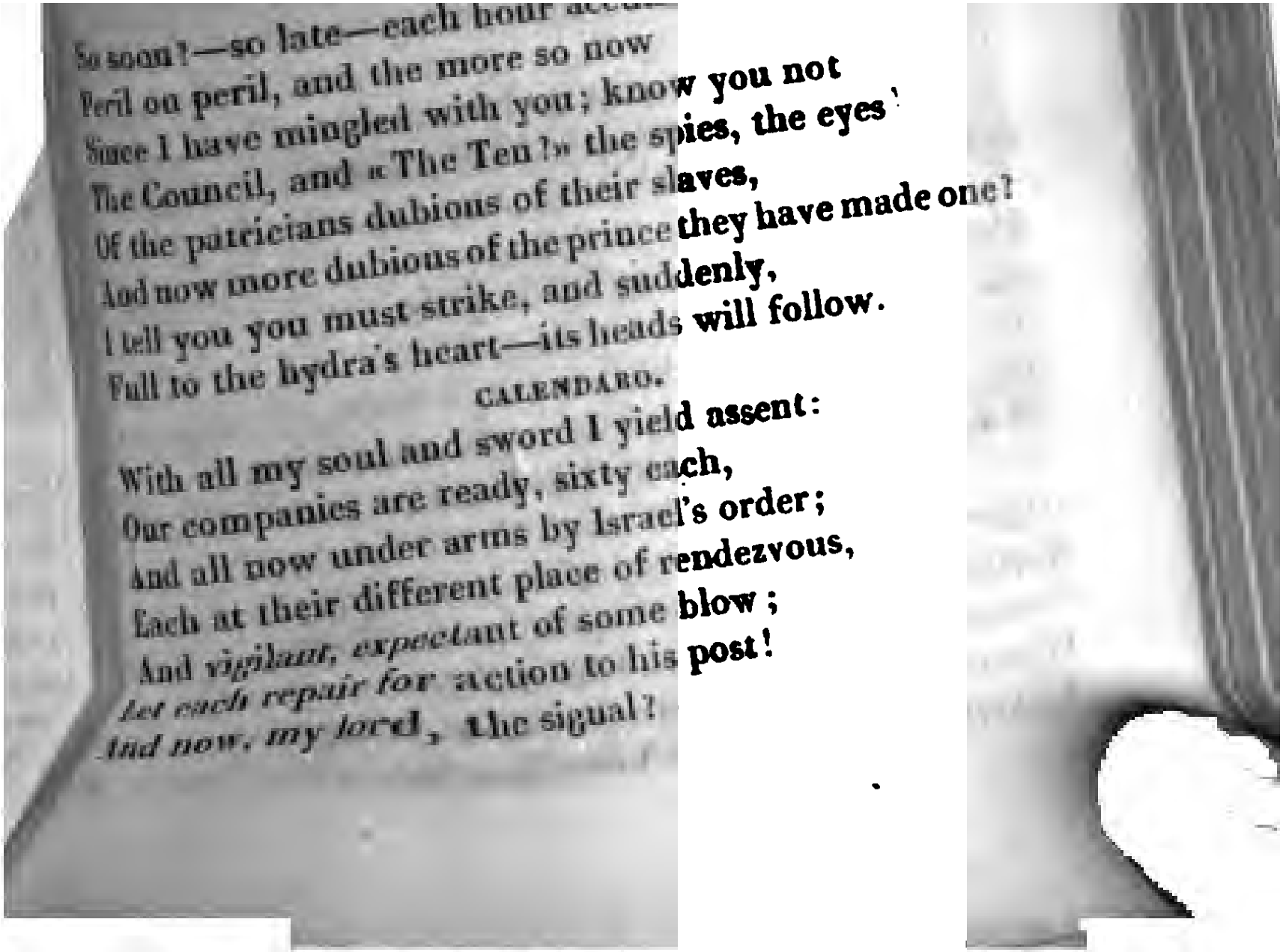
Long live Faliero!

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Comrades! did I well?
Is not this man a host in such a cause?

DOGE.

This is no time for eulogies, nor place
[illegible] Am I one of you?



So soon?—so late—each hour ac
Peril on peril, and the more so now
Since I have mingled with you; know you not
The Council, and «The Ten?» the spies, the eyes
Of the patricians dubious of their slaves,
And now more dubious of the prince they have made one?
I tell you you must strike, and suddenly,
Full to the hydra's heart—its heads will follow.

CALENDARO.

With all my soul and sword I yield assent:
Our companies are ready, sixty each,
And all now under arms by Israel's order;
Each at their different place of rendezvous,
And *vigilant, expectant* of some blow;
Let each repair for action to his post!
And now, my lord, the signal?

The great bell of Saint ..
Struck without special order of the Doge
(The last poor privilege they leave their prince),
March on Saint Mark's!

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

And there?

DOGE.

By different r

Let your march be directed, every sixty
Entering a separate avenue, and still
Upon the way let your cry be of war
And of the Genoese fleet, by the first dawn
Discern'd before the port; form round the palace
Within whose court will be drawn out in arms
My nephew and the clients of our house,
Many and martial; while the bell tolls on,
Shout ye, « Saint Mark!—the foe is on our wate

CALENDARO.

I see it now—but on, my noble lord.

Would that the hour were come! we will not scotch,
But kill.

BERTRAM.

Once more, sir, with your pardon, I
Would now repeat the question which I ask'd
Before Bertuccio added to our cause
This great ally who renders it more sure,
And therefore safer, and as such admits
Some dawn of mercy to a portion of
Our victims—must all perish in this slaughter?

CALENDARO.

ll abide by Doge [illegible]
him decide if any should be saved.

DOGE.

k me not—tempt me not with such a question—
ecide yourselves.

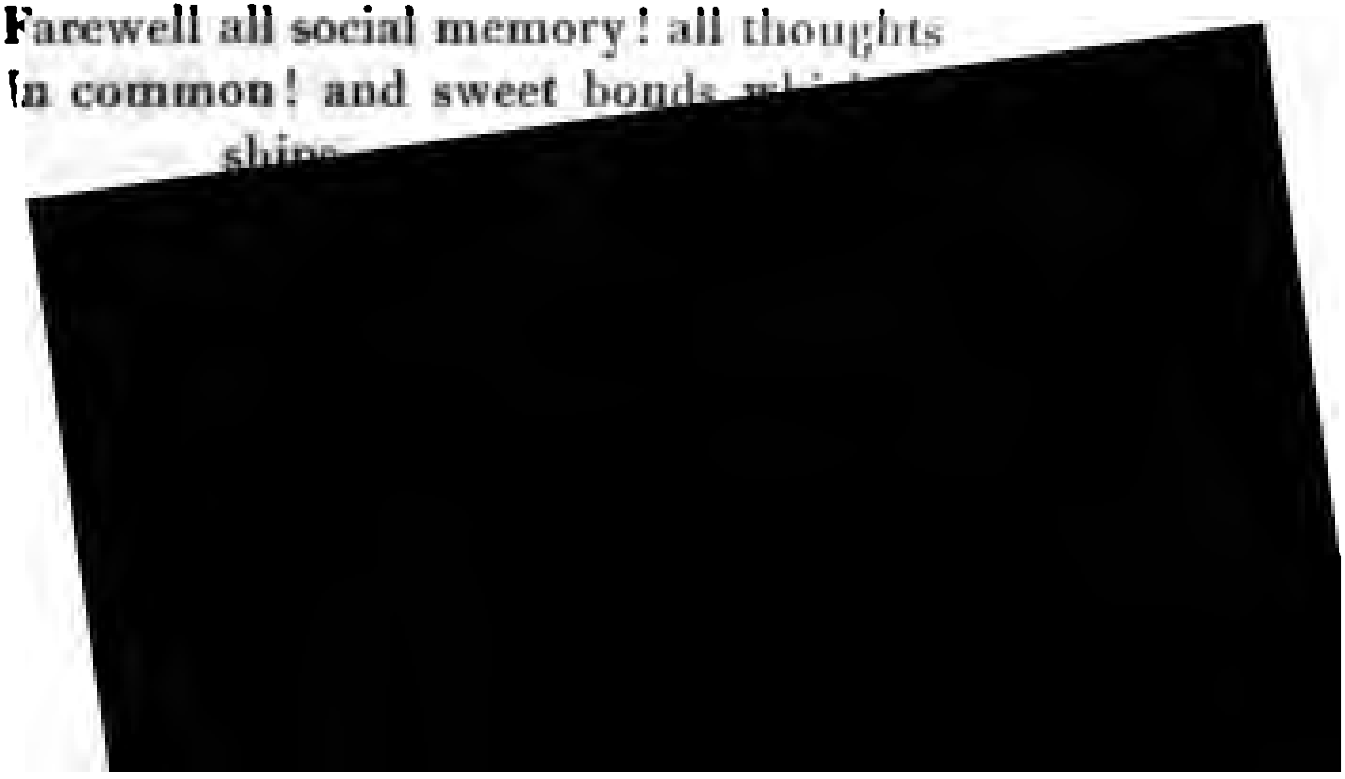
ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

You know their private virtues
Far better than we can, to whom alone
Their public vices, and most foul oppression,
Have made them deadly; if there be amongst them
One who deserves to be repeal'd, pronounce.

DOGE.

Dolfino's father was my friend, and Lando
Fought by my side, and Marc Cornaro shared
My Genoese embassy; I saved the life
Of Veniero—shall I save it twice?
Would that I could save them and Venice also!
All these men, or their fathers, were my friends
Till they became my subjects; then fell from me
As faithless leaves drop from the o'erblown flowe
And left me a lone blighted thorny stalk,
[illegible]olitude, can shelter nothing;
[illegible] perish!

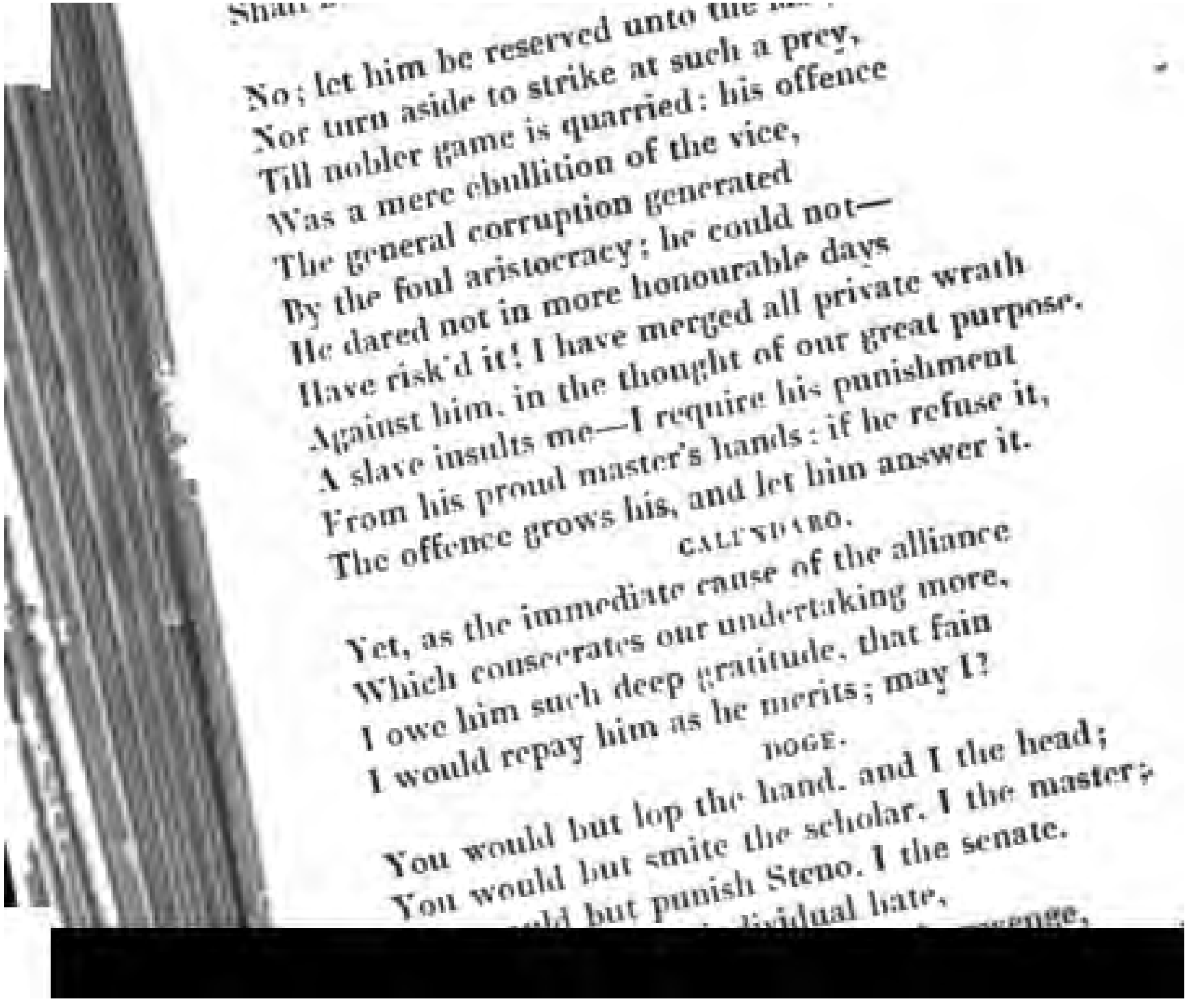
To human ties, and all that 's good and dear,
Lurks in the present institutes of Venice.
All these men were my friends; I loved them, they
Requited honourably my regards;
We served and fought; we smiled and wept in concert;
We revell'd or we sorrow'd side by side;
We made alliances of blood and marriage;
We grew in years and honours fairly, till
Their own desire, not my ambition, made
Them choose me for their prince, and then farewell!
Farewell all social memory! all thoughts
In common! and sweet bonds which



Your patie

A moment—I recede not: mark with me
The gloomy vices of this government.
From the hour that made me Doge, the *Doge* THEY
me—
Farewell the past! I died to all that had been,
Or rather they to me: no friends, no kindness,
No privacy of life—all were cut off:
They came not near me, such approach gave umbr
They could not love me, such was not the law;
They thwarted me, 't was the state's policy;
They baffled me, 't was a patrician's duty;
They wrong'd me, for such was to right the state;
They could not right me, that would give suspicio
So that I was a slave to my own subjects;
So that I was a foe to my own friends;
Begirt with spies for guards—with robes for pow
With name for freedom—gaolers for a council—

Not only unredress'd, but sanction'd; then,
And thus, I cast all further feelings from me—
The feelings which they crush'd for me, long, long
Before, even in their oath of false allegiance!
Even in that very hour and vow, they abjured
Their friend, and made a sovereign, as boys make
Playthings, to do their pleasure and be broken!
I from that hour have seen but senators
In dark suspicious conflict with the Doge,
Brooding with him in mutual hate and fear;
They dreading he should snatch the tyranny
From out their grasp, and he abhorring tyrants



Shall [illegible]

No; let him be reserved unto the [illegible]
Nor turn aside to strike at such a prey,
Till nobler game is quarried: his offence
Was a mere ebullition of the vice,
The general corruption generated
By the foul aristocracy; he could not—
He dared not in more honourable days
Have risk'd it! I have merged all private wrath
Against him, in the thought of our great purpose.
A slave insults me—I require his punishment
From his proud master's hands: if he refuse it,
The offence grows his, and let him answer it.

CALVISIUS.

Yet, as the immediate cause of the alliance
Which consecrates our undertaking more,
I owe him such deep gratitude, that fain
I would repay him as he merits; may I?

NOGE.

You would but lop the hand, and I the head;
You would but smite the scholar, I the master;
You would but punish Steno, I the senate.
[illegible] individual hate,
[illegible]

ave been upon the scout, and thence I hasten
o where my allotted band is under arms.

CALENDARO.

arewell, then, until dawn.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Success go with you!

CONSPIRATORS.

'e will not fail—away! My lord, farewell!

The Conspirators salute the DOGE *and* ISRAEL BERTUCCIO, *and retire, headed by* PHILIP CALENDARO. *The* DOGE *and* ISRAEL BERTUCCIO *remain.*

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

'e have them in the toil—it cannot fail!
ow thou 'rt indeed a sovereign, and wilt make
name immortal greater than the greatest:
ree citizens have struck at kings ere now;
esars have fallen, and even patrician hands
ave crush'd dictators, as the popular steel

And greater the reward; why stand you [illegible]!
A moment back, and you were all impatience!

DOGE.

And is it then decided? must they die?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Who?

DOGE.

My own friends by blood and courtesy,
And many deeds and days—the senators?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

You passed their sentence, and it is a just one.

DOGE.

Ay, so it seems, and so it is to *you;*
You are a patriot, a plebeian Gracchus—
The rebel's oracle—the people's tribune—
I blame you not, you act in your vocation;
They smote you, and oppress'd you, and despised you;
So they have *me:* but *you* ne'er spake with them;
[illegible] their bread, nor shared their salt;

but give back what they have drain'd from millions

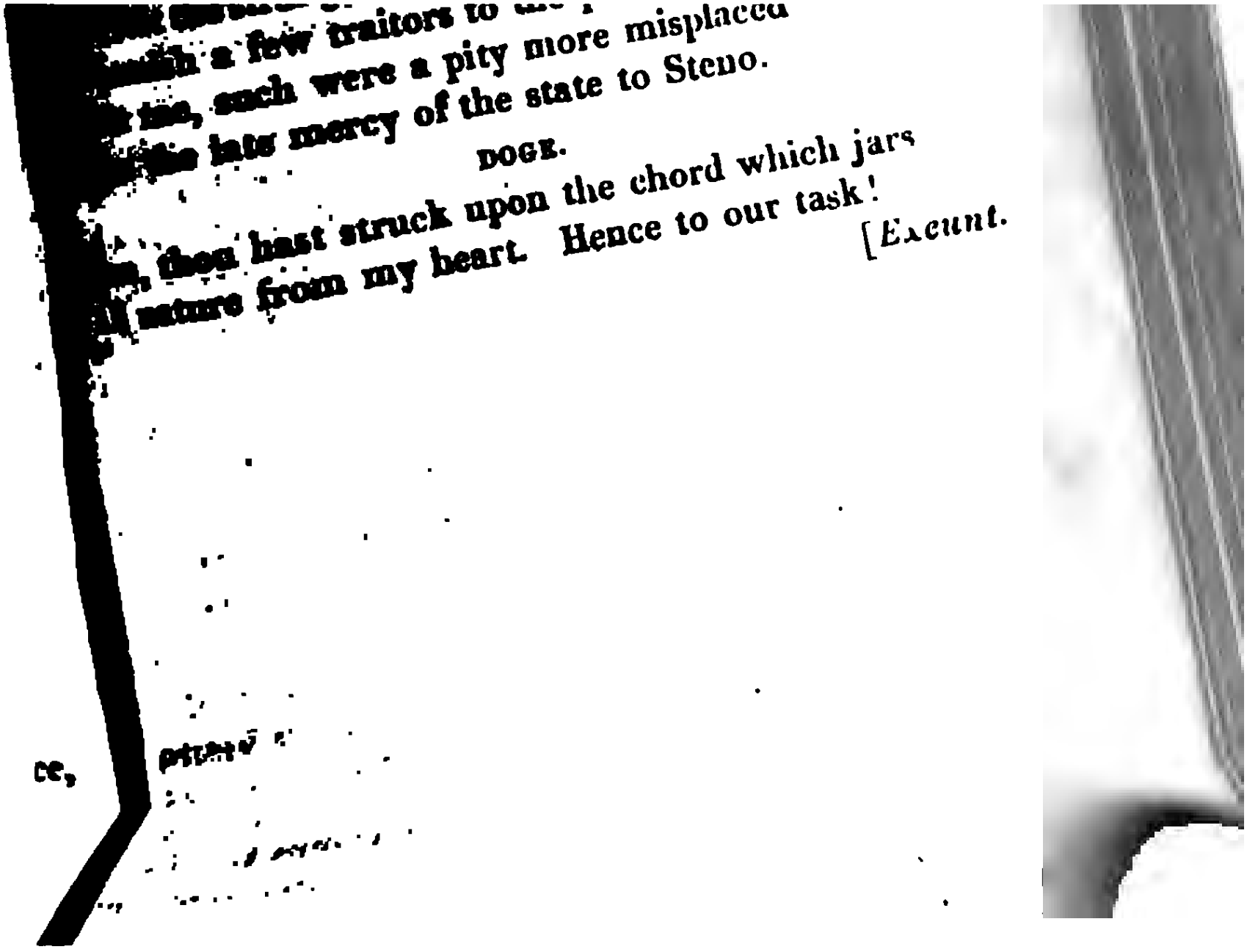
DOGE.

with me! Step by step, and blow on blow,
divide with you; think not I waver:
no; it is the *certainty* of all
Which I must do doth make me tremble thus.
But let these last and lingering thoughts have way,
To which you only and the night are conscious,
And both regardless: when the hour arrives,
mine to sound the knell, and strike the blow,
ch shall unpeople many palaces,
hew the highest genealogic trees
n to the earth, strew'd with their bleeding fruit,
d crush their blossoms into barrenness;
is will I—must I—have I sworn to do,
r aught can turn me from my destiny;
t still I quiver to behold what I
ist be, and think *what I have been*! Bear with me.

Re-man your breast; I feel no ...
I understand it not: why should you change?
You acted, and you act on your free will.

DOGE.

Ay, there it is—*you* feel not, nor do I,
Else I should stab thee on the spot, to save
A thousand lives, and, killing, do no murder;
You *feel* not—*you* go to this butcher-work
As if these high-born men were steers for shambl
When all is over, you 'll be free and merry,
And calmly wash those hands incarnadine;
But I, outgoing thee and all thy fellows
In this surpassing massacre, shall be,
Shall see, and feel—oh God! oh God! 't is true,
And thou dost well to answer that it was
« My own free will and act;» and yet you err,
For I *will* do this! Doubt not—fear not; I
Will be your most unmerciful accomplice!
... not no more on my free will,
... me back!



[illegible] a few traitors to the [illegible]
[illegible] such were a pity more misplaced
[illegible] late mercy of the state to Steno.

DOGE.

[illegible], thou hast struck upon the chord which jars
[illegible] nature from my heart. Hence to our task!

[*Exeunt.*

ce, [illegible]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Palazzo of the Patrician LIONI. LIONI *laying aside the mask and cloak which the Venetian Nobles wore in public, attended by a Domestic.*

LIONI.

I will to rest, right weary of this revel,
The gayest we have held for many moons,
And yet, I know not why, it cheer'd me not;
There came a heaviness across my heart,
Which in the lightest movement of the dance,
Though eye to eye, and hand in hand united
Even with the lady of my love, oppress'd me,

SCENE 1.]

Antonio, take my
The lamp within

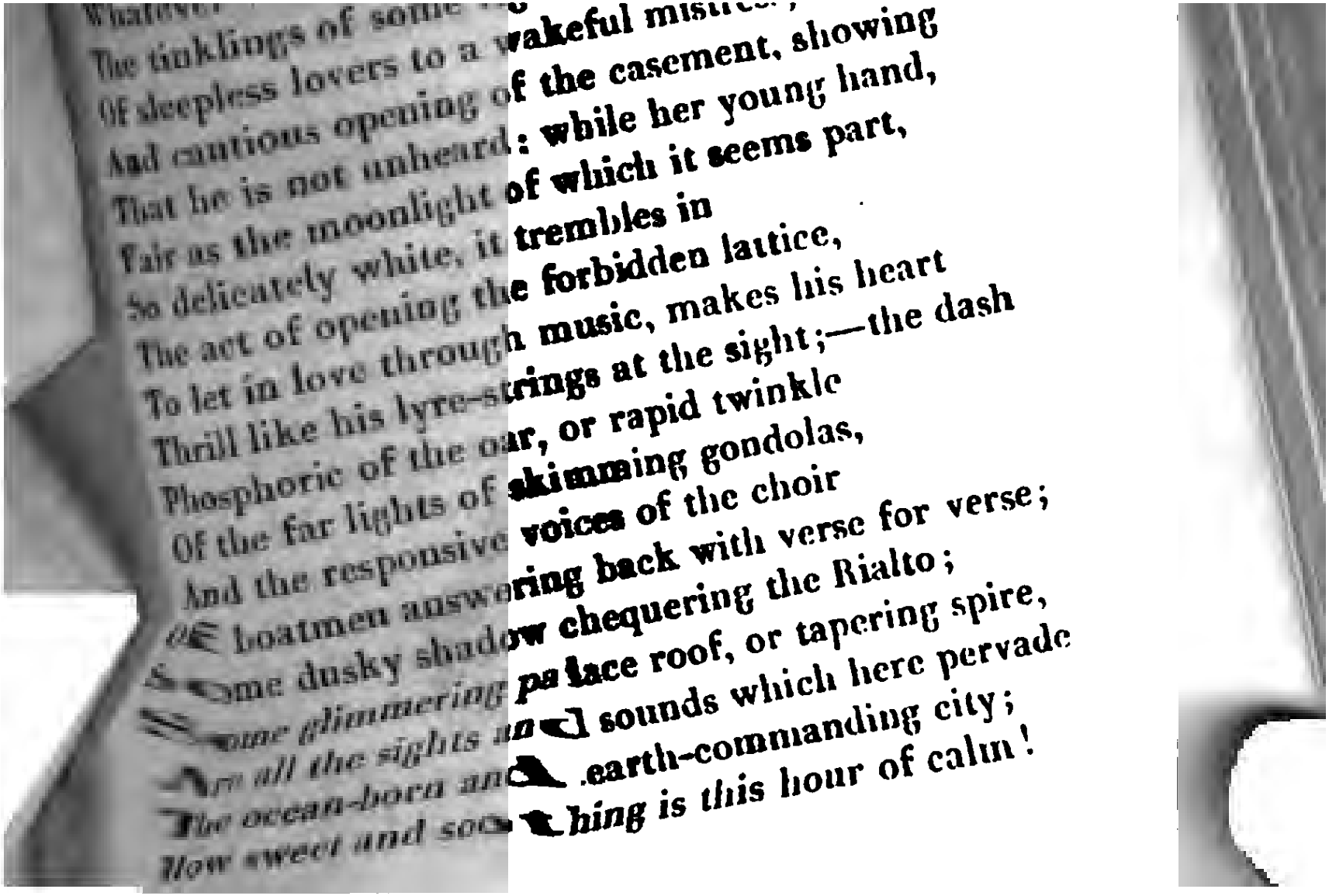
I

Command you nc

Which will not b

Though my breas
Whether the air
A goodly night; t
From the Levant
And the broad m

l bridal beauty, in the unwholesome
flush'd and crowded wassailers, and wast
hours of rest in dreaming this was pleasure,
d so shall waste them till the sunrise streams
sallow cheeks and sunken eyes, which should not
ve worn this aspect yet for many a year.
e music, and the banquet, and the wine—
e garlands, the rose odours, and the flowers—
e sparkling eyes and flashing ornaments—
e white arms and the raven hair—the braids
nd bracelets; swanlike bosoms, and the necklace,
n India in itself, yet dazzling not
he eye like what it circled; the thin robes
loating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and heaven;
he many-twinkling feet so small and sylphlike,
uggesting the more secret symmetry
of the fair forms which terminate so well—
All the delusion of the dizzy scene,
—art and nature,



iose horrid bodements which, amidst ..
could not dissipate: and with the blessing
f thy benign and quiet influence,
ow will I to my couch, although to rest
almost wronging such a night as this——
[*A knocking is heard from without.*
ark! what is that? or who at such a moment?

Enter ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

y lord, a man without, on urgent business,
nplores to be admitted.

LIONI.

Is he a stranger?

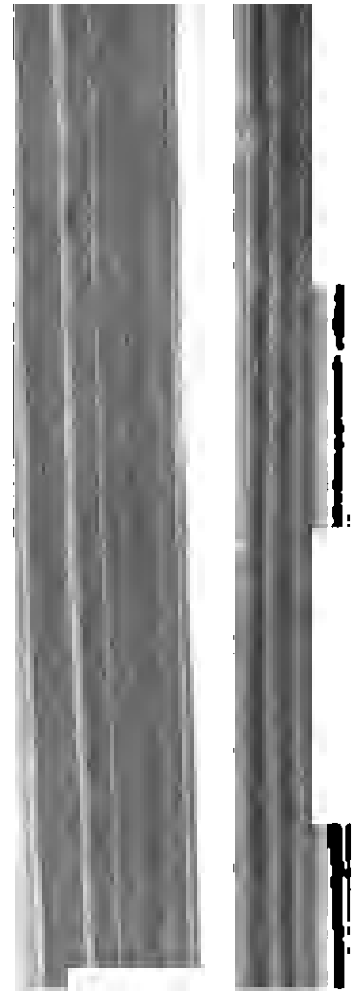
ANTONIO.

is face is muffled in his cloak, but both
is voice and gestures seem familiar to me;
craved his name, but this he seem'd reluctant
o trust, save to yourself; most earnestly
... to be permitted to approach you.

(*discovering himself*).
tron; you have granted
lient, Bertram; add
him happy.

LIONI.

Thou hast known me
ready to assist thee
advancement, which
ation; I would promise
heard, but that the hour,
is strange and hurried mode
o suspect this visit
ous import—but say on—
some rash and sudden broil?—
scuffle, and a stab?—



...men then I must not save t
He who has shed patrician blood——

BERTRAM.

I come
To save patrician blood, and not to shed it!
And thereunto I must be speedy, for
Each minute lost may lose a life: since Time
Has changed his slow scythe for the two-edge
And is about to take, instead of sand,
The dust from sepulchres to fill his hour-glass
Go not *thou* forth to-morrow!

LIONI.

Wherefore not?—
What means this menace?

BERTRAM.

Do not seek its mean
But do as I implore thee;—stir not forth,
Whate'er be stirring; though the roar of crowds
The cry of women, and the shrieks of babes
Th

Who are my foes? or if there be such, *why*
Art thou leagued with them?—*thou!* or if so leagued,
Why comest thou to tell me at this hour,
And not before?

BERTRAM.

I cannot answer this.
Wilt thou go forth despite of this true warning?

LIONI.

I was not born to shrink from idle threats,
The cause of which I know not: at the hour
council, be it soon or late, I shall not
found among the absent.

BERTRAM.

Say not so!
more, art thou *determined* to go forth?

am; nor is there aught which [illegible]

BERTRAM.

Then Heaven have mercy on thy soul!—Farewell!

[*Going.*

LIONI.

Stay—there is more in this than my own safety
Which makes me call thee back; we must not part thus:
Bertram, I have known thee long.

BERTRAM.

From childhood, signor,
You have been my protector: in the days
Of reckless infancy when rank forgets,
Or, rather, is not yet taught to remember
Its cold prerogative, we play'd together;
Our sports, our smiles, our tears, were mingled oft;
My father was your father's client, I
His son's scarce less than foster-brother; years
Saw us together—happy, heart-full hours!—
[illegible] 'twixt those hours and this!

sent sight of thee, but thou wert wont
lead a temperate life, and break thy bread
th honest mates, and bear a cheerful aspect.
hat hath come to thee? in thy hollow eye
hueless cheek, and thine unquiet motions,
ow and shame and conscience seem at war
ste thee.

BERTRAM.

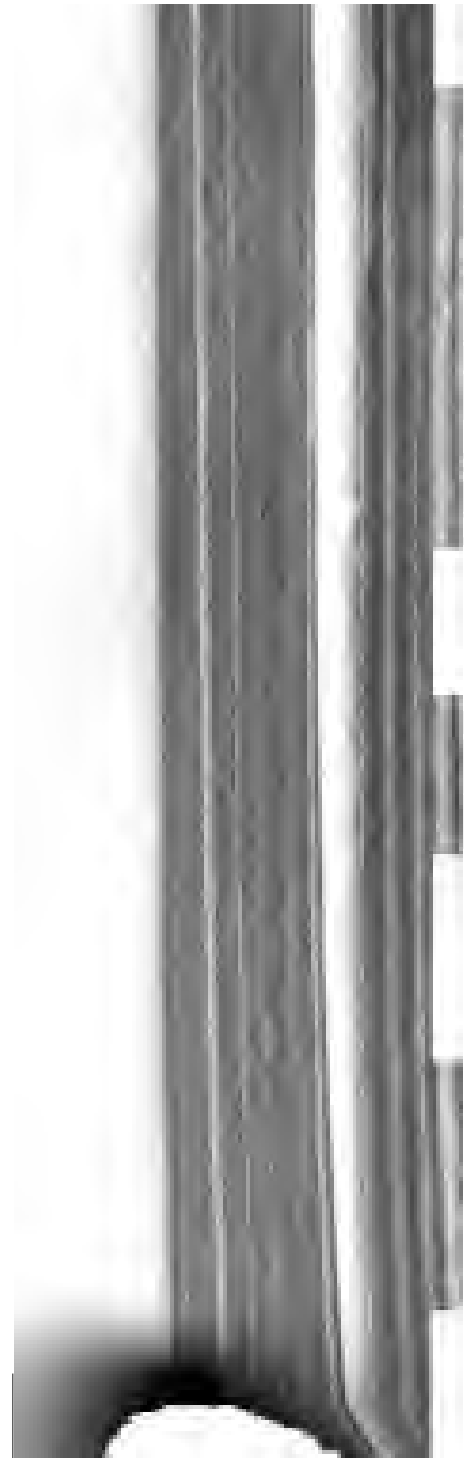
Rather shame and sorrow light
the accursed tyranny which rides
e very air in Venice, and makes men
sicken as in the last hours of the plague
*hich sweeps the s*ul deliriously from life!

Some villains have been tampering ...
This is not thy old language, nor own thou [illegible]*ghts;*
Some wretch has made thee drunk with di*saffection;*
But thou must not be lost so; thou *wert* good
And kind, and art not fit for such base acts
As vice and villany would put thee to:
Confess—confide in me—thou know'st my nature—
What is it thou and thine are bound to do,
Which should prevent thy friend, the only son
Of him who was a friend unto thy father,
So that our good-will is a heritage
We should bequeath to our posterity
Such as ourselves received it, or augmented;
I say, what is it thou must do, that I
Should deem thee dangerous, and keep the house
Like a sick girl?

BERTRAM.

Nay, question me no further:

IONI.
me, Bertram;
gled out
mbs—who are they
nat *make* the danger?
RTRAM.
iherits, are
ist itself,
morrow's twilight!
IONI.
l ones! But now,
nay be, are
peak once out,
rious; for 't is more
, and slay i' the dark too—
)t a craft for thee!
upon a spear
eart was open to thee,
: the shuddering people?
m; for here I swear,
penalty
forth,



e consequence of all which—

BERTRAM.

there no way to save thee? minutes fly,
nd thou art lost!—*thou!* my sole benefactor,
ne only being who was constant to me
hrough every change. Yet, make me not a traitor!
et me save thee—but spare my honour!

LIONI.

Where

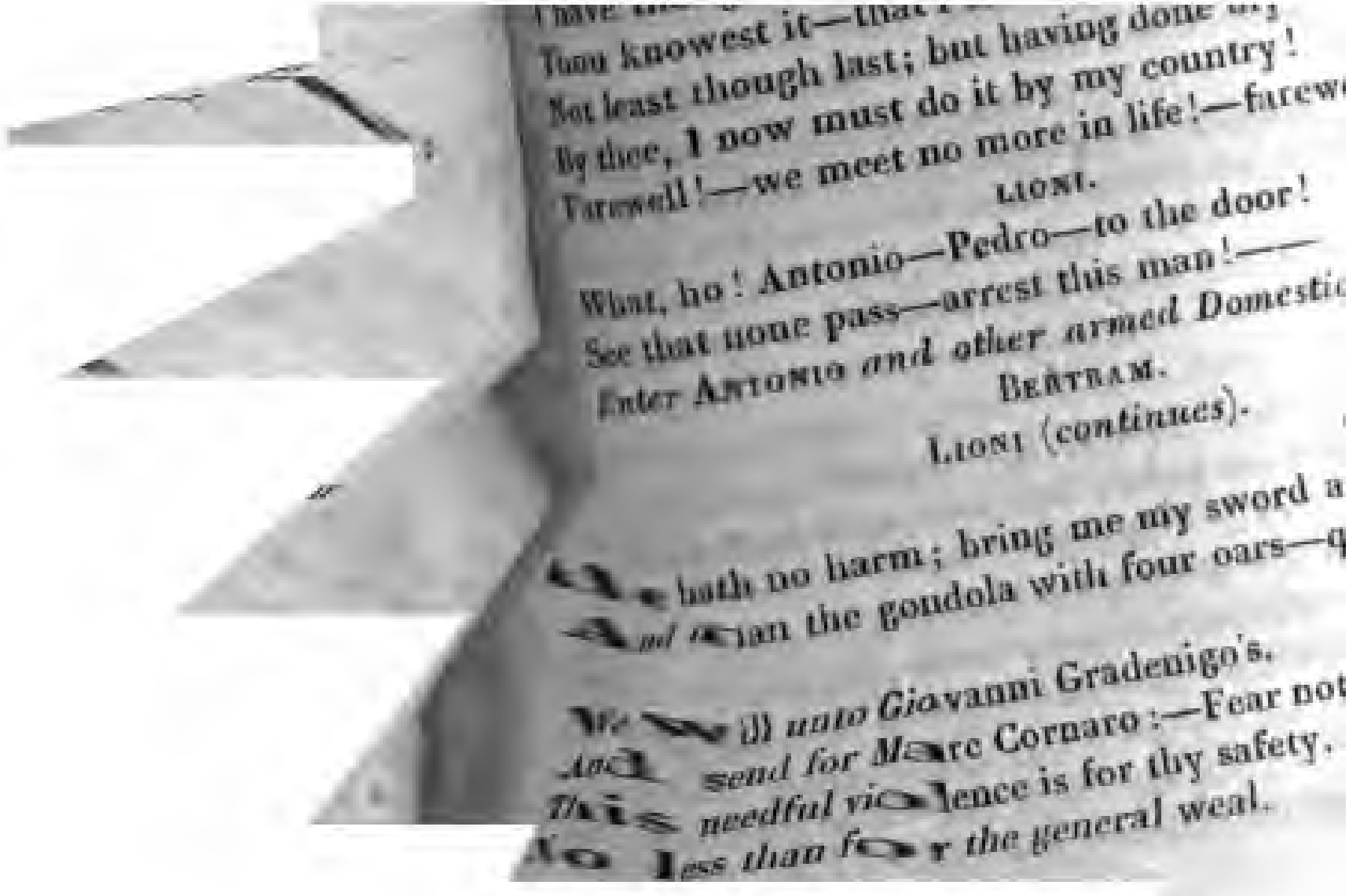
Can lie the honour in a league of murder?
And who are traitors save unto the state?

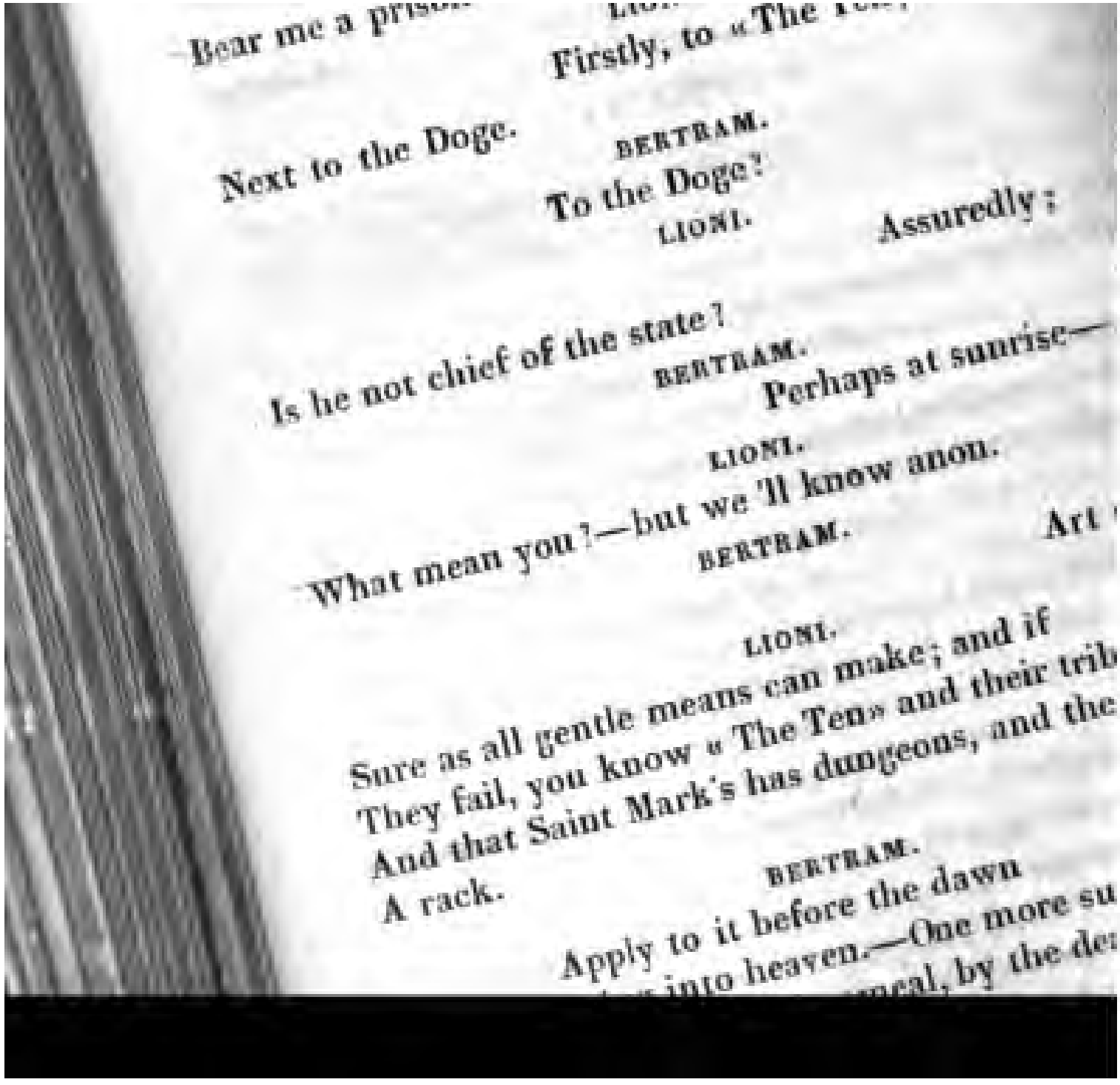
BERTRAM.

A league is still a compact, and more binding
In honest hearts when words must stand for law;
And in my mind, there is no traitor like
He whose domestic treason plants the poniard
Within the breast which trusted to his truth.

LIONI.

He will strike the steel to mine?





Bear me a prison

LIONI.

Firstly, to «The Ten»

Next to the Doge.

BERTRAM.

To the Doge?

LIONI.

Assuredly;

Is he not chief of the state?

BERTRAM.

Perhaps at sunrise—

LIONI.

What mean you?—but we 'll know anon.

BERTRAM.

Art

LIONI.

Sure as all gentle means can make; and if
They fail, you know «The Ten» and their trib
And that Saint Mark's has dungeons, and the
A rack.

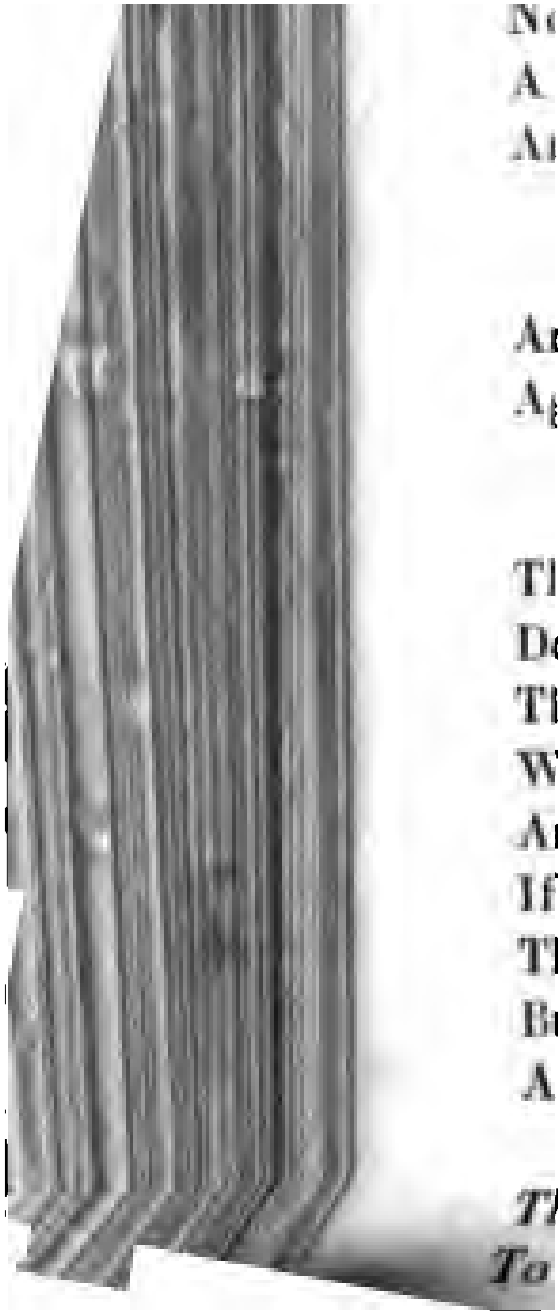
BERTRAM.

Apply to it before the dawn
into heaven.—One more su
meal, by the de

Apartment.
UCCIO FALIERO.

master?
no.
e signal,
an Polo.

had been
, have got together
rino, more
o late.
FALIERO.
er as it is;
tinue
, though fierce and trusty
t are too rude
ave long maintain'd
need for such
re dealt upon.
been given,



Nor how the [illegible]
A chief in armour is their [illegible]
And not a thing in robes.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO

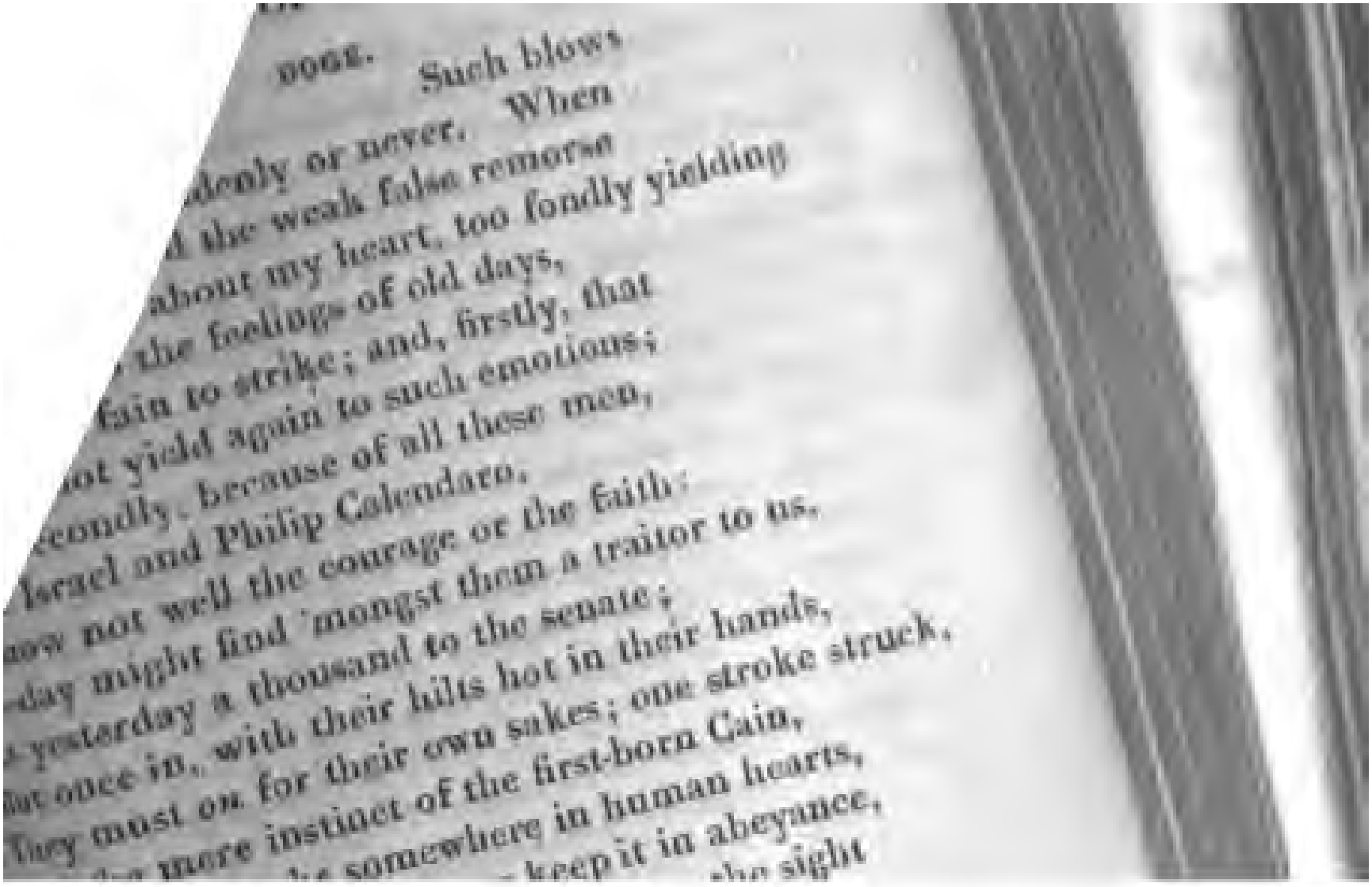
We are enough;
And for the dispositions of our clients
Against the senate I will answer.

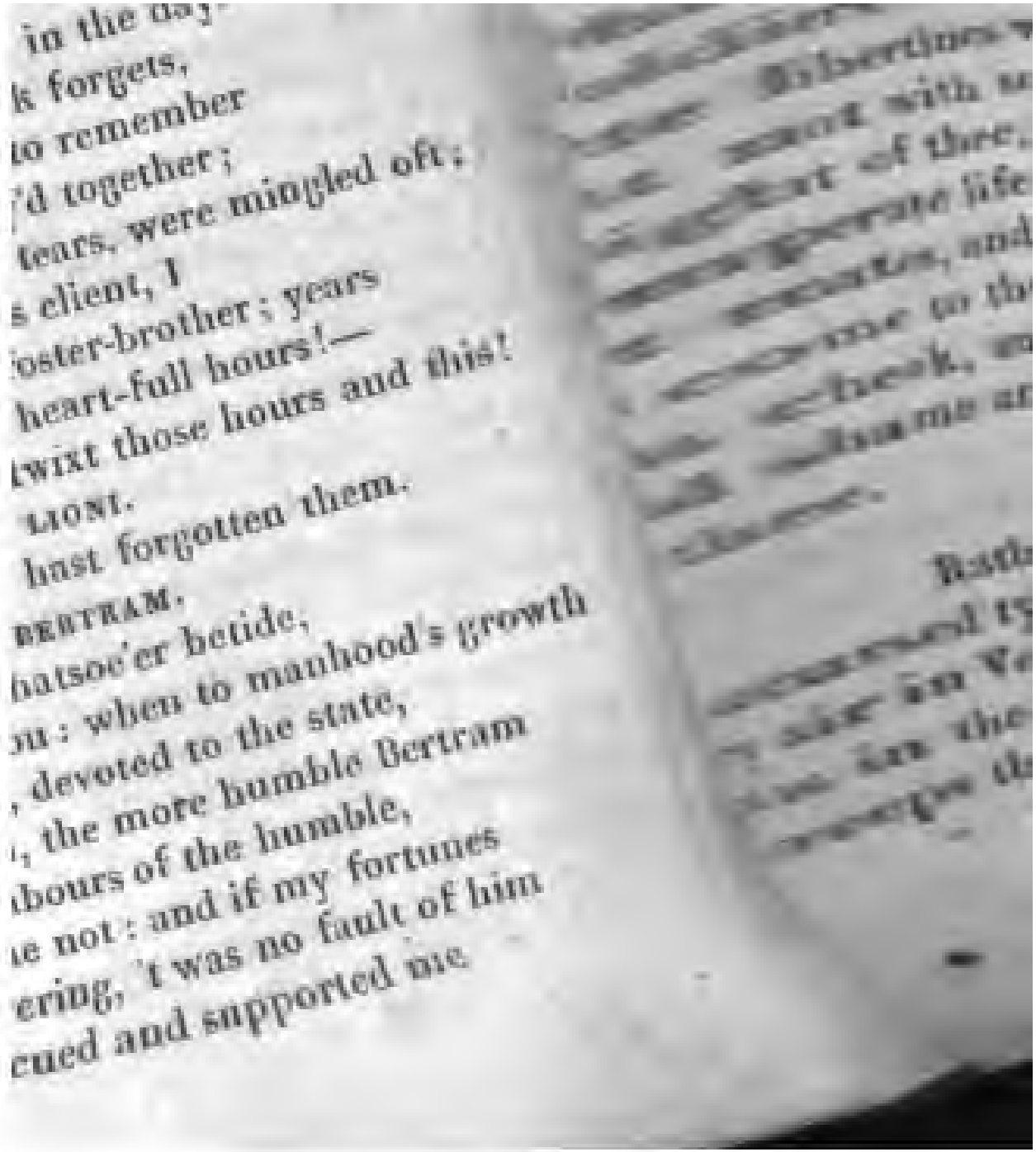
DOGE.

Well,
The die is thrown; but for a warlike service,
Done in the field, commend me to my peasants;
They made the sun shine through the host of Huns
When sallow burghers slunk back to their tents,
And cower'd to hear their own victorious trumpet.
If there be small resistance, you will find
These citizens all lions, like their standard;
But if there 's much to do, you 'll wish with me
A band of iron rustics at our backs.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Thus thinking, I must marvel you resolved
To strike the blow so suddenly.





ood, signor;

nd turbulent

Who lurk in narrow pla

uffled to whisper curses to the night;

ounded soldiers, discontented ruffia

nd desperate libertines who brawl in

Thou herdest not with such: 't is true

have lost sight of thee, but thou we

To lead a temperate life, and break t

With honest mates, and bear a cheer

What hath come to thee? in thy ho

shameless cheek, and thine unqu

row and shame and conscience

waste thee.

BERTRAM.

Rather shame and

the accursed tyranny which

the very air in Venice, and ma

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ome villains have been tamper—
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What is it thou and thine are bound to do,
Which should prevent thy friend, the only son
f him who was a friend unto thy father,
o that our good-will is a heritage
We should bequeath to our posterity
uch as ourselves received it, or augmented;
say, what is it thou must do, that I
hould deem thee dangerous, and keep the house
ike a sick girl?

BERTRAM.

Nay, question me no further:

[illegible] ——

ads, and so—
: than thine own.

LIONI.
me, Bertram;
ngled out
tombs—who are they
that *make* the danger?

BERTRAM.
e inherits, are
gainst itself,
e to-morrow's twilight!

LIONI.
awful ones! But now,
th, it may be, are
ruin; speak once out,
and glorious; for 't is more
man slay, and slay i' the dark too—
t was not a craft for thee!
k to see upon a spear
a whose heart was open to thee,
and before the shuddering people?
e my doom; for here I swear,
or the penalty
forth.

BER...

there no way to save thee? minutes fly,
nd thou art lost!—*thou!* my sole benefactor,
ne only being who was constant to me
rough every change. Yet, make me not a traitor!
t me save thee—but spare my honour!

LIONI.

Where
n lie the honour in a league of murder?
nd who are traitors save unto the state?

BERTRAM.

league is still a compact, and more binding
honest hearts when words must stand for law;
nd in my mind, there is no traitor like
e whose domestic treason plants the poniard
ithin the breast which trusted to his truth.

LIONI.

nd *who* will strike the steel to mine?

BERTRAM.

Not I;

LIONI.

saviour and the state's!—
all rewards, all pledges for
welfare; wealth such as
er worthiest servants; nay,
rantee thee,
neere and penitent.

BERTRAM.

im: it must not be—I love thee—
that I stand here is the proof,
st; but having done my duty
st do it by my country!
st no more in life!—farewell!

LIONI.

)—Pedro—to the door!
—arrest this man!——
d other armed Domestics, who seize

BERTRAM.

LIONI (*continues*).

Firstly, to «The Ten;»
Next to the Doge.

BERTRAM.

To the Doge?

LIONI.

Assured
Is he not chief of the state?

BERTRAM.

Perhaps at sunri

LIONI.

What mean you?—but we 'll know anon.

BERTRAM.

Ai

LIONI.

Sure as all gentle means can make; and if
They fail, you know «The Ten» and their trit
And that Saint Mark's has dungeons, and the
A rack.

BERTRAM

...son with thee as we go to the prisoner.
...ne Magnifico's, sage Gradenigo.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Ducal Palace—the Doge's Apartment.

...ie DOGE *and his nephew* BERTUCCIO FALIERO

DOGE.

the people of our house in muster?

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

' array'd, and eager for the signal,
ur palace precincts at San Polo.4
r your last orders.

DOGE.

It had been
l there been time to have got together
wn fief, Val di Marino, more
ners—but it is too late.

BERTUCCIO

...ers of my county of Val di Marino,
Would do the bidding of their lord without
Distinguishing for love or hate his foes;
Alike to them Marcello or Cornaro,
A Gradenigo or a Foscari;
They are not used to start at those vain name
Nor bow the knee before a civic senate:
A chief in armour is their Suzerain,
And not a thing in robes.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO

We are enough;
And for the dispositions of our clients
Against the senate I will answer.

DOGE.

Well,
The die is thrown; but for a warlike service,
Done in the field, commend me to my peasant
They made the sun shine through the host of
When sallow burghers slunk back to ...

and, firstly, that
such emotions;
f all these men,
dendaro,
rage or the faith:
gst them a traitor to us,
d to the senate;
hilts hot in their hands,
r own sakes; one stroke struck,
of the first-born Cain,
ewhere in human hearts,
e may keep it in abeyance,
like to wolves; the sight
begets the thirst of more,
p leads to the long revel;
harder task to quell
hen they *have* commenced; but till
ere voice, a straw, a shadow,
ning them aside.—

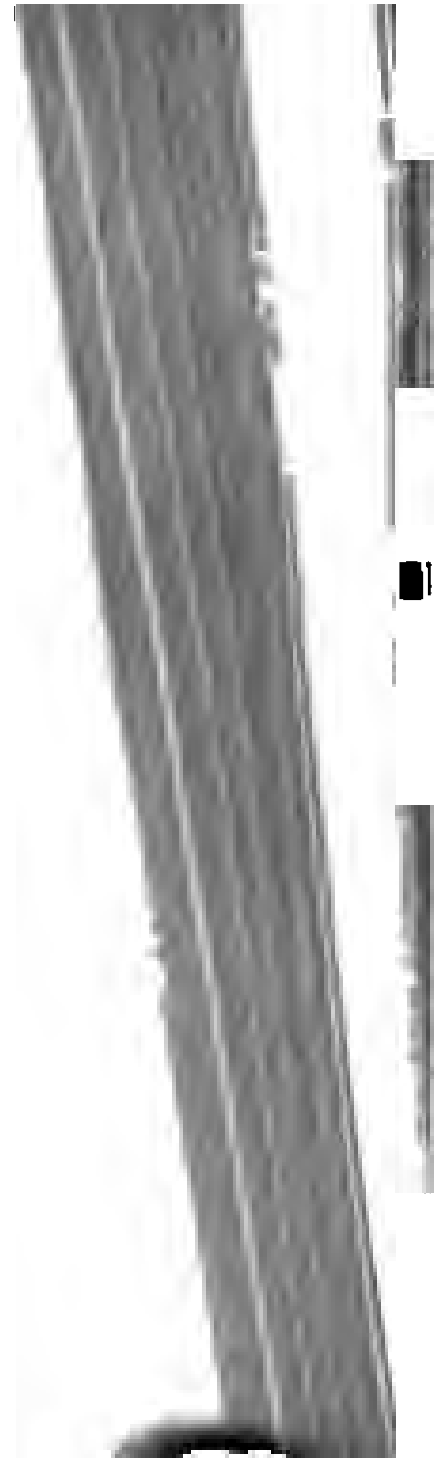
it?

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Almost upon the dawn.

DOGE.

the bell.



'T is well.—Will the morn never put to rest
These stars which twinkle yet o'er all the heav
I am settled and bound up, and being so,
The very effort which it cost me to
Resolve to cleanse this commonwealth with fir
Now leaves my mind more steady. I have we
And trembled at the thought of this dread dut
But now I have put down all idle passion,
And look the growing tempest in the face,
As doth the pilot of an admiral galley:
Yet (wouldst thou think it, kinsman?) it hath
A greater struggle to me, than when nations
Beheld their fate merged in the approaching fi
Where I was leader of a phalanx, where
Thousands were sure to perish—Yes, to spill
The rank polluted current from the veins
Of a few bloated despots needed more
To steel me to a purpose [illegible]

The hour of action I have stood as calm
As were the dead who lay around me: this
They knew who made me what I am, and trusted
To the subduing power which I preserved
Over my mood, when its first burst was spent.
But they were not aware that there are things
Which make revenge a virtue by reflection,
And not an impulse of mere anger: though
The laws sleep, justice wakes, and injured souls
Oft do a public right with private wrong,
And justify their deeds unto themselves.—
Methinks the day breaks—is it not so? look,
Thine eyes are clear with youth;—the air puts on
A morning freshness, and, at least to me,
The sea looks grayer through the lattice.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

The morn is dappling in th

...well then, noble uncle! we will meet
In freedom and true sovereignty, or never!

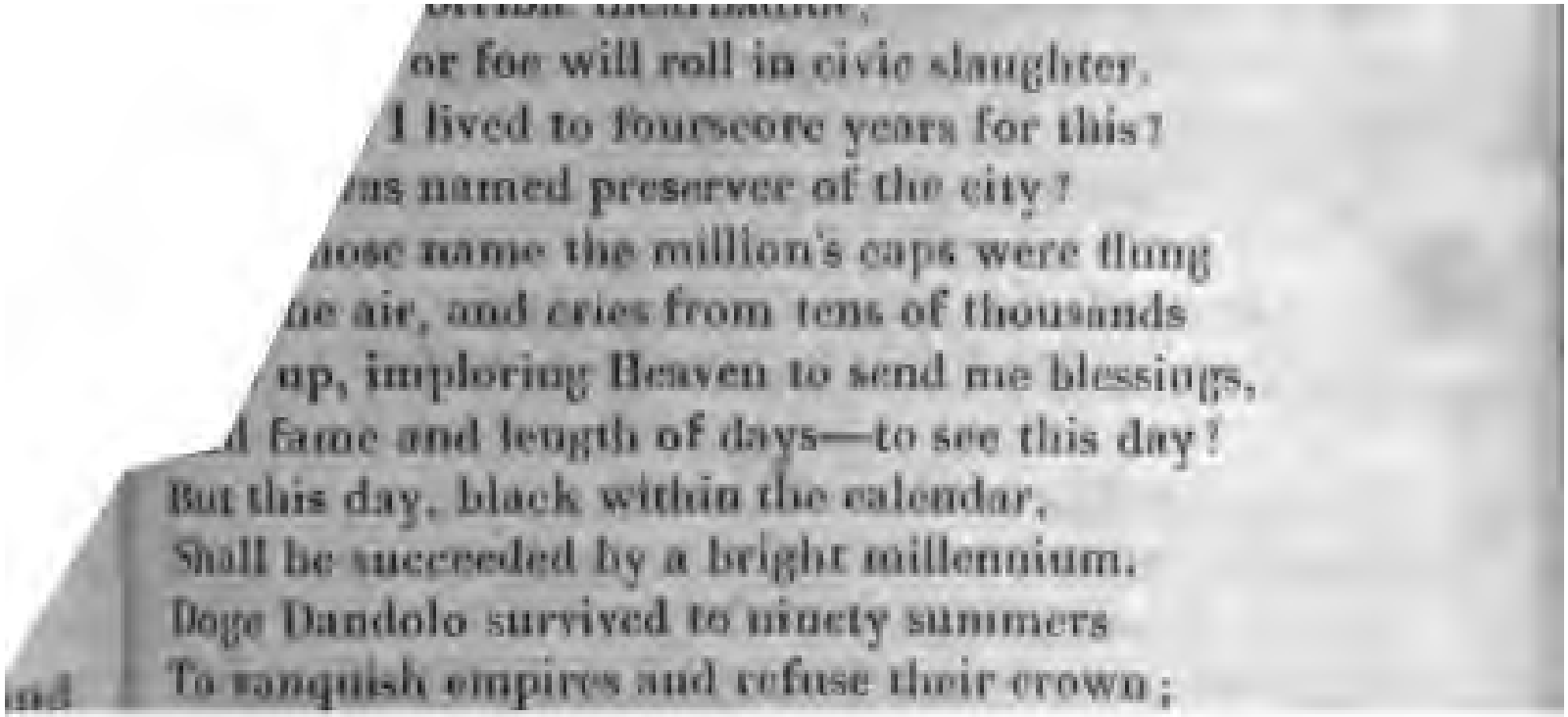
DOGE.

Come hither, my Bertuccio—one embrace—
Speed, for the day grows broader—Send me s
A messenger to tell me how all goes
When you rejoin our troops, and then sound-
The storm-bell from Saint Mark's!

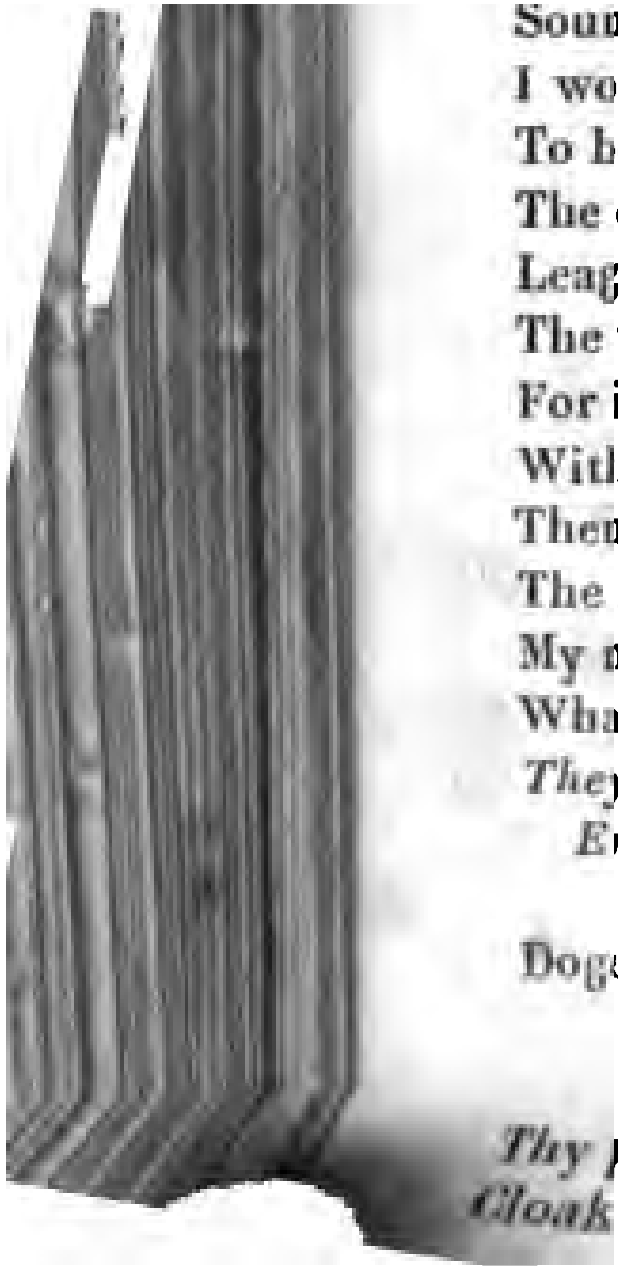
[*Exit* BERTUCCIO

DOGE (*solus*).

He is gone,
And on each footstep moves a life.—'T is done.
Now the destroying angel hovers o'er
Venice, and pauses ere he pours the vial,
Even as the eagle overlooks his prey,
And for a moment poised in middle air,
Suspends the motion of his mighty wings,
Then swoops with his unerring beak.—Thou d
That sl...



or foe will roll in civic slaughter.
I lived to fourscore years for this?
as named preserver of the city?
hose name the million's caps were flung
he air, and cries from tens of thousands
up, imploring Heaven to send me blessings,
d fame and length of days—to see this day?
But this day, black within the calendar,
Shall be succeeded by a bright millennium.
Doge Dandolo survived to ninety summers
To vanquish empires and refuse their crown;



Sound till the ..
I would go forth, but that my p..
To be the centre of re-union to
The oft discordant elements which form
Leagues of this nature, and to keep compact
The wavering or the weak, in case of conflict:
For if they should do battle, 't will be here,
Within the palace, that the strife will thicken;
Then here must be my station as becomes
The master mover.—Hark! he comes—he comes,
My nephew, brave Bertuccio's messenger.—
What tidings? Is he marching? Hath he sped?—
They here!—all 's lost—yet will I make an effort.

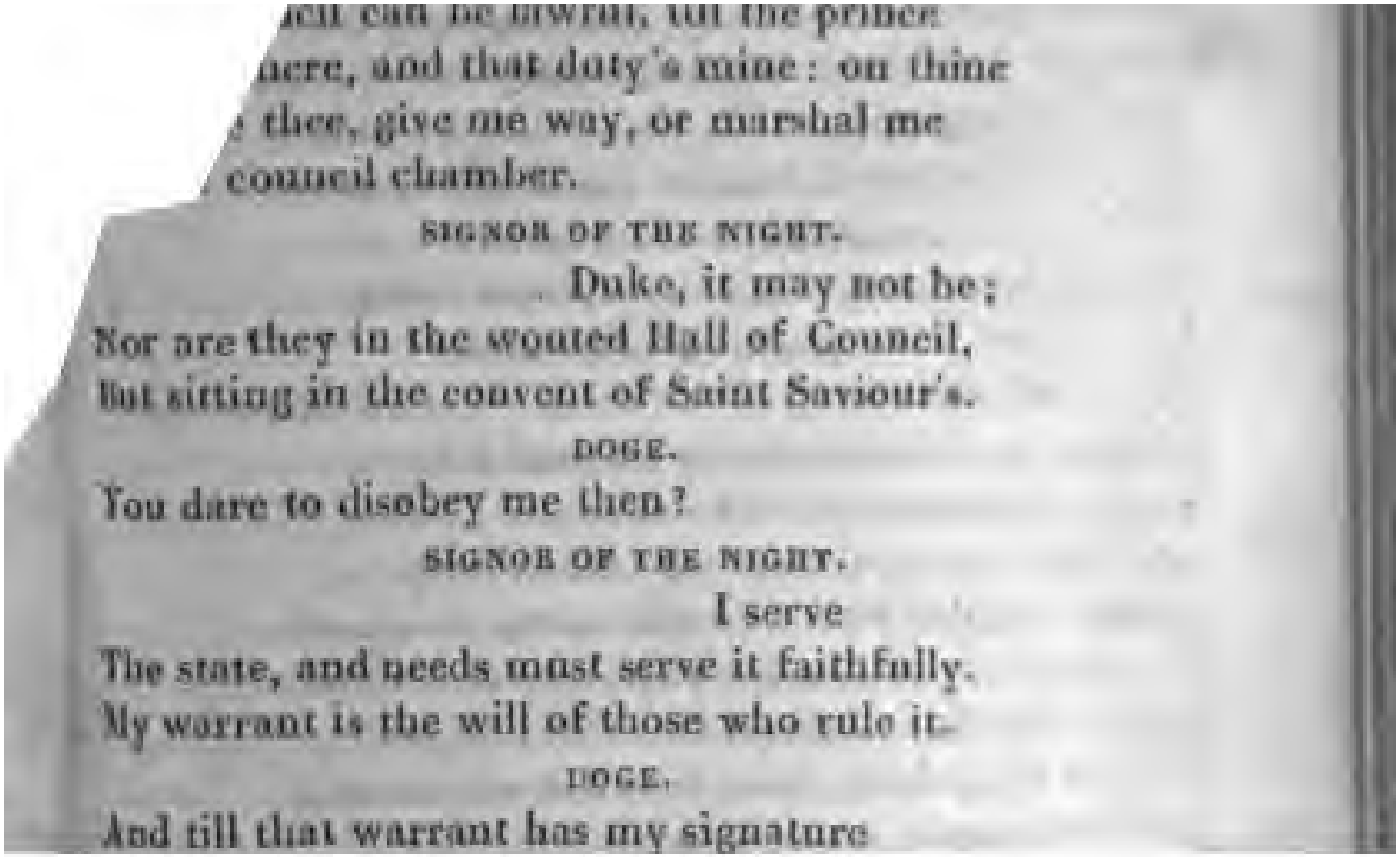
Enter a SIGNOR OF THE NIGHT,[5] *with Guards, etc.*

SIGNOR OF THE NIGHT.

Doge, I arrest thee of high treason!

DOGE.

Me!
Thy prince, of treason!—Who are they that dare
Cloak their own treason under such an order?



...cil can be lawful, till the prince
...here, and that duty's mine: on thine
...e thee, give me way, or marshal me
... council chamber.

SIGNOR OF THE NIGHT.

... Duke, it may not be;
Nor are they in the wouted Hall of Council,
But sitting in the convent of Saint Saviour's.

DOGE.

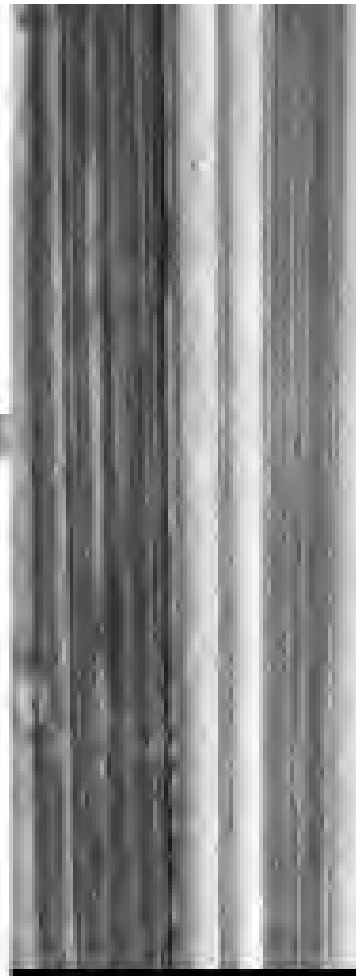
You dare to disobey me then?

SIGNOR OF THE NIGHT.

I serve
The state, and needs must serve it faithfully.
My warrant is the will of those who rule it.

DOGE.

And till that warrant has my signature



Lo! it sounds—it tolls!

DOGE (*aloud*).

Hark, Signor of the night! and you, ye hirelin
Who wield your mercenary staves in fear,
It is your knell—Swell on, thou lusty peal!
Now, knaves, what ransom for your lives?

SIGNOR OF THE NIGHT.

Confusi
Stand to your arms, and guard the door—all's
Unless that fearful bell be silenced soon.
The officer hath miss'd his path or purpose,
Or met some unforeseen and hideous obstacle
Anselmo, with thy company proceed
Straight to the tower; the rest remain with m

[*Exit a part of th*

DOGE.

[*The bell ceases to toll.*

The traitorous signal, which was to have set
The bloodhound mob on their patrician prey—
The knell hath rung, but it is not the senate's!

DOGE (*after a pause*).

All 's silent, and all 's lost!

SIGNOR OF THE NIGHT.

Now, Doge, denounce me
As rebel slave of a revolted council!
Have I not done my duty?

DOGE.

Peace, thou thing!
Thou hast done a worthy deed, and earn'd the price
Of blood, and they who use thee will reward thee.
But thou wert sent to watch, and not to prate,
As thou said'st even now—then do thine office

[redacted]

SECOND SIGNOR.

We took him in the act
issuing from the tower, where, at his order,
delegated from the Doge, the signal
id thus begun to sound.

FIRST SIGNOR.

Are all the passes
hich lead up to the palace well secured?

SECOND SIGNOR.

ey are—besides, it matters not; the chiefs
e all in chains, and some even now on trial—
eir followers are dispersed, and many taken.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

ncle!

DOGE.

It is in vain to war with Fortune;
e glory hath departed from our house.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

moment sooner

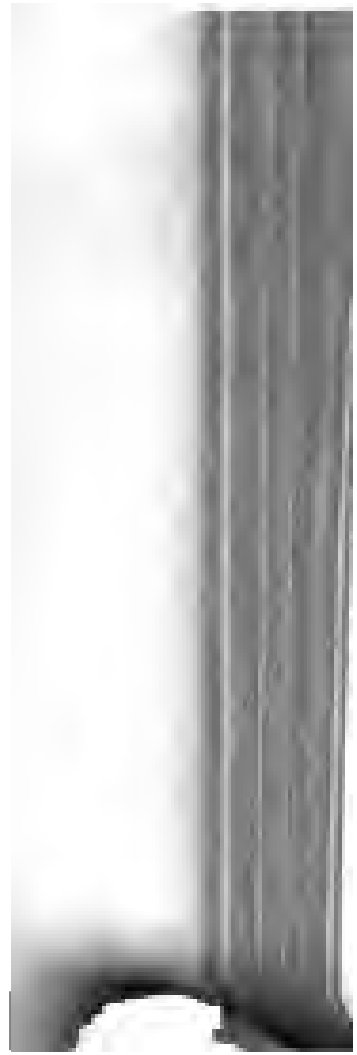
answer for thee—'t is a certain Bertram,
now deposing to the secret giunta.

DOGE.

Bertram, the Bergamask! With what vile tools
operate to slay or save! This creature,
ck with a double treason, now will earn
wards and honours, and be stampt in story
ith the geese in the Capitol, which gabbled
Rome awoke, and had an annual triumph,
Manlius, who hurl'd down the Gauls, was cast
the Tarpeian.

FIRST SIGNOR.

He aspired to treason,
ought to rule the state.



nd sought but to reform what he revived—
ıt this is idle—Come, sirs, do your work.

FIRST SIGNOR.

oble Bertuccio, we must now remove you
ıto an inner chamber.

BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

Farewell, uncle!
we shall meet again in life I know not,
ıt they perhaps will let our ashes mingle.

DOGE.

es, and our spirits, which shall yet go forth,
nd do what our frail clay, thus clogg'd, hath fail'd in!
ıey cannot quench the memory of those
'ho would have hurl'd them from their guilty thrones,
nd such examples will find heirs, though distant.

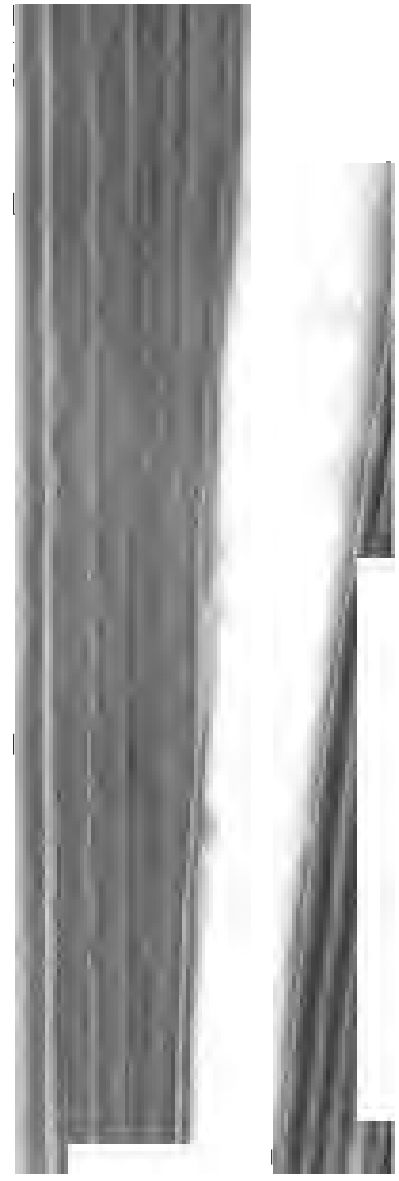
:T V.

:ENE I.

l of Ten assembled with the who on the Trials of the Con- sson of MARINO FALIERO, *com- l the Giunta.—Guards, Offi- BERTUCCIO and* PHILIP CALEN- ERTRAM, LIONI, *and Witnesses,*

he Ten, BENINTENDE.

IINTENDE.
ıch conviction of
ıifest offences,
se obdurate men
: a grievous task
hose who speak. Alas!



Europe; the last ...
erwhelming Attila; the ocean's queen;
oud Genoa's prouder rival! 'T is to sap
ıe throne of such a city, these lost men
ıve risk'd and forfeited their worthless lives—
let them die the death.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

We are prepared;
ɔur racks have done that for us. Let us die.

BENINTENDE.

'ye have that to say which would obtain
ɔatement of your punishment, the Giunta
'ill hear you; if you have aught to confess,
ɔw is your time, perhaps it may avail ye.

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

'e stand to hear, and not to speak.

BENINTENDE.

Your crimes
re fully proved by your accomplices,
... aid to aid them;

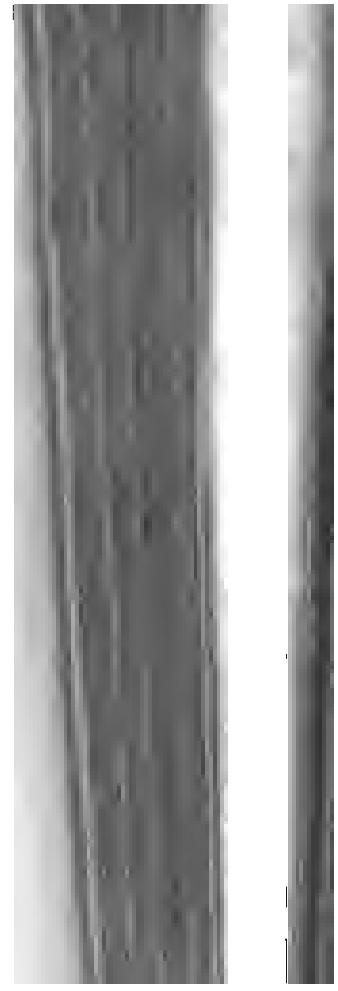
[illegible].

[illegible]nt brevity
[illegible]pone the sentence?

[illegible]RATUCCIO.
[illegible]d believe me,
[illegible]e your pardon.

[illegible]TTENDE.
the tribunal?

[illegible] BERTUCCIO.
[illegible] they have wrung from us,
[illegible] we have still some blood left,
[illegible]pain in these wrench'd limbs:
[illegible] for if we die there—
[illegible]e life to spend
[illegible]ed with pangs already—
[illegible]



BENINTENDE.

You have held conference with him?

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

I am weary—
Even wearier of your questions than your tortures:
I pray you pass to judgment.

BENINTENDE.

It is coming.—
And you, too, Philip Calendaro, what
Have you to say why you should not be doom'd?

CALENDARO.

I never was a man of many words,
And now have few left worth the utterance.

[illegible] true, it will do so;
[illegible] so; but
words, or, if it did——

NINTENDE.

ALENDARO.
[illegible]wal on yon rack

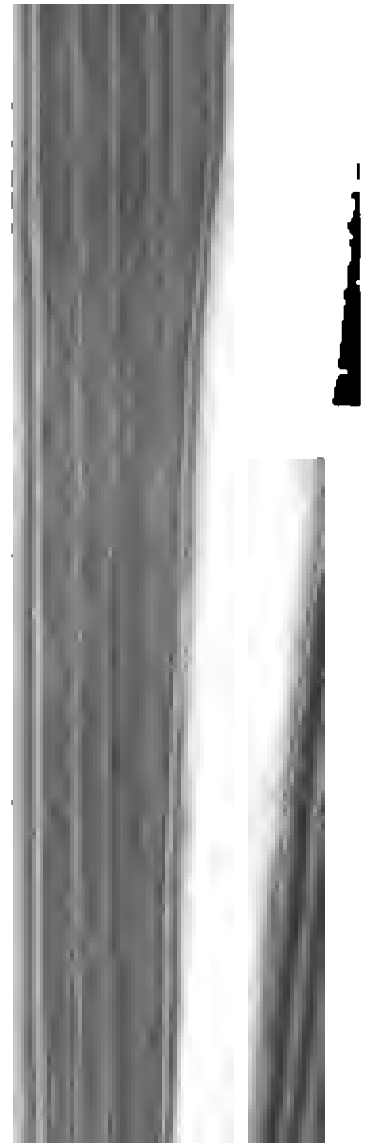
NINTENDE.
redly.

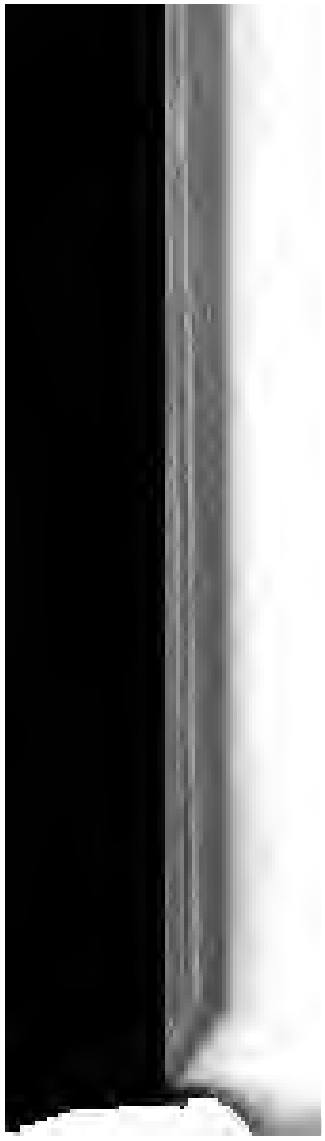
ALENDARO.
Whoe'er
accuse of treason?

NINTENDE.
be brought up to trial.

LENDARO.
would he perish?

NINTENDE.
etail'd and full,





Amen!

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Signors, farewell! we shall not all again
Meet in one place.

BENINTENDE.

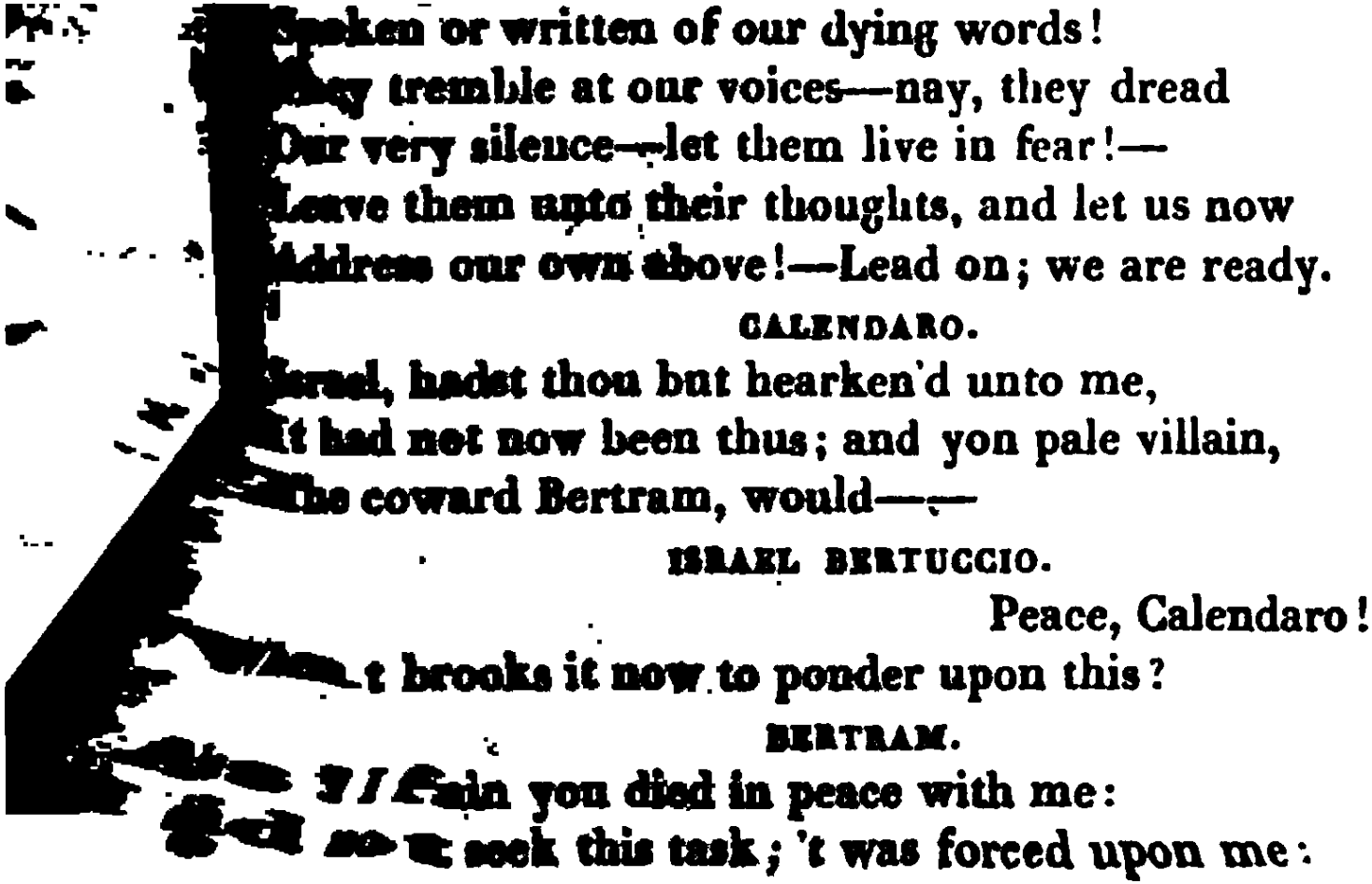
And lest they should essay
To stir up the distracted multitude—
Guards! let their mouths be gagg'd,7 even in the act
Of execution.—Lead them hence!

CALENDARO.

What! must we
Not even say farewell to some fond friend,
Nor leave a last word with our confessor?

BENINTENDE.

A priest is waiting in the ante-chamber;



Spoken or written of our dying words!
They tremble at our voices—nay, they dread
Our very silence—let them live in fear!—
Leave them unto their thoughts, and let us now
Address our own above!—Lead on; we are ready.

CALENDARO.

Israel, hadst thou but hearken'd unto me,
It had not now been thus; and yon pale villain,
The coward Bertram, would——

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

Peace, Calendaro!
What brooks it now to ponder upon this?

BERTRAM.

Again you died in peace with me:
I did not seek this task; 't was forced upon me:

nt these criminals have been disposed of,
ne that we proceed to pass our sentence
e greatest traitor upon record
unals, the Doge Faliero!
ofs and process are complete; the time
me require a quick procedure: shall
be called in to receive the award!

THE GIUNTA.

Ay, ay.

BENINTENDE.

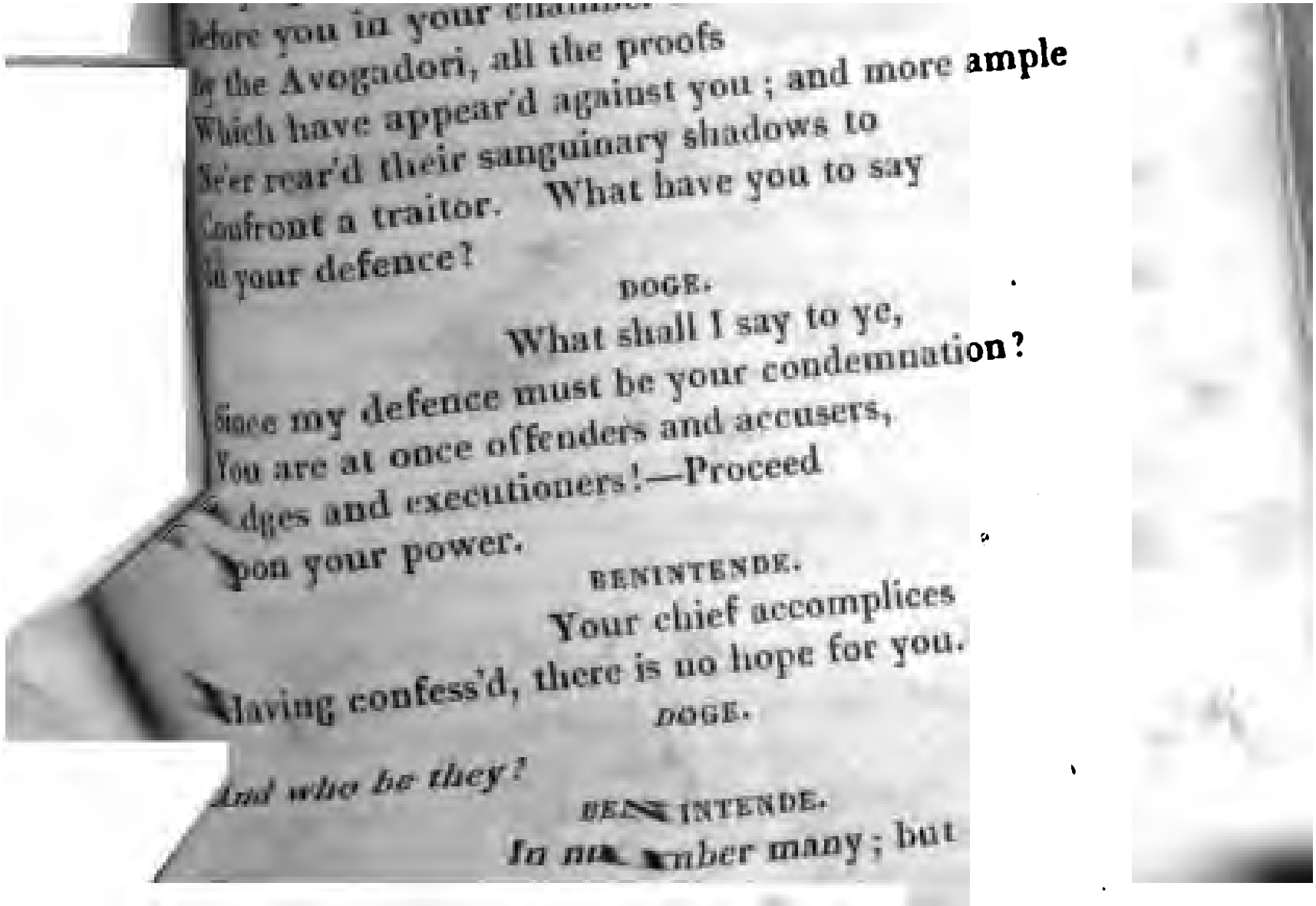
ori, order that the Doge
ght before the council.

ONE OF THE GIUNTA.

And the rest,
hall they be brought up?

BENINTENDE.

When all the chiefs
en disposed of. Some have fled to Chiozza;
e are thousands in pursuit of them,
li precaution ta'en on terra firma,
as in the islands, that we hope



Before you in your chamber
by the Avogadori, all the proofs
Which have appear'd against you; and more ample
See'er rear'd their sanguinary shadows to
Confront a traitor. What have you to say
In your defence?

DOGE.

What shall I say to ye,
Since my defence must be your condemnation?
You are at once offenders and accusers,
Judges and executioners!—Proceed
Upon your power.

BENINTENDE.

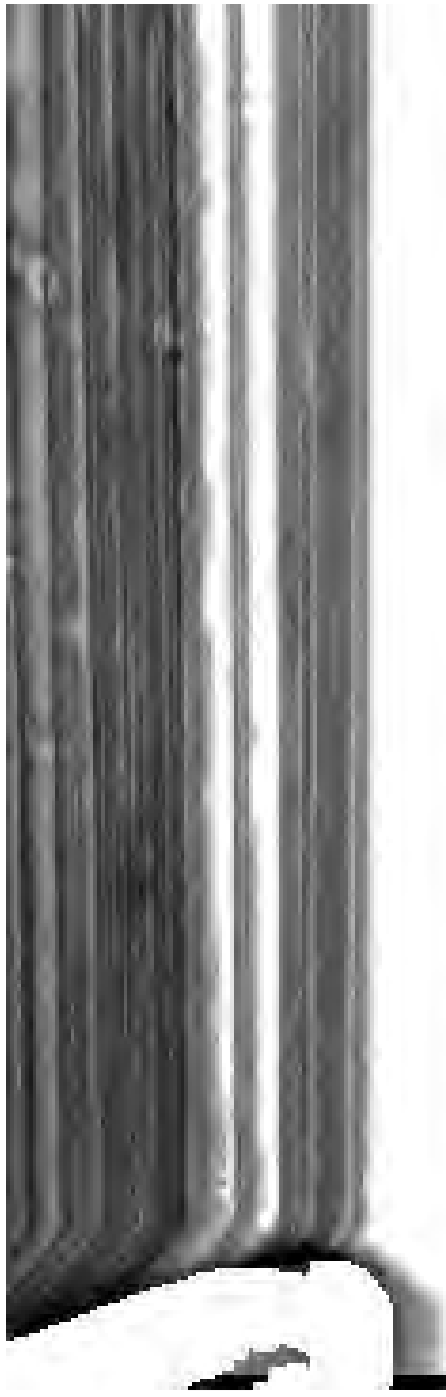
Your chief accomplices
Having confess'd, there is no hope for you.

DOGE.

And who be they?

BENINTENDE.

In number many; but



Gone to their place, and
Answering to Heaven for what they did on e

DOGE.

Ah! the plebeian Brutus, is he gone?
And the quick Cassius of the arsenal?—
How did they meet their doom?

BENINTENDE.

Think of you
It is approaching. You decline to plead, ther

DOGE.

I cannot plead to my inferiors, nor
Can recognise your legal power to try me:
Show me the law!

BENINTENDE.

On great emergencies,
The law must be remodell'd or amended:
Our fathers had not fix'd the punishment
Of such a crime, as on the old Roman tables
The sentence against parricide was left
In pure forgetfulness; they could not render

... such a crime
s, and princes 'gainst their realms?
e us make a law which will
t 'gainst such haught traitors,
on mount to tyranny;
with a sceptre, till
to a two-edged sword!
f Doge sufficient for ye?
the signory of Venice?

DOGE.

e! You betray'd me—
are, traitors as ye are!
h you in birth,
action,
y honourable toils
ood—in field—in cities—
e a victim to
nd and helpless, at the altar
minister. I knew not

And he, the ribald, whom I see among you—
Fit judge in such tribunal!——

BENINTENDE (*interrupting him*).

Michel Steno
Is here in virtue of his office, as
One of the Forty; «The Ten» having craved
A Giunta of patricians from the senate
To aid our judgment in a trial arduous
And novel as the present: he was set
Free from the penalty pronounced upon him,
Because the Doge, who should protect the law,
Seeking to abrogate all law, can claim
No punishment of others by the statutes
Which he himself denies and violates!

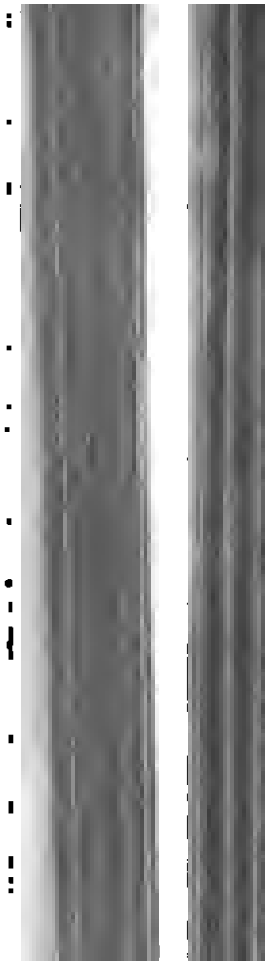
DOGE.

His PUNISHMENT! I rather see him *there*,
Where he now sits, to glut him with my death,
Than in the mockery of castigation,
[illegible] foul outward juggling show of justice

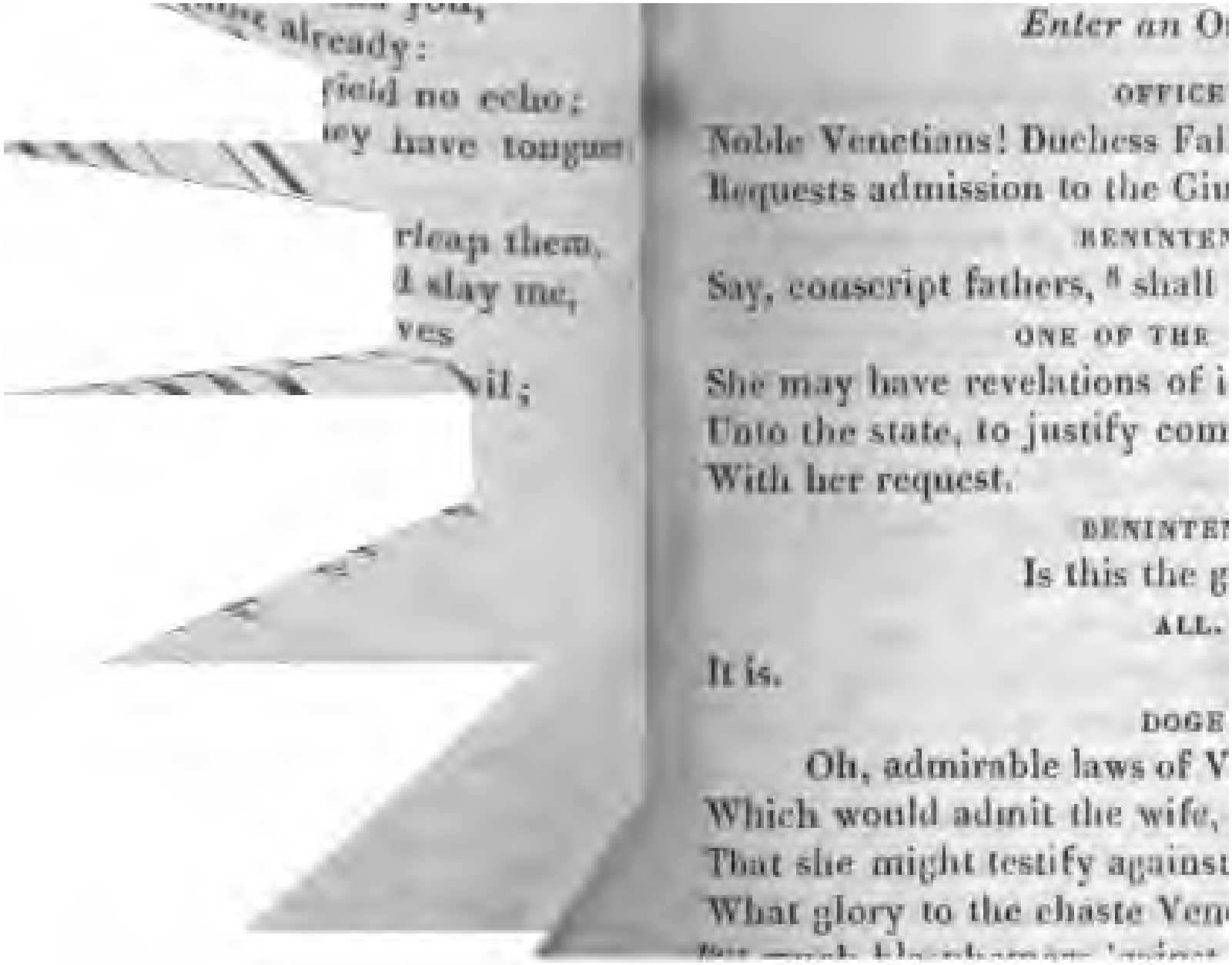
and Syracuse
and flourish'd ages after,
to Thrasybulus:
lty of failure
eath—the future
is no more, or free;
abeyance. Pause not;
mercy, and I seek none;
a mighty hazard,
at I would have taken!
e amidst your tombs;
nd mine, and trample on it,
my heart while living.

INTENDE.

d admit the justice



Have something of the blood of brighter *days*,
And am not over-patient. Pray you, *spare me*
Further interrogation, which boots nothing,
Except to turn a trial to debate.
I shall but answer that which will offend you,
And please your enemies—a host already:
'T is true, these sullen walls should yield no echo;
But walls have ears—nay, more, they have tongues; and if
There were no other way for truth to o'erleap them,
You who condemn me, you who fear and slay me,
Yet could not bear in silence to your graves
What you would hear from me of good or evil;
The secret were too mighty for your souls:
Then let it sleep in mine, unless you court
A danger which would double that you escape.
Such my defence would be, had I full scope
To make it famous; for true *words* are *things*,
And *divine men's* are things which long outlive,



already:
field no echo;
ey have tongues
rleap them,
d slay me,
ves
vil;

Enter an O

OFFICE
Noble Venetians! Duchess Fal
Requests admission to the Gi
BENINTE
Say, conscript fathers, shall
ONE OF THE
She may have revelations of i
Unto the state, to justify com
With her request.
BENINTE
Is this the g
ALL.
It is.
DOGE
Oh, admirable laws of V
Which would admit the wife,
That she might testify against
What glory to the chaste Ven

BENINTENDE.

Lady! this just tribunal has resolved,
Though the request be strange, to grant it, and,
Whatever be its purport, to accord
A patient hearing with the due respect
Which fits your ancestry, your rank, and virtues:
But you turn pale—ho! there, look to the lady!
Place a chair instantly.

ANGIOLINA.

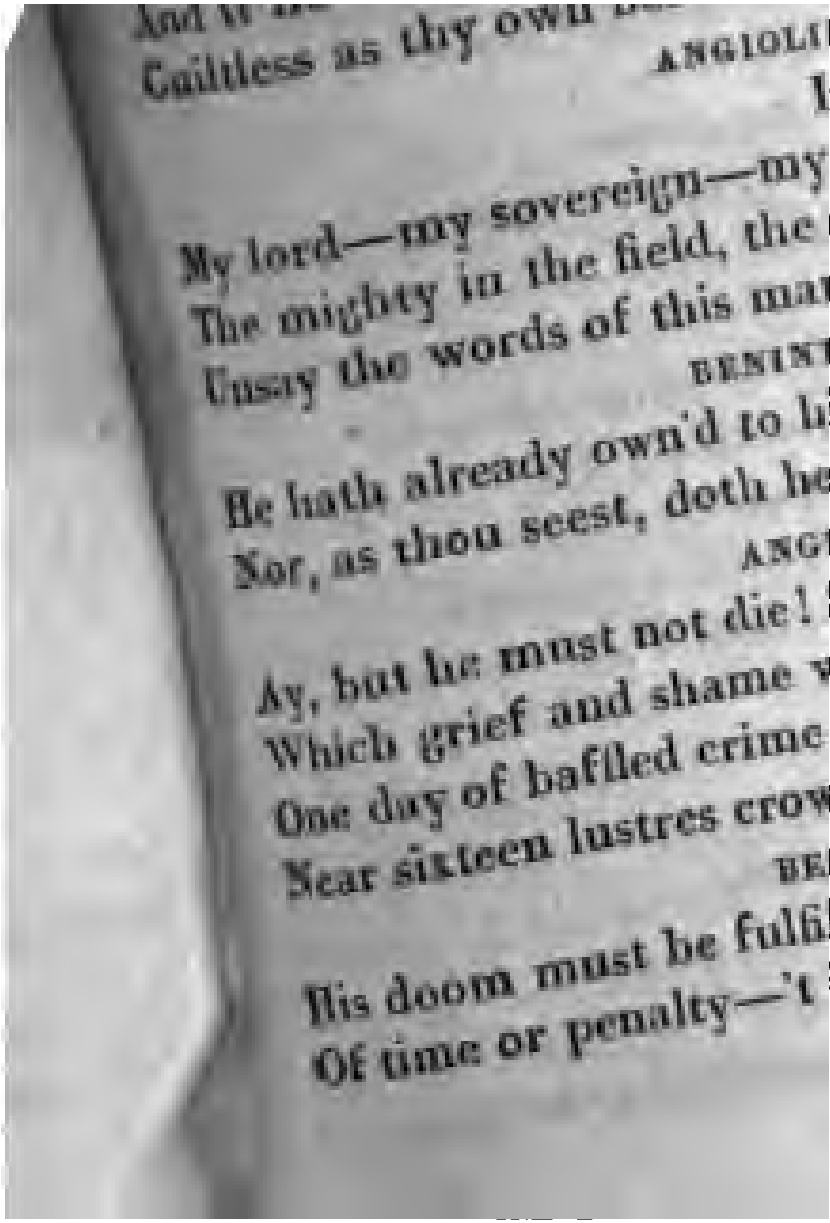
A moment's faintness—
'T is past; I pray you pardon me, I sit not
In presence of my prince, and of my husband,
While he is on his feet.

BENINTENDE.

Your pleasure, lady?

ANGIOLINA.

Strange rumours, but most true, if all I hear
And see be sooth, have reach'd me, and I come
To know the worst; even at the worst; forgive



Guiltless as thy own

ANGIOLINA.

Is it so?

My lord—my sovereign—my poor father's friend—
The mighty in the field, the sage in council;
Unsay the words of this man!—Thou art silent!

BENINTENDE.

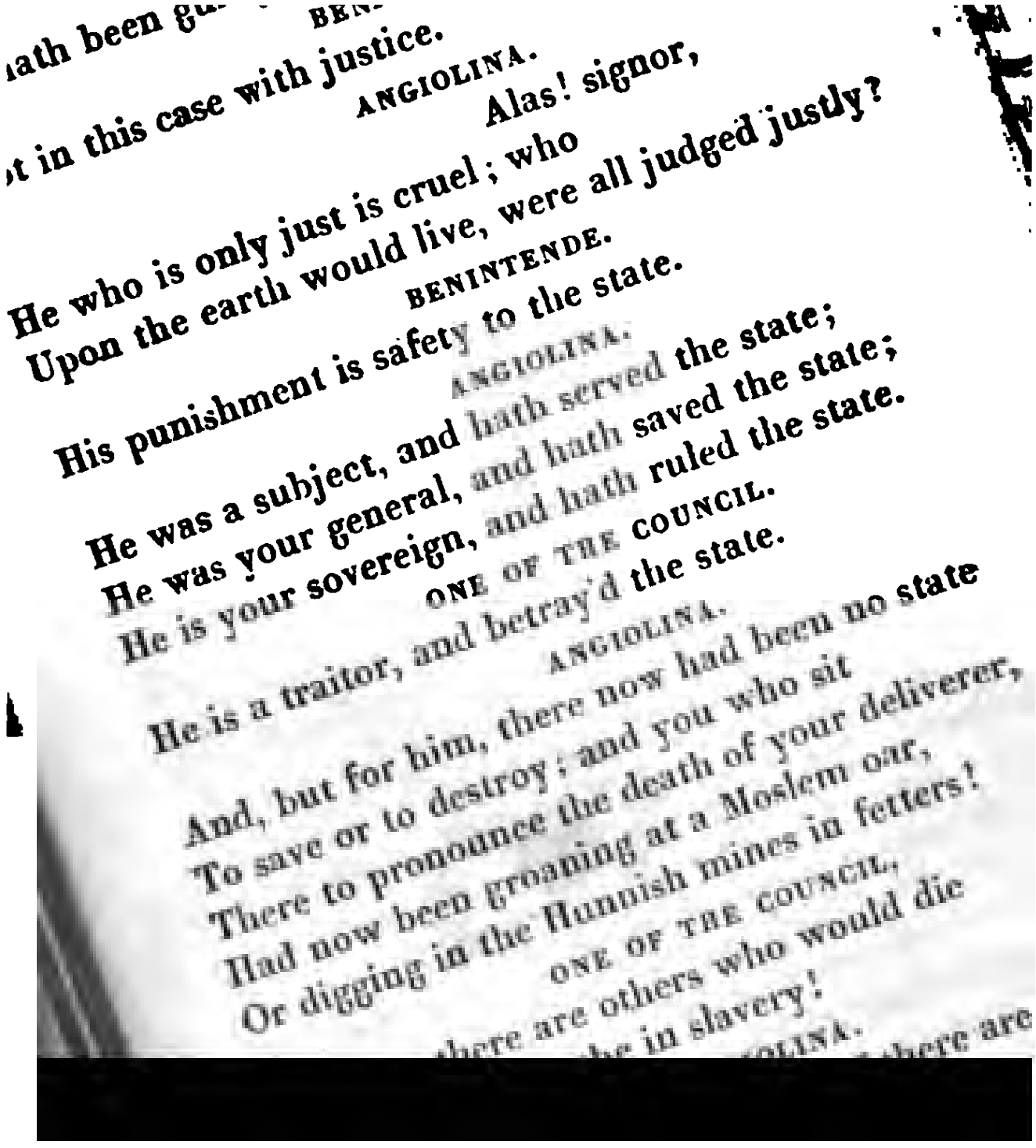
He hath already own'd to his own guilt,
Nor, as thou seest, doth he deny it now.

ANGIOLINA.

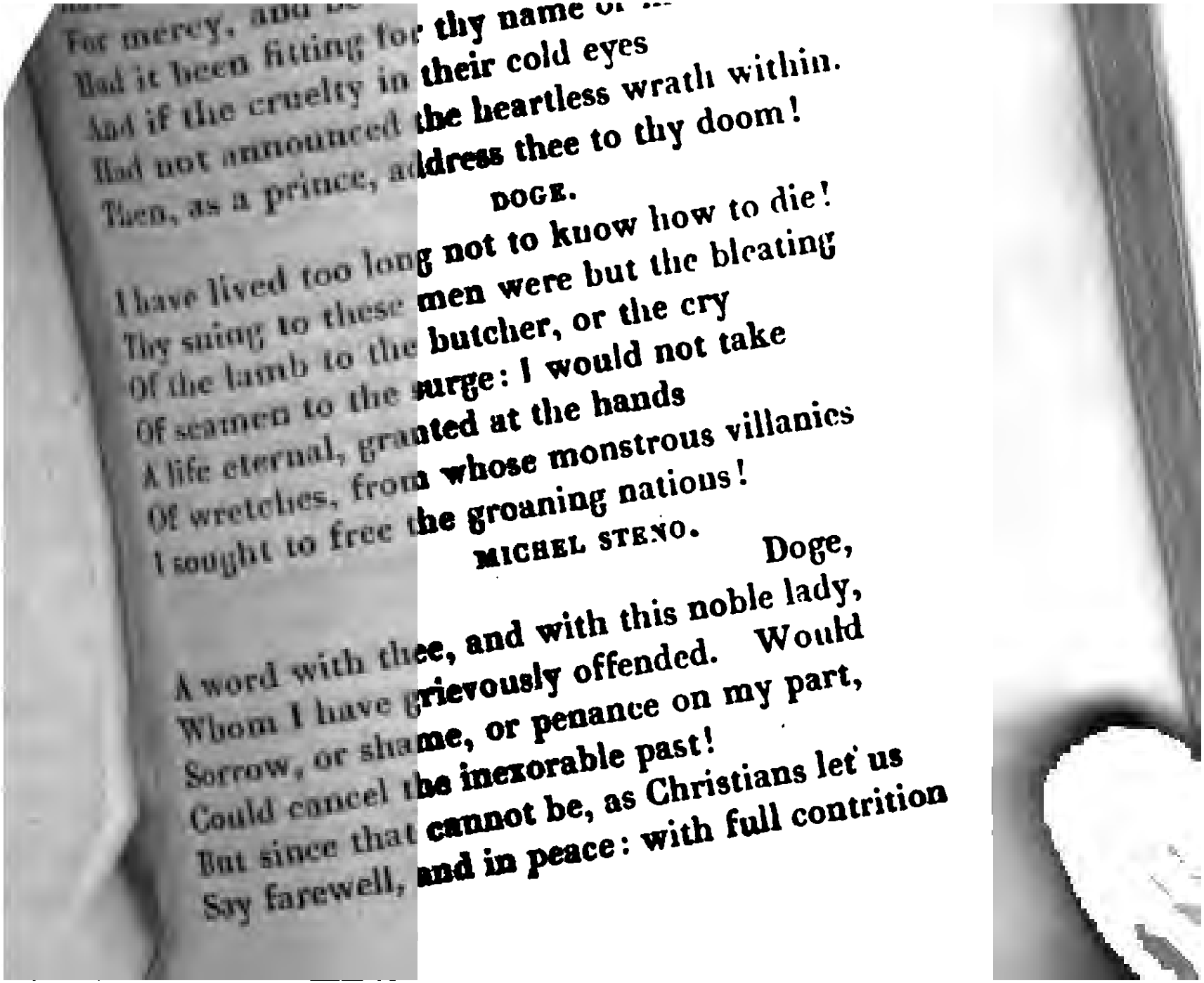
Ay, but he must not die! Spare his few years,
Which grief and shame will soon cut down to days!
One day of baffled crime must not efface
Near sixteen lustres crowded with brave acts.

BENINTENDE.

His doom must be fulfill'd without remission
Of time or penalty—'t is a decree.



ıath been gu- BEN-
t in this case with justice.
ANGIOLINA.
Alas! signor,
He who is only just is cruel; who
Upon the earth would live, were all judged justly?
BENINTENDE.
His punishment is safety to the state.
ANGIOLINA.
He was a subject, and hath served the state;
He was your general, and hath saved the state;
He is your sovereign, and hath ruled the state.
ONE OF THE COUNCIL.
He is a traitor, and betray'd the state.
ANGIOLINA.
And, but for him, there now had been no state
To save or to destroy; and you who sit
There to pronounce the death of your deliverer,
Had now been groaning at a Moslem oar,
Or digging in the Hunnish mines in fetters!
ONE OF THE COUNCIL.
here are others who would die
he in slavery!
OLINA.
here are



For mercy, and [illegible] thy name of [illegible]
Had it been fitting for their cold eyes
And if the cruelty in the heartless wrath within.
Had not announced address thee to thy doom!
Then, as a prince,

DOGE.

I have lived too long not to know how to die!
Thy suing to these men were but the bleating
Of the lamb to the butcher, or the cry
Of seamen to the surge: I would not take
A life eternal, granted at the hands
Of wretches, from whose monstrous villanies
I sought to free the groaning nations!

MICHEL STENO.

Doge,
A word with thee, and with this noble lady,
Whom I have grievously offended. Would
Sorrow, or shame, or penance on my part,
Could cancel the inexorable past!
But since that cannot be, as Christians let us
Say farewell, and in peace: with full contrition

ANGIOLINA.

He was a subject, and hath served the state;
He was your general, and hath saved the state;
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There to pronounce the death of your deliverer,
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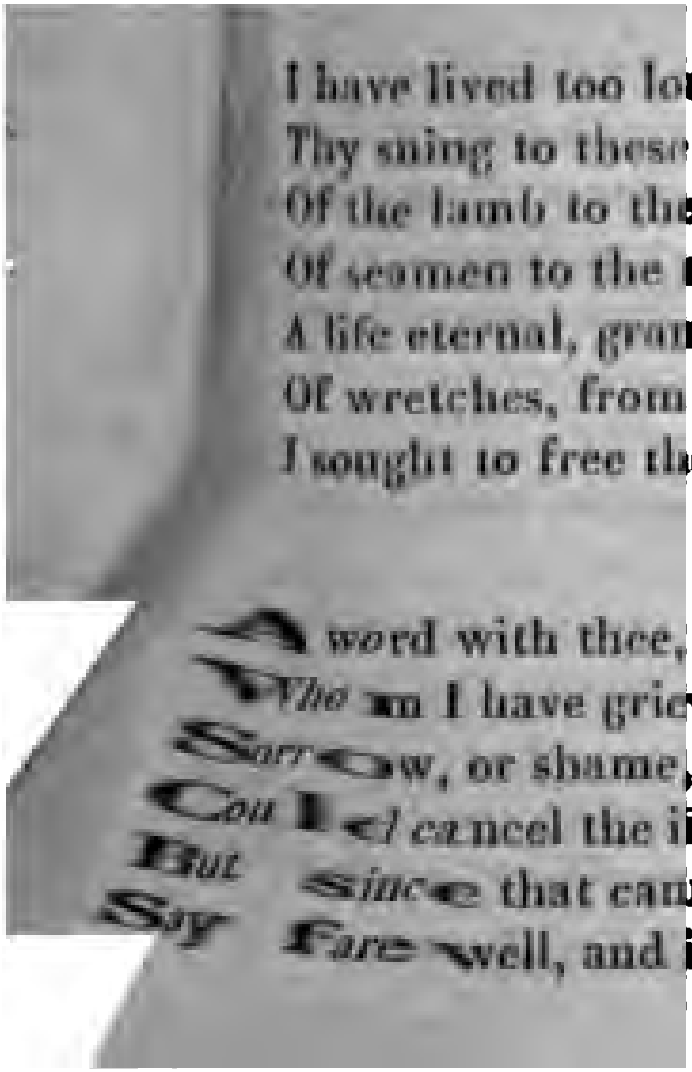
Or digging in the Hunnish mines in fetters!

ONE OF THE COUNCIL.

No, lady, there are others who would die
Rather than breathe in slavery!

ANGIOLINA.

If there are so
Within *these* walls, *thou* art not of the number:
The truly brave are generous to the fallen!—
Is there no hope?



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But since that cannot be, as Christians let us
Say Farewell, and in peace: with full contrition

... to create a moment's
For such as he is; would that other
Despised him as I pity! I prefer
My honour to a thousand lives, cou.
Be multiplied in mine, but would nc
A single life of others lost for that
Which nothing human can impugn-
Of virtue, looking not to what is call
A good name for reward, but to itsel
To me the scorner's words were as th
Unto the rock: but as there are—alas
Spirits more sensitive, on which such
Light as the whirlwind on the waters
To whom dishonour's shadow is a sul
More terrible than death here and hei
Men whose vice is to start at vice's se

Have made the lion mad ere now; a shaft
I' the heel o'erthrew the bravest of the brave;
A wife's dishonour was the bane of Troy;
A wife's dishonour unking'd Rome for ever;
An injured husband brought the Gauls to Clusium,
And thence to Rome, which perish'd for a time;
An obscene gesture cost Caligula
His life, while earth yet bore his cruelties;
A virgin's wrong made Spain a Moorish province;
And Steno's lie, couch'd in two worthless lines,
Hath decimated Venice, put in peril
A senate which hath stood eight hundred years,

Venetian, many times and oft
ted by the state with high employments,
o the highest, listen to the sentence.
t by many witnesses and proofs,
y thine own confession, of the guilt
chery and treason, yet unheard of
his trial—the decree is death.
oods are confiscate unto the state,
me is razed from out her records, save
public day of thanksgiving
s our most miraculous deliverance,
thou art noted in our calendars
arthquakes, pestilence, and foreign foes,
e great enemy of man, as subject

left vacant, with a death-black veil
over these dim words engraved beneath,—
place is of Marino Faliero,
ated for his crimes.»

DOGE.

What crimes!
not better to record the facts,
the contemplator might approve,
least learn *whence* the crimes arose?
e beholder knows a Doge conspired,
be told the cause—it is your history.

BENINTENDE.

st reply to that; our sons will judge
iers' judgment, which I now pronounce.
clad in the ducal robes and cap,
t be led hence to the Giant's Staircase,
u and all our princes are invested;
the ducal crown being first resumed

...confiscated!

BENINTENDE.

They
And goods, and jewels, and all kin
Except two thousand ducats—these

DOGE.

That 's harsh—I would have fain re
Near to Treviso, which I hold by in
From Lawrence the Count-bishop o
In fief perpetual to myself and heirs
To portion them (leaving my city sp
My palace and my treasures, to your
Between my consort and my kinsme

BENINTENDE.

Lie under the state's ban, their chief
In peril of [illegible]

[illegible] will end.
[illegible]ndergo save death?

BENINTENDE.

[illegible]o do except confess and die.
[illegible], the scimitar is bare,
[illegible]thout.—But, above all,
[illegible]k unto the people; they
[illegible]nds swarming at the gates,
[illegible]d: the Ten, the Avogadori,
[illegible]e chief men of the Forty,
[illegible]lders of thy doom,
[illegible]y to attend the Doge.

DOGE.

BENINTENDE.

[illegible]t lived and thou shalt die
[illegible] moment which precedes
[illegible]at head and trunk,
[illegible]nd head shall be united.
[illegible]

As such for ever on the self-same sp
Guards! form the Doge's escort to h

SCENE II.

The Doge's Apartmen

The DOGE *as prisoner, and the* DUCHE

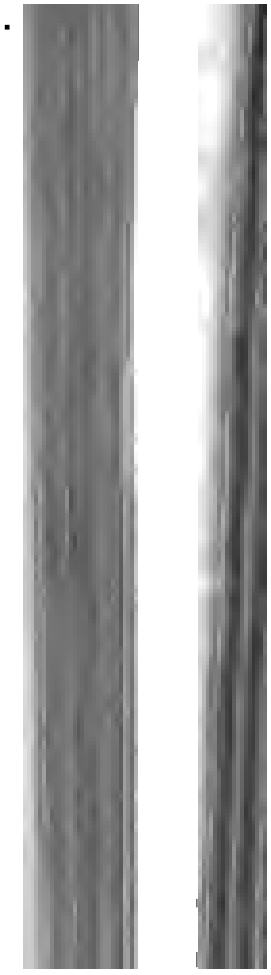
DOGE.

Now that the priest is gone, 't were us
To linger out the miserable minutes;
But one pang more, the pang of partin
And I will leave the few last grains of s
Which yet remain of the accorded hou
Still falling—I have done with Time.

ANGIOLINA.

And I have been the cause—Ala

léo, on a day
gish bishop who
roused my rash young anger.
d arrogant reply
ised my hand and smote him,
ath his holy burthen;
n earth again, he raised
s in pious wrath towards Heaven.
he Host, which had fallen from him,
d said, « The hour will come
o'erthrown shall overthrow thee:
art from out thy house,
e shaken from thy soul,
turity of mind,
eart shall seize upon thee:
hee when all passions cease



ert the fatal
nitence for that which
DOGE.

n the words went to my heart, so much
t I remember'd them amid the maze
life, as if they form'd a spectral voice,
hich shook me in a supernatural dream;
nd I repented; but 't was not for me
o pull in resolution: what must be
could not change, and would not fear. Nay, more,
Thou canst not have forgot what all remember,
That on my day of landing here as Doge,
On my return from Rome, a mist of such
Unwonted density went on before
The bucentaur, like the columnar cloud
Which usher'd Israel out of Egypt, till
The pilot was misled, and disembark'd us
of Saint Mark's, where 't is
death

..., most of whom
...orthless as the dust,
...eak as worthless, more than instruments
...o'er-ruling power; they in themselves
...ll incapable—they could not be
...of him who oft had conquer'd for them

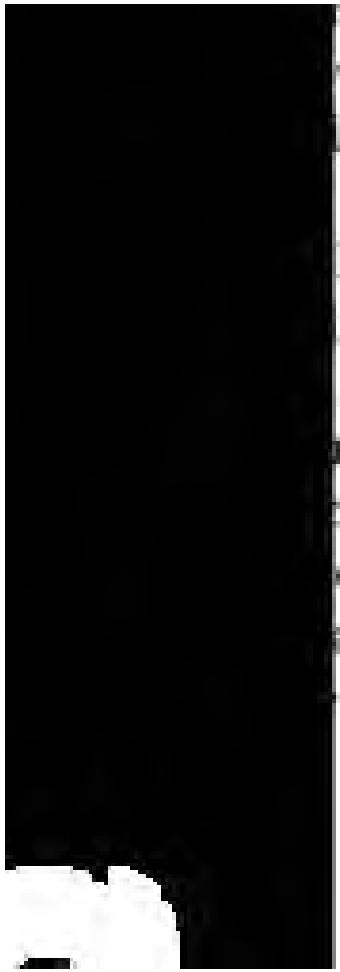
ANGIOLINA.

...the minutes left in aspirations
...e healing nature, and in peace
...t these wretches take thy flight to heaven.

DOGE.

...ce: the peace of certainty
...hour will come, when their sons' sons
...ud city, and these azure waters,
...h makes them eminent and bright,
...olation and a curse,
...a scoff unto the nations,
...d a Tyre, an Ocean-Babel!

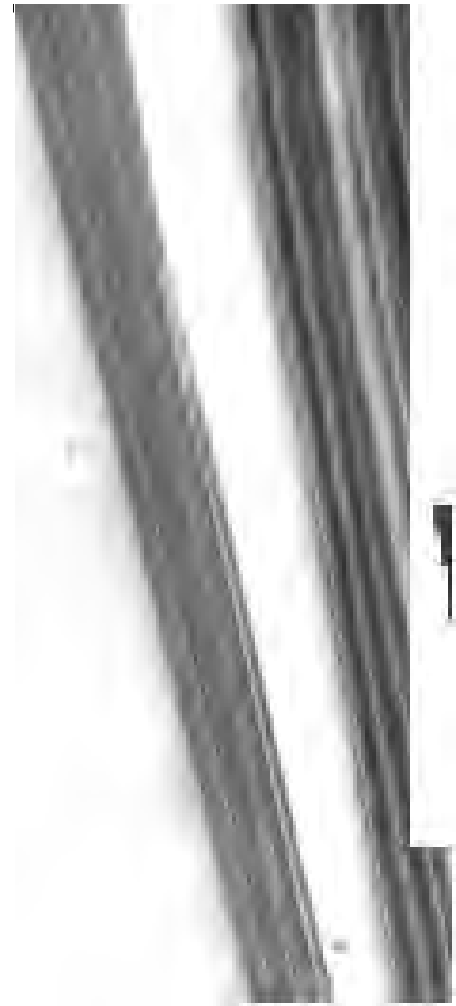
ANGIOLINA.



n ostentatious kindness; in one hour
ve uprooted all my former life,
outlived every thing, except thy heart,
pure, the good, the gentle, which will oft
h unimpair'd but not a clamorous grief
keep——Thou turn'st so pale—Alas! she faints,
hath no breath, no pulse! Guards! lend your aid—
nnot leave her thus, and yet 't is better,
e every lifeless moment spares a pang.
en she shakes off this temporary death,
all be with the Eternal.—Call her women—
look!—how cold her hand! as cold as mine

NE III.

Palace: the outer gates are
le.—The Doge enters in his
ssion with the Council of Ten
s, attended by the Guards, till
top of the «Giant's Staircase»
ok the oaths); the Executioner is
his sword. On arriving, a Chief
ff the ducal cap from the Doge's



DOGE.

nothing, and at last
Faliero:
though but for a moment.
and here, bear witness, Heaven!
ent I resign

..., ...ght settle all
Between the state and me.

BENINTENDE.

They shall be cared f
Even notwithstanding thine unheard-of crime.

DOGE.

Unheard-of! ay, there's not a history
But shows a thousand crown'd conspirators
Against the people; but to set them free
One sovereign only died, and one is dying.

BENINTENDE.

And who are they who fell in such a cause?

DOGE.

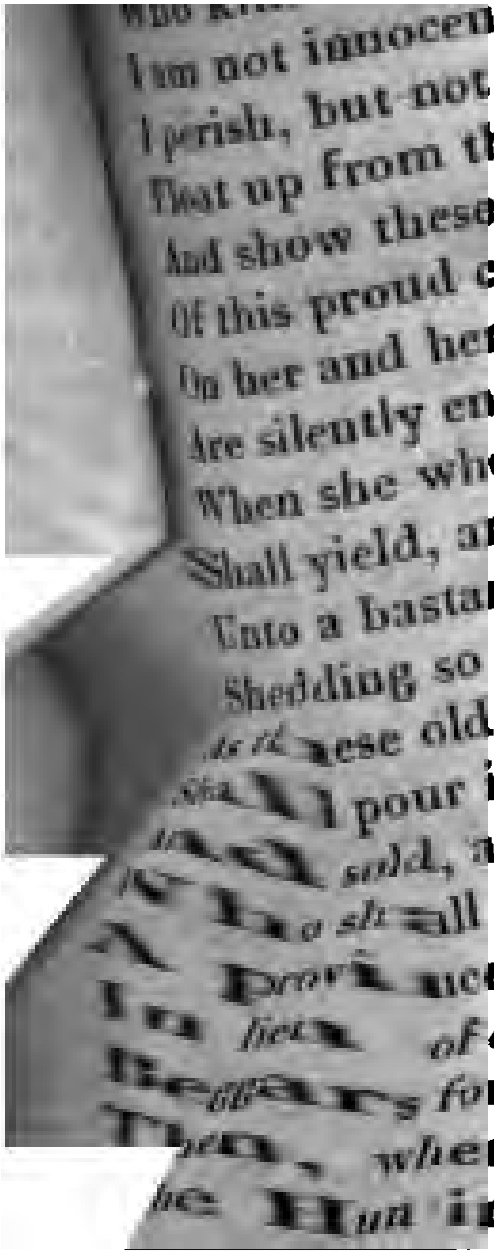
The King of Sparta, and the Doge of Venice—
Agis and Faliero!

BENINTENDE.

Hast thou more
To utter or to do?

DOGE.

[illegible]



I perish, but not unavenged; far ages
That up from the abyss of time to be,
And show these eyes, before they close, the doom
Of this proud city, and I leave my curse
On her and hers for ever!——Yes, the hours
Are silently engendering of the day,
When she who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,
Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield
Unto a bastard Attila, without
Shedding so much blood in her last defence
As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding her,
Shall pour in sacrifice.—She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her!—She shall stoop to be
A province for an empire, petty town
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,
Beggars for nobles, panders for a people!
Then, when the Hebrew 's in thy palaces,
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek

Make their nobility a plea for pity:
Then, when the few who still retain a wreck
Of their great fathers' heritage shall fawn
Round a barbarian Vice of Kings Vice-gerent,
Even in the palace where they sway'd as sovereigns,
Even in the palace where they slew their sovereign,
Proud of some name they have disgraced, or sprung
From an adulteress boastful of her guilt
With some large gondolier or foreign soldier,
Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph
To the third spurious generation;—when
Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being,
Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquish'd by the victors,
Despised by cowards for greater cowardice,
And scorn'd even by the vicious for such vices
As in the monstrous grasp of their conception
Defy all codes to image or to name them;
Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject kingdom,
[illegible] shall be her shame

with the blood of princes!
! thou see Sodom!
to the infernal gods!
seed!

Doge turns, and addresses the Executioner.

Slave, do thine office;
the foe! Strike as I would
tyrants! Strike deep as my curse!
ence!

Doge throws himself upon his knees, as the Executioner raises his sword scene closes.

SCENE IV.

...ed his keen eyes to heav
Them glitter, and his lips move
'T was but a murmur—Curse u
His words are inarticulate, but
Swells up like mutter'd thunder
But gather a sole sentence!

SECOND CITIZ

Hush! we perhaps may catch th

FIRST CITIZE

I cannot hear him.—How his ho
Streams on the wind like foam u
Now—now—he kneels—and now
Round him, and all is hidden—b
The lifted sword in air——Ah! h

SIXTH CITIZEN.

Are you sure he 's dead?

FIRST CITIZEN.

ord fall—Lo! what have we here?

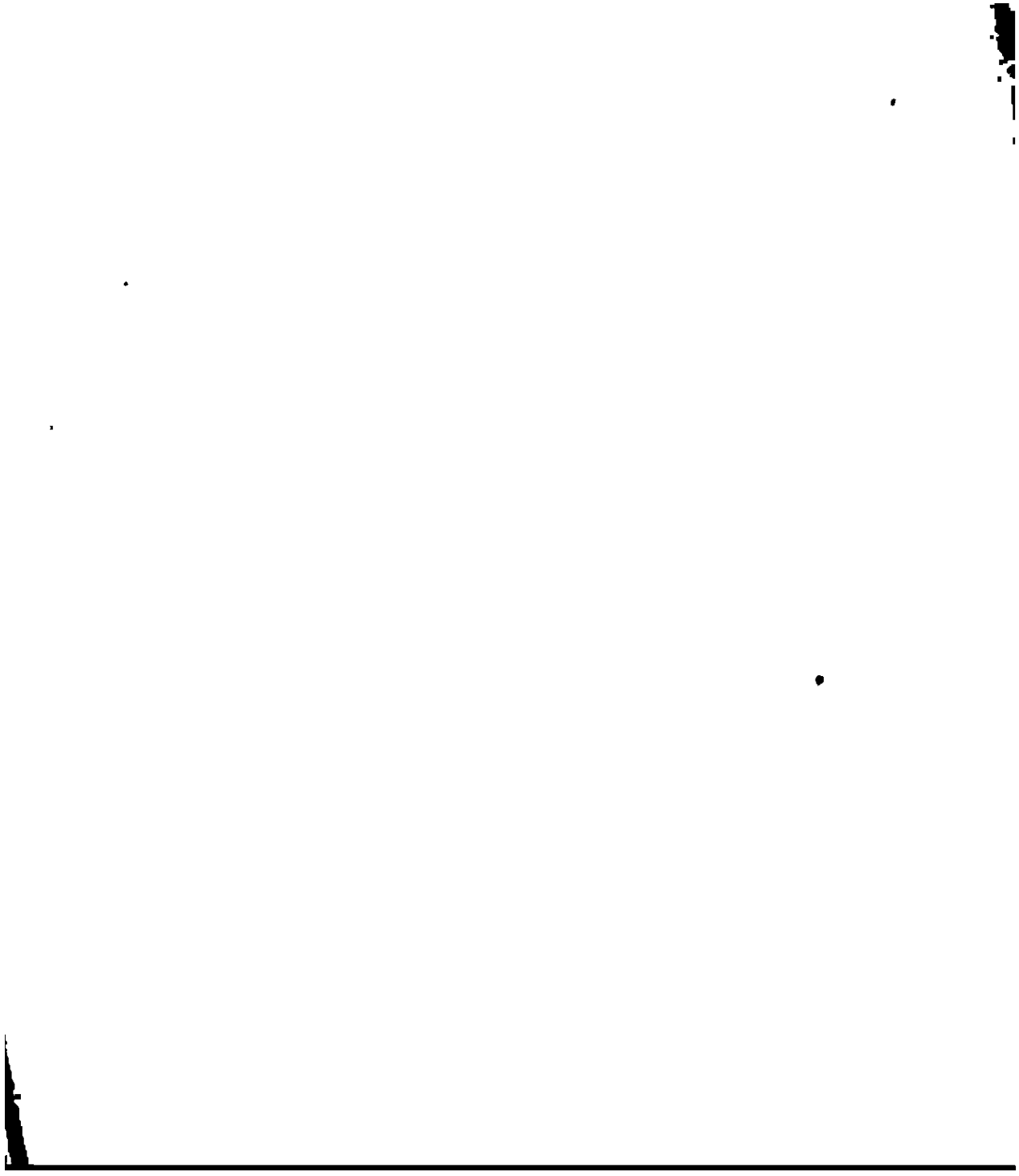
e Balcony of the Palace which fronts Saint
Place a CHIEF OF THE TEN,[13] *with a bloody*
He waves it thrice before the People, and
thus,

hee hath dealt upon the mighty Traitor!»

he gates are opened; the populace rush in towards the «Giant's Staircase,» where the execution has taken place. The foremost of them exclaims to those behind,

ry head rolls down the « Giant's Steps!»

[*The curtain falls.*



NOTES.

Note 1. Page 126, line 31.

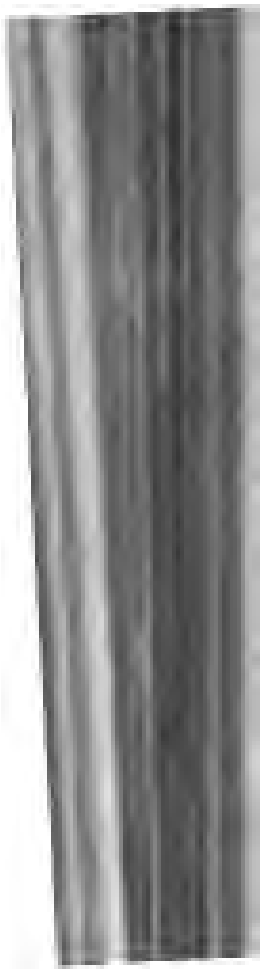
I smote the tardy bishop at Treviso.

ical fact. See Marin Sanuto's Lives of the

Note 2. Page 140, line 5.

A gondola with one oar only.

a is not like a common boat, but is as easily
one oar as with two (though of course not so
d often is so from motives of privacy, and
ecay of Venice) of economy.



historical fact. See Sanuto, in tragedy.

Note 8. Page 245,

Say, conscript fathers, shall sl

The Venetian senate took the san of « Conscript Fathers.»

Note 9. Page 261, l

'T is with age, the

This was the actual reply of Bai a Frenchman who made him the s way to execution, in the earliest pa I find in reading over (since th tragedy), for the first time these Preserved,» a similar reply on a d Renault, and other coincidences a ject

e calculated their «nostre benemerite Meretrici» at
ve thousand of regulars, without including volun-
rs and local militia, on what authority I know not;
t it is perhaps the only part of the population not
reased. Venice once contained two hundred thou-
d inhabitants; there are now about ninety thou-
d, and THESE!! Few individuals can conceive, and
e could describe the actual state into which the
re than infernal tyranny of Austria has plunged this
ppy city.

Note 11. Page 263, line 30.

Then, when the Hebrew's in thy palaces.

he chief palaces on the Brenta now belong to the
n; who in the earlier times of the Republic were
y allowed to inhabit Mestri, and not to enter the
of Venice. The whole commerce is in the hands
the Jews and Greeks, and the Huns form the gar-
n.

Note 12. Page 265, line 8

the loss of Candia; but this was previous to his dukedom, during which he conquered the Morea, and was styled the Peloponnesian. Faliero might truly say,

Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes!

Note 13. Page 267, line 6.

Chief of the Ten.

«Un Capo de' Dieci» are the words of Sanuto's Chronicle.

APPENDIX.

I.

MCCCLIV.

MARINO FALIERO, DOGE XLIX.

eletto da quarantuno Elettori, il quale era Ca

nzo VI ch'era in Avignone. Fu preso nel gran
iglio d'eleggere dodici Ambasciadori incontro a
no Faliero Doge il quale veniva da Roma. E giunto
ioggia, il Podestà mandò Taddeo Giustiniani suo
olo incontro, con quindici Ganzaruoli. E poi ve-
a S. Clemente nel Bucintoro, venne un gran caligo,
che il Bucintoro non si potè levare. Laonde il
co' Gentiluomini nelle piatte vennero di lungo in
ta Terra a' 5 d'Ottobre del 1354. E dovendo smon-
alla riva della Paglia per lo caligo andarono ad
tare alla riva della Piazza in mezzo alle due Co-

... questo tempo ...
... benintende. I quarantuno ...
...ono, Ser Giovanni Contarini, Ser' Andrea Giust...
...er Michele Morossini, Ser Simone Dandolo, Ser ...
...Lando, Ser Marino Gradenigo, Ser Marco Dolfino
...Nicolò Faliero, Ser' Giovanni Quirini, Ser Lorenz...
...anzo, Ser Marco Bembo, Sere Stefano Belegno, Ser ...
...esco Loredano, Ser Marino Veniero, Ser Giovanni
...enigo, Ser Andrea Barbaro, Ser Lorenzo Barbarigo,
...Bettino da Mollino, Ser' Andrea Erizzo Procuratore, ...
...Marco Celsi, Ser Paolo Donato, Ser Bertucci Grima...
...er Pietro Steno, Ser Luca Duodo, Ser' Andrea Pisa...
...er Francesco Caravello, Ser Jacopo Trivisano, Ser
...hiavo Marcello, Ser Maffeo Aimo, Ser Marco Ca...
...'lo, Ser Pancrazio Giorgio, Ser Giovanni Foscarin...
... Tommaso Viadro, Sere Schiava Polani, Ser Marc...
...o, Ser Marino Sagredo, Sere Stefano Mariani, S...
...ncesco Suriano, Ser Orio Pasqualigo, Ser' Andr...
...i, Ser Buono da Mosto.

parve, che fosse
grande ignominia. E non consi
tine, ma sopra quella passione fo
tutti via, quella notte egli andò,
sedeva il Doge nella Sala dell' Ud
Dogi non teuevano panno di seta
sedevano in una cadrega di legno)
disoneste del Doge e della Dogare
liero dalla bella moglie : Altri la
tiene. E la mattina furono vedu
E parve una brutta cosa. E per
messa la cosa agli Avvogadori del
efficacia. I quali Avvogadori subito
per venire in chiaro della verità d
lettera. E *tandem* si seppe, che
scritte. E fu per la Quarantia pre

cosa, che ricercava la sua dignità del Ducato. E diceva, ch' eglino doveano averlo fatto appiccare per la gola, o *altrea* bandirlo in perpetuo da Venezia. E perchè (quando dee succedere un' effetto è necessario che vi concorra la cagione a fare tal' effetto) era destinato, che a Messer Marino Doge fosse tagliata la testa, perciò occorse, che entrata la Quaresima il giorno dopo che fu condannato il detto Ser Michele Steno, un Gentiluomo da Cà Barbaro, di natura collerico, andasse all' Arsenale, domandasse certe cose ai Padroni, ed era alla presenza de' Signori l'Ammiraglio dell' Arsenale. Il quale intesa la domanda, disse, che non si poteva fare. Quel Gen-

giudici, Giovanni da Corfu, Stefan
dalle Bende, Niccolò Biondo, e St
ordinò di fare sedici o diciassette Ca
della Terra, i quali avessero cadaun
mini provvigionati, preparati, non d
quaranta quello, che volessero fare.
stabilito si mostrasse di far quistion
luoghi, acciocchè il Doge facesse so
Campane, le quali non si possono
comanda. E al suono delle Campa
diciassette co' suoi uomini venisser
strade, che buttano in Piazza. E co
Cittadini, che venissero in Piazza, pe
ciò ch'era, li tagliassero a pezzi. E
fosse chiamato per Signore Messer M
E fermate le cose tra loro, stabilito

li casa, e serrarlo in ...
a di M. Giovanni Gradenigo
oge, che stava anch' egli a
la cosa. La quale paren-
ndissima importanza, tutti e
er Marco Cornaro, che stava
i il tutto, tutti e tre delibera-
el detto Ser Niccolò Lioni, ed
amo. E quello esaminato, in-
e serrato. E andarono tutti e tre
stia, e mandarono i loro famigli
ieri, gli Avvogadori, i Capi de'
iglio. E ridotti insieme dissero
imasero morti. E deliberarono di
eltramo, e fattolo venire cauta-
lo, e verificate le cose, ancorchè ne
one, pure pensarono la provvisione.
Capi de' Quarauta, pe' Signori di
Sestieri, e pe' Cinque della Pace. E
o co' loro uomini trovassero degli
i, e mandassero a casa de' Capi de'
a mettessero loro le mani addosso.
Maestranze dell' Arsenale, acciocch

E si ridussero in Palazzo verso [illegible]
fecero serrare le porte de la corte del Palazzo. *E man-*
darono a ordinare al Campanaro, che non sonasse le
Campane. E così fu eseguito, e messe le mani addosso
a tutti i nominati di sopra, furono que' condotti al
Palazzo. E vedendo il Consiglio de' Dieci, che il Doge
era nella cospirazione, presero di eleggere venti de'
primarj della Terra, di giunta al detto Consiglio a con-
sigliare, non però che potessero mettere pallotta.

« I Consiglieri furono questi: Ser Giovanni Mocenigo del Sestiero di San Marco; Ser Almorò Veniero da Santa Marina del Sestiero di Castello; Ser Tommaso Viadro del Sestiero di Caneregio; Ser Giovanni Samudo del Sestiero di Santa Croce; Ser Pietro Trivisano del Sestiero di San Paolo, Ser Pantalione Barbo il Grande del Sestiero d'Ossoduro. Gli Avvogadori del Comune furono Ser Zufredo Morosini, e Ser Orio Pasqualigo, e questi non ballottarono. Que' del Consiglio de' Dieci; furono: Ser Giovanni Marcello, Ser Tommaso Sanudo,

sata del Doge. E questa provigione di chiamare i venti della Giunta fu molto commendata per tutta la Terra. Questi furono i venti della Giunta, Ser Marco Giustiniani Procuratore, Ser' Andrea Erizzo Procuratore, Ser Lionardo Giustiniani Procuratore, Ser' Andrea Contarini, Ser Simone Dandolo, Ser Niccolò Volpe, Ser Giovanni Loredano, Ser Marco Diedo, Ser Giovonni Gradenigo, Ser' Andrea Cornaro cavaliere, Ser Marco Soranzo, Ser Rinieri da Mosto, Ser Gazano Marcello, Ser Marino Morosino, Sere Stefano Belegno, Ser Niccolò Lioni, Ser Filippo Orio, Ser Marco Trivisano, Ser Jacopo Bragadino, Ser Giovanni Foscarini. E chiamati

presi a Chioggia, che fuoo[illegible]
a due a due, e a uno a uno, per sentenza fatta nel detto Consiglio de' Dieci, furono appiccati per la gola alle Colonne, continuando dalle rosse del Palazzo, seguendo fin verso il Canale. E altri presi furono lasciati, perchè sentirono il fatto, ma non vi furono tal che fu dato loro ad intendere per questi capi, che venissero coll' arme, per prendere alcuni malfattori in servigio della Signoria, nè altro sapeano. Fu ancora liberato Nicoletto Alberto, il Guardiaga, e Bartolomineo Ciriuola, e suo figliuolo, e molti altri, che non erano in colpa.

E a dì 16 d' Aprile, giorno di Venerdì, fu sentenziato nel detto Consiglio de' Dieci, di tagliare la testa a Messer Marino Faliero Doge sul pato della scala di pietra, dove i Dogi giurano il primo sagramento, quando montano prima in Palazzo. E così serrato il Palazzo, la mattina seguente a ora di Terza, fu tagliata la testa a detto Doge a dì 17 d' Aprile. E prima la berretta fi[illegible] di testa al detto Doge, avanti che venisse giù dall[illegible] che un Capo d[illegible]

Comune, e così degli altri traditori. E fu conceduto al detto Doge pel detto Consiglio de Dieci, ch' egli potesse ordinare del suo per Ducati due mila. Ancora fu preso, che tutti i Consiglieri, e Avvogadori del Comune, que' del Consiglio de' Dieci, e della Giunta, ch' erano stati a fare la detta sentenza del Doge, e d'altri, avessero licenza di portar' arme di dì e di notte in Venezia e da Grado fino a Cavarzere, ch' è sotto il Dogato, con due fanti in vita loro, stando i fanti con essi in casa al suo pane e al suo vino. E chi non avesse fanti, potesse dar tal licenza a' suoi figliuoli ovvero fratelli, due però e non più. Eziandio fu data licenza dell' arme a quattro Notaj

scrivere alcuni, che volevano, —

breve, cioè: *Marinus Faletro Dux. Ter[illegible]meritas me cep[illegible] l'œnas lui, decapitatus pro criminibus.* Altri vi fecero un Distico assai degno al suo merito, il quale è quello da essere posto su la sua sepultura:

« Dux Venetum jacet heic, patriam qui prodere tentans,
Sceptra, decus, censum, perdidit, atque caput. »

* * * * * * *

« Non voglio restar di scrivere quello che ho letto in una Cronica, cioè, che Marino Faliero trovandosi Podestà e Capitano a Treviso, e dovendosi fare una Processione, il Vescovo stette troppo a far venire il Corpo di Cristo. Il detto Faliero era di tanta superbia e arroganza, che diede un buffetto al prefato Vescovo, per modo ch' egli quasi cadde in terra. Però fu permesso che il Faliero perdette l'intelletto, e fece la mala morte come ho scritto di sopra. »

* * * * * * *

ddemarino, in the Marches of Treviso, and
ıd a wealthy man to boot. As soon as the
s completed, it was resolved in the Great
at a deputation of twelve should be dis-
Marino Faliero, the Duke, who was then on
n Rome; for, when he was chosen, he was
at the court of the Holy Father, at Rome,
Father himself held his court at Avignon.
er Marino Faliero the Duke was about to
s city, on the fifth day of October, 1354, a
ame on, and darkened the air; and he was
land on the place of Saint Mark, between

or, provided he had a Duchess, and after the banq[illegible] they all returned to their homes.

Now to this feast there came a certain Ser Miche[illegible] Steno, a gentleman of poor estate and very young, bu[illegible] crafty and daring, and who loved one of the damsels [illegible] the Duchess. Ser Michele stood amongst the wome[illegible] upon the solajo; and he behaved indiscreetly, so th[illegible] my Lord the Duke ordered that he should be kicked o[illegible] the solajo; and the esquires of the Duke flung hi[illegible] down from the solajo accordingly. Ser Michele thoug[illegible] that such an affront was beyond all bearing; and wh[illegible] the feast was over, and all other persons had left the[illegible] palace, he, continuing heated with anger, went to the[illegible] hall of audience, and wrote certain unseemly words re[illegible] lating to the Duke and the Duchess, upon the chair [illegible] which the Duke was used to sit; for in those days the[illegible] Duke did not cover his chair with cloth of sendal, but [illegible] he sat in a chair of wood. Ser Michele wrote thereon: [illegible] —«*Marin Falier, the husband of the fair wife; others [illegible] kiss her, but he keeps her.*' In the morning the words [illegible] were seen, and the matter was considered to be very [illegible] scandalous; and the Senate commanded the Avogadori [illegible] of the Commonwealth to proceed therein with the [illegible] greatest diligence. A business of great moment [illegible]

...ness, he had writt
...e words. Therefore the Council debated theree
And the Council took his youth into consideration, a
that he was a lover, and therefore they adjudged th
he should be kept in close confinement during tw
months, and that afterwards he should be banished fro
Venice and the state during one year. In consequen
of this merciful sentence the Duke became exceedingl
wroth, it appearing to him that the Council had ne
cted in such a manner as was required by the respec
me to his ducal dignity; and he said that they ough
o have condemned Ser Michele to be hanged by th
eck, or at least to be banished for life.

Now it was fated that my Lord Duke Marino was to
ve his head cut off. And as it is necessary when any
fect is to be brought about, that the cause of such ef-
ct must happen, it therefore came to pass, that on the
ry day after sentence had been pronounced on Ser
chele Steno, being the first day of Lent, a gentlem-
the house of M...

bruised and bloody, ran straight to the Duke to complain, and with the intent of praying him to inflict some heavy punishment upon the gentleman of Ca Barbaro.—« What wouldst thou have me do for thee? » answered the Duke;—« think upon the shameful gibe which hath been written concerning me; and think on the manner in which they have punished that ribald Michele Steno, who wrote it; and see how the Council of Forty respect our person.»—Upon this the admiral answered;—« My Lord Duke, if you would wish to make yourself a Prince, and to cut all those cuckoldy gentlemen to pieces, I have the heart, if you do but help me, to make you Prince of all this state; and then you may punish them all.»—Hearing this, the Duke said;—«How can such a matter be brought about?»—and so they discoursed thereon.

The Duke called for his nephew, Ser Bertuccio Faliero, who lived with him in the palace, and they communed about this plot. And without leaving [illegible]

pared; but the followers were not to know their destination. On the appointed day they were to make affrays amongst themselves here and there, in order that the Duke might have a pretence for tolling the bells of San Marco: these bells are never rung but by the order of the Duke. And at the sound of the bells, these sixteen or seventeen, with their followers, were to come to San Marco, through the streets which open upon the Piazza. And when the noble and leading citizens should come into the Piazza, to know the cause of the riot, then the conspirators were to cut them in pieces; and this work being finished, my Lord Marino Faliero the Duke was to be proclaimed the Lord of Venice. Things having been thus settled, they agreed to fulfil their intent on

afterwards became Duke, and who also lived at S
Stefano, and told him all. The matter seemed to
to be of the very greatest importance, as indeed it
and they two went to the house of Ser Marco Cor
who lived at San Felice; and, having spoken with
they all three then determined to go back to the h
of Ser Niccolo Lioni, to examine the said Beltramo;
having questioned him, and heard all that he ha
say, they left him in confinement. And then the
three went into the sacristy of San Salvatore, and
their men to summon the Counsellers, the Avoga
the Capi de Dieci, and those of the Great Council.

When all were assembled, the whole story was
to them. They were struck dead, as it were,
affright. They determined to send for Beltramo.
was brought in before them. They examined him,

[illegible] keeper of the Bell- [illegible] the tolling of the bells. All this [illegible] carried into effect. The before-mentioned con- [illegible]ators were secured, and they were brought to the [illegible]ce; and as the Council of Ten saw that the Duke [illegible] in the plot, they resolved that twenty of the lead- [illegible]men of the state should be associated to them, for [illegible] purpose of consultation and deliberation, but that [illegible] should not be allowed to ballot.

The counsellors were the following: Ser Giovanni [illegible]migo, of the Sestiero of San Marco; Ser Almoro [illegible]ero da Santa Marina, of the Sestiero of Castello; [illegible] Tomaso Viadro, of the Sestiero of Canaregio; Ser [illegible]ovanni Sanudo, of the Sestiero of Santa Croce; Ser [illegible]tro Trivisano, of the Sestiero of San Paolo; Ser Pan- [illegible]one Barbo il Grande, of the Sestiero of Ossoduro. [illegible] Avogadori of the Commonwealth were Zufredo [illegible]rosini, and Ser Orio Pasqualigo; and these did not [illegible]ot. Those of the Council of Ten were Ser Gi- [illegible]rcello, Ser Tomaso Sanud-

junta of twenty[illegible]
Ser Andrea Erizzo, Procuratore, Ser Liona
tiniani, Procuratore, Ser Andrea Contarini, S
Dandolo, Ser Nicolo Volpe, Ser Giovanni Lor
Marco Diedo, Ser Giovanni Gradenigo, Ser A
naro, Cavaliere, Ser Marco Soranzo, Ser Rinier
Ser Gazano Marcello, Ser Marino Morosini,
Belegno, Ser Nicolo Lioni, Ser Filippo Orio,
Trivisano, Ser Jacopo Bragadino, Ser Giovan

These twenty were accordingly called
Council of Ten; and they sent for my L
Faliero the Duke; and my Lord Marino wa
sorting in the palace with people of great
tlemen, and other good men, none of who
how the fact stood.

At the same time Bertucci Israello, wh
[illegible] head the conspira

colo Zuccuolo, Nicoletto Blondo, Nicoletto Doro, M
Giuda, Jacomello Dagolino, Nicoletto Fidele, the sc
Filippo Calendaro, Marco Torello, called Israello, Ste
Trivisano, the money-changer of Santa Margherita
Antonio dalle Bende. These were all taken at Chi
for they were endeavouring to escape. Afterward
virtue of the sentence which was passed upon the
the Council of Ten, they were hanged on succe
days, some singly and some in couples, upon th
lumns of the palace, beginning from the red colu
and so going onwards towards the canal. And
prisoners were discharged, because, although they
been involved in the conspiracy, yet they had not ass
in it: for they were given to understand by son
the heads of the plot, that they were to come a
and prepared for the service of the state, and in
to secure certain criminals, and they knew nothing
Nicoletto Alberto, the Guardiaga, and Bartolom

voice—«The terrible doom hath fallen upon t
tor!»—and the doors were opened, and the pe
rushed in, to see the corpse of the Duke who h
beheaded.

It must be known, that Ser Giovanni Sanu
councillor, was not present when the aforesaid s
was pronounced; because he was unwell and re
at home. So that only fourteen balloted; th
say, five councillors, and nine of the Council
And it was adjudged, that all the lands and ch
the Duke, as well as of the other traitors, sh
forfeited to the state. And, as a grace to the
was resolved in the Council of Ten, that he sh
allowed to dispose of two thousand ducats ou
own property. And it was resolved, that all th
cillors and all the Avogadori of the commo
those of the Council of Ten, and the member
junta who had assisted in passing sentence on t
and the other traitors, should have the privile

... was also granted
... the Chancery, that is to say, of th
ame Court, who took the depositions; and the
Amedio, Nicoletto di Lorino, Steffanello, and
de Compostelli, the secretaries of the Signori di

er the traitors had been hanged, and the Duke had
is head cut off, the state remained in great tran-
ty and peace. And, as I have read in a chronicle,
orpse of the Duke was removed in a barge, with
orches, to his tomb in the church of San Giovanni
o, where it was buried. The tomb is now in
sle in the middle of the little church of Santa
lella Pace, which was built by Bishop Gabriel of
o. It is a coffin of stone, with these words en-
hereon: « *Heic jacet Dominus Marinus Faletro*
And they did not paint his portrait in the hall
eat Council:—But in the place where it ought
been, you see these words:—« *Hic*
aletro decapitati

[I am obliged for this excellent translation o
Mr F. Cohen, to whom the reader will find hims
sion that I could not myself (though after m
with Italian) have given by any means so purely

III.

« Al giovane Doge Andrea Dandolo
chio, il quale tardi si pose al timone
ma sempre prima di quel, che facea d'
patria: egli è Marino Faliero, person
per antica dimestichezza. Falsa era
a lui, giacchè egli si mostrò fornit
che di senno. Non pago della prima
sinistro piede nel pubblico Palaz
questo Doge dei Veneti, magistrato
coli, che dagli antichi fu sempre ven
quella città, l'altr' jeri fu decollato
stesso Palazzo. Discorrerei fin dal

ferito l' onore del Ducato, che nè chiedeva, nè s' aspettava. Tornato in patria, pensò a quello, cui nessuno non pose mente giammai, e soffrì quello che a niuno accade mai di soffrire: giacchè in quel luogo celeberrimo, e chiarissimo, e bellissimo infra tutti quelli, che io vidi, ove i suoi antenati avevano ricevuti grandissimi onori in mezzo alle pompe trionfali, ivi egli fu trascinato in modo servile, e spogliato delle insegne ducali, perdette la testa, e macchiò col proprio sangue le soglie del tempio, l' atrio del Palazzo, e le scale marmoree rendute spesse volte illustri o dalle solenni festività, o dalle ostili spoglie. Ho notato il luogo, ora noto il tempo:

è un esempio posto innanzi ai loro occ
nel quale veggano di essere non Sign
nemmeno Duci; ma onorati servi dell
sta sano; e giacchè fluttuano le pul
ziamoci di governar modestissimame
affari.»

Levati. Viaggi di Petrarc

The above Italian translation from
of Petrarch proves—

1stly, That Marino Faliero was a
Petrarch's: « antica dimestichezza,»
phrase of the poet.

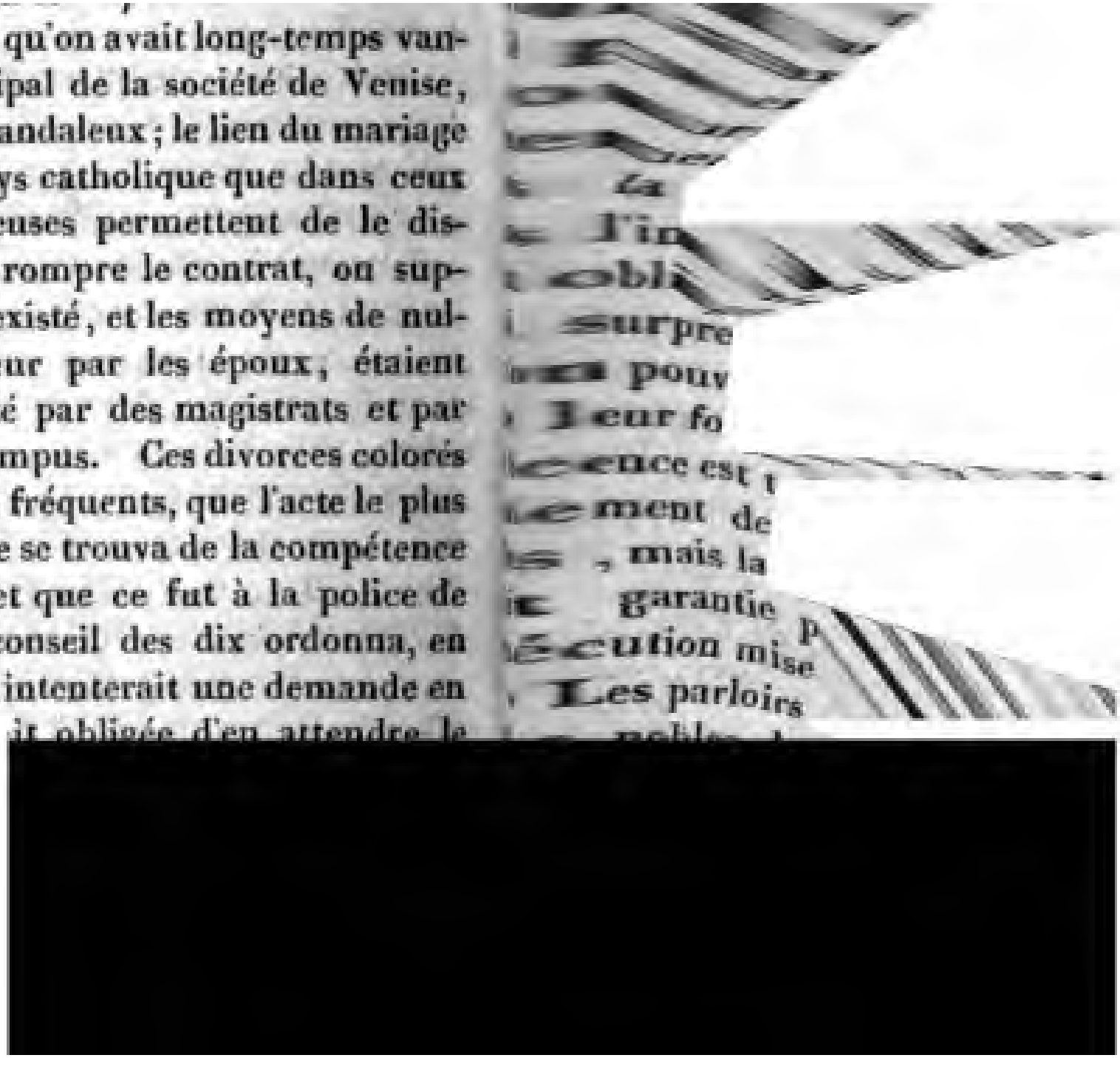
2dly, That Petrarch thought that
rage than conduct, « più di *coraggio*

3dly, That there was some jeal
Petrarch; for he says that Marino I
of the peace which he himself had

anni una falsa fama di sapienza.»—«he had
ped for so many years a false fame of wisdom;»
er a difficult task I should think. People are ge-
lly found out before eighty years of age, at least in a
blic.

om these, and the other historical notes which I
collected, it may be inferred, that Marino Faliero
essed many of the qualities, but not the success of
ro; and that his passions were too violent. The
y and ignorant account of Dr Moore falls to the
ud. Petrarch says, «that there had been no
ter agent in his times» (our times literally) «nostri

s, qu'on avait long-temps van-
icipal de la société de Venise,
scandaleux ; le lien du mariage
ays catholique que dans ceux
gieuses permettent de le dis-
r rompre le contrat, ou sup-
existé, et les moyens de nul-
deur par les époux, étaient
lité par des magistrats et par
ompus. Ces divorces colorés
si fréquents, que l'acte le plus
ile se trouva de la compétence
, et que ce fut à la police de
conseil des dix ordonna, en
il intenterait une demande en
it obligée d'en attendre le



t toujours
re cause
anciennes

emps van-
le Venise,
u mariage
dans ceux
de le dis-
t, on sup-
ns de nol-

« Il y eut un moment où sans doute le renversemen
des fortunes, la perte des jeunes gens, les discordes do
mestiques, déterminèrent le gouvernement à s'écarte
des maximes qu'il s'était faites sur la liberté de mœur
qu'il permettait à ses sujets : on chassa de Venise toute
les courtisanes. Mais leur absence ne suffisait pas pou
ramener aux bonnes mœurs toute une population élevé
dans la plus honteuse licence. Le désordre pénétr
dans l'intérieur des familles, dans les cloîtres ; et l'on s
crut obligé de rappeler, d'indemniser même des femme
qui surprenaient quelquefois d'importants secrets, e
qu'on pouvait employer utilement à punir des homme

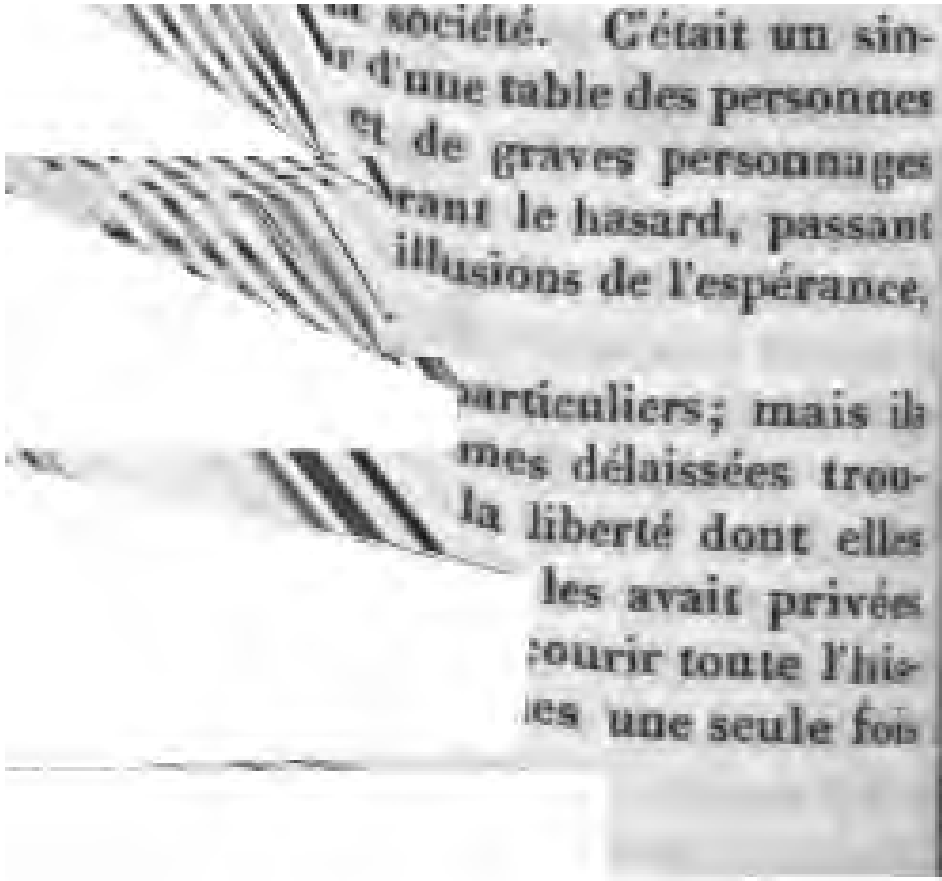
des angoisses ...
et cela sans proférer une parole.

« Les riches avaient des casins particuliers; mais ils y vivaient avec mystère; leurs femmes délaissées trouvaient un dédommagement dans la liberté dont elles jouissaient; la corruption des mœurs les avait privées de tout leur empire; on vient de parcourir toute l'histoire de Venise, et on ne les a pas vues une seule fois exercer la moindre influence. »

V.

Extract from the History of the Republic of Venice, by P. Daru, Member of the French Academy, vol. v, b. xxxv, p. 95, etc. Paris Edit. 1819.

« To these attacks, so frequently pointed by the ... the clergy, — to the continu...



société. C'était un sin-
d'une table des personnes
et de graves personnages
rant le hasard, passant
illusions de l'espérance,

particuliers; mais ils
mes délaissées trou-
la liberté dont elles
les avait privées
jouir toute l'his-
es une seule fois

of marriage was less sacre
than among those nations
admit of its being dissolv
break the contract, they fei
and the ground of nullity,
married pair, was admitted
and magistrates, alike corr
under another name, becan
important act of civil so
amenable to a tribunal of
the open scandal of such pr
of the police. In 1782 the
every woman who should
marriage should be compel

absence was not enough [illegible]
morals to a whole people brought up in the most scandalous licentiousness. Depravity reached the very bosom of private families, and even into the cloister; and the found themselves obliged to recal, and even to indemnify [1] women who sometimes gained possession of important secrets, and who might be usefully employed in the ruin of men whose fortunes might have rendered them dangerous. Since that time licentiousness has gone on increasing, and we have seen mothers, not only selling the innocence of their daughters, but selling it by a contract, authenticated by the signature of a public officer, and the performance of which was secured by the protection of the laws. [2]

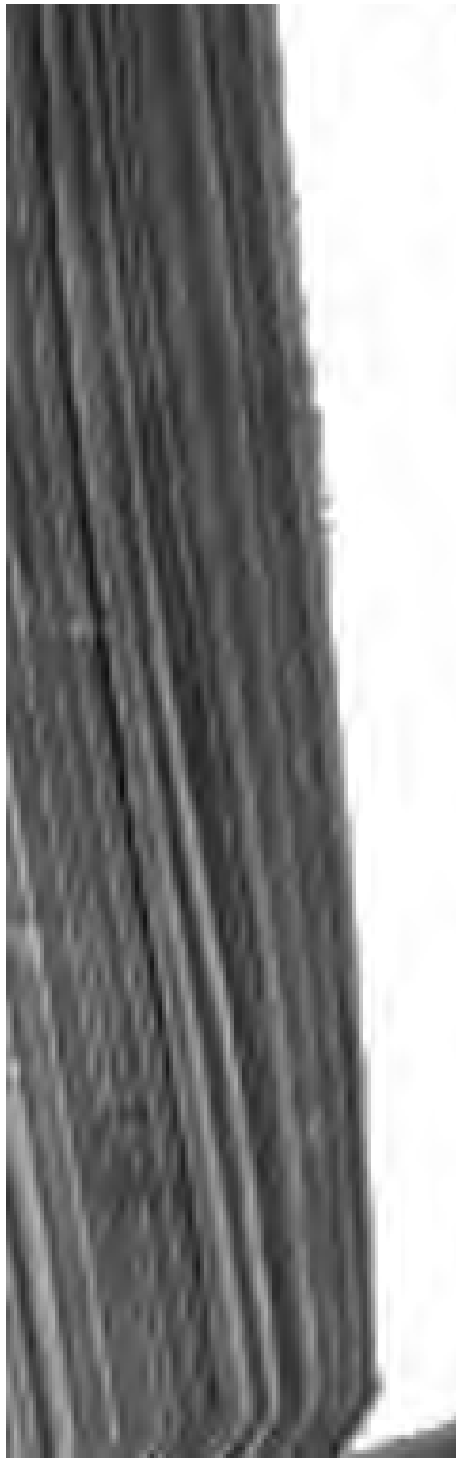
« The parlours of the convents of noble ladies, and the houses of the courtisans, though the police carefully kept up a number of spies about them, were the only assemblies for society in Venice; and in these two places, so different from each other, there was equal freedom. [illegible] gallantry were not more forbidden in

... of hope,

... ...ring a single word.

he rich had private casinos, but they lived *incog-*
n them; and the wives whom they abandoned found
ensation in the liberty they enjoyed. The cor-
on of morals had deprived them of their empire.
ave just reviewed the whole history of Venice,
ve have not once seen them exercise the slightest
nce.»

M the present decay and degeneracy of Venice
the barbarians, there are some honourable indi-
exceptions. There is Pasqualigo, the last, and,
osthumous son of the marriage of the Doges with
riatic, who fought his frigate with far greater
y than any of his French coadjutors in the me
e action off Lissa. I came home in the squadron
e prizes in 1811, and recollect to have heard Sir
Hoste, and the other officers engaged in that
conflict, speak in the high...



were born at least a hundred miles off, which, throug
out Italy, constitutes, if not a *foreigner, at least*
stranger (*forestiere*).

VI.

Extrait de l'ouvrage—Histoire littéraire d'Italie, p
P. L. Ginguéné, tom. ix. chap. xxxvi. p. 144. E
tion de Paris, MDCCCXIX.

« Il y a une prédiction fort singulière sur Venise : '
tu ne changes pas,' dit-il à cette république altière, '
liberté qui déjà s'enfuit, ne comptera pas un siècle ap
la millième année.'

« En faisant remonter l'époque de la liberté Vé
tienne jusqu'à l'établissement du gouvernement sous
quel la république a fleuri, on trouvera que l'électi
du premier Doge date de 697, et si l'on y ajoute
siècle après mille, c'est-à-dire onze cents ans, on tro
vera encore que le sens de la prédiction est littéra
ment celui-ci : 'Ta liberté ne comptera pas jusqu'à l'
1797.' Rappelez-vous maintenant que Venise a ce
d'être libre en l'an cinq de la République française,
en 1706 : vous verrez qu'il n'y eut jamais de prédicti

noterez donc comme très remarquables ces trois
e l'Alamanni, adressés à Venise, que personne
ant n'a remarqués :

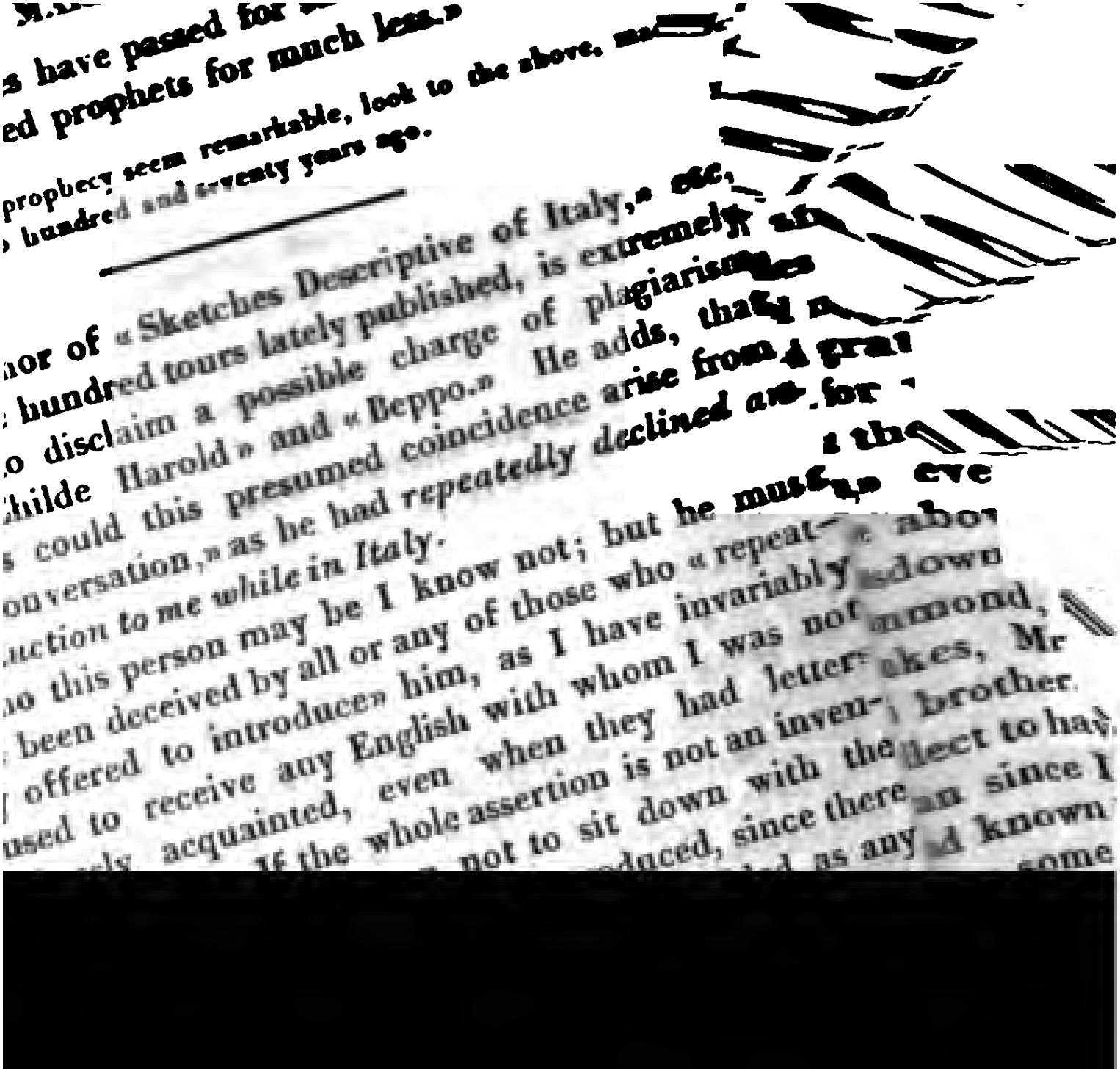
' Se non cangi pensier, l'un secol solo
Non conterà sopra 'l millesimo anno
Tua libertà, che va fuggendo a volo.'

les prophéties ont passé pour telles, et bien des
nt été appelés prophètes à meilleur marché.»

VII.

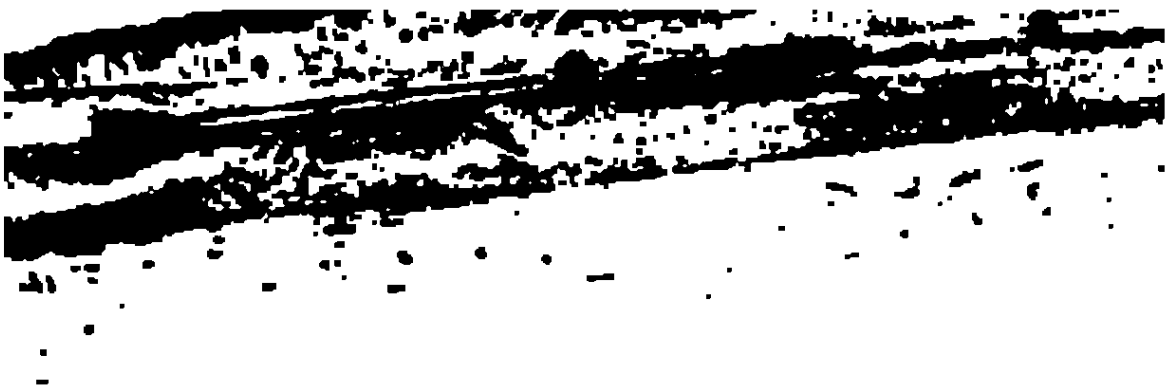
ct from the Literary History of Italy, by P. L.
guéné, vol. ix. p. 144. Paris Edit. 1819.

[redacted]



frequented by them is held), could amply testify, ere it worth while. I was persecuted by these tourists en to my riding ground at Lido, and reduced to the ost disagreeable circuits to avoid them. At Madame azoni's I repeatedly refused to be introduced to em;—of a thousand such presentations pressed upon e, I accepted two, and both were to Irish women.

I should hardly have descended to speak of such ifles publicly, if the impudence of this «sketcher» ad not forced me to a refutation of a disingenuous nd gratuitously impertinent assertion;—so meant to e, for what could it import to the reader to be told hat the author «had repeatedly declined an introduc-ion,» even had it been true, which for the reasons I ave above given, is scarcely possible. Except Lords ansdown, Jersey, and Lauderdale; Messrs Scott, Hammond, Sir Humphry Davy, the late M. Lewis, W. Bankes, Mr Hoppner, Thomas Moore, Lord Kinnaird, his brother, Mr Joy, and Mr Hobhouse, I do not re-collect to have exchanged a word with another English-



THE

WORKS

OF

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THE

WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON,

COMPRISING THE SUPPRESSED POEMS.

VOL. VII.

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SARDANAPALUS,

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

[redacted]

PREFACE.

In publishing the Tragedies of *Sardanapalus*, and of *The Two Foscari*, I have only to repeat that they were not composed with the most remote view to the stage

ADVERTISEMENT.

his tragedy it has been my intention to follow the
at of Diodorus Siculus, reducing it, however, to
ramatic regularity as I best could, and trying to
ach the unities. I therefore suppose the rebellion
lode and succeed in one day by a sudden con-
y, instead of the long war of the history.

DRAM

MEN.

SARDANAPALUS, *King of Nineveh and Assyria, etc.*
ARBACES, *the Mede who aspired to the Throne.*
BELESES, *a Chaldean and Soothsayer.*
SALEMENES, *the King's Brother-in-law.*
ALTADA, *an Assyrian Officer of the Palace.*
PANIA.
ZAMES.
SFERO.
BALEA.

WOMEN.

ZARINA, *the Queen.*
MYRRHA, *an Ionian female Slave, and the favouri*
of SARDANAPALUS.
Women composing the Harem of SARDANAPALUS, *Guar*
Attendants, Chaldean Priests, Medes, etc. etc

Scene—a Hall in the Royal Palace of Nineveh.

SARDANAPALUS.

ACT I.

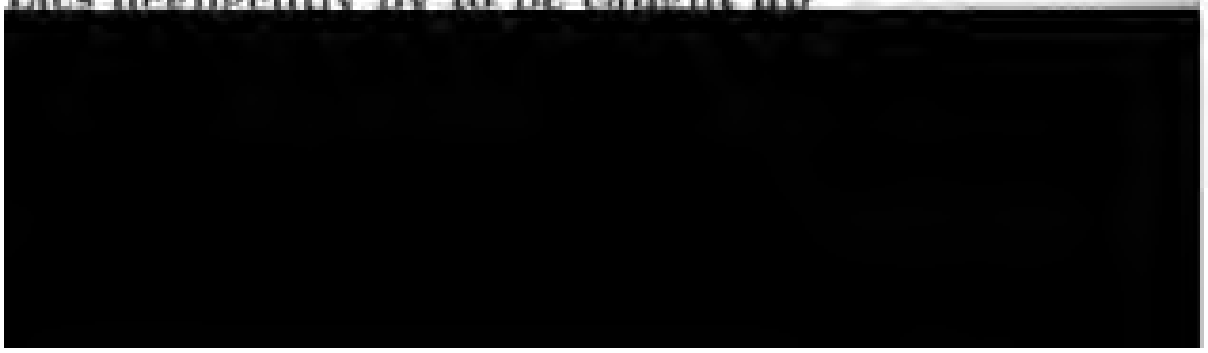
SCENE I.

A Hall in the Palace.

SALEMENES (*solus*).

h wrong'd his queen, but still he is her lord;
h wrong'd my sister, still he is my brother;
h wrong'd his people, still he is their sovereign,
must be his friend as well as subject;
st not perish thus. I will not see
ood of Nimrod and Semiramis

His sloth and shame, by only being that
Which he should be, as easily as the thing
He should not be and is. Were it less toil
To sway his nations than consume his life?
To head an army than to rule a harem?
He sweats in palling pleasures, dulls his soul,
And saps his goodly strength, in toils which yield n
Health like the chase, nor glory like the war—
He must be roused. Alas! there is no sound
[*Sound of soft music heard from wit*
To rouse him short of thunder. Hark! the lute,
The lyre, the timbrel; the lascivious tinklings
Of lulling instruments, the softening voices
Of women, and of beings less than women,
Must chime in to the echo of his revel,
While the great king of all we know of earth
Lolls crown'd with roses, and his diadem
Lies negligently by to be caught up



redeem
ing that
the thing
it less toil
ne his life?
harem?
ulls his soul,
toils which yield no
ike the war—
is no sound
eard from within
k! the lute,
inklings

SCENE II.

Enter SARDANAPALUS, *effeminately dr crowned with Flowers, and his Robe n ing, attended by a Train of Wom Slaves.*

SARDANAPALUS (*speaking to some of his*
Let the pavilion over the Euphrates
Be garlanded, and lit, and furnish'd fort
For an especial banquet; at the hour
Of midnight we will sup there: see noug
And bid the galley be prepared. There
A cooling breeze which crisps the broad

SAR

SARDANAPALUS.

pray thee say not so: my chiefest joy
Is to contribute to thine every wish.
I do not dare to breathe my own desire,
Lest it should clash with thine; for thou art still
Too prompt to sacrifice thy thoughts for others.

MYRRHA.

I would remain: I have no happiness
Save in beholding thine; yet——

SARDANAPALUS.

Yet! what YET
Thy own sweet will shall be the only barrier
Which ever rises betwixt thee and me.

MYRRHA.

I think the present is the wonted hour
Of council; it were better I retire.

SALEMENES (*comes forward and*

says well; let her retire.

ARDANAPALUS.

other?

MYRRHA.

Sire! your brother——

SALEMENES.

His *consort's* brother, minion of Ionia!
How darest *thou* name *me* and not blush?

SARDANAPALUS.

Not blush!
Thou hast no more eyes than heart to make her crimson
Like to the dying day on Caucasus,
Where sunset tints the snow with rosy shadows,
And then reproach her with thine own cold blindness,
Which will not see it. What, in tears, my Myrrha?

SALEMENES.

Let them flow on; she weeps for more than one,
And is herself the cause of bitterer tears.

SARDANAPALUS.

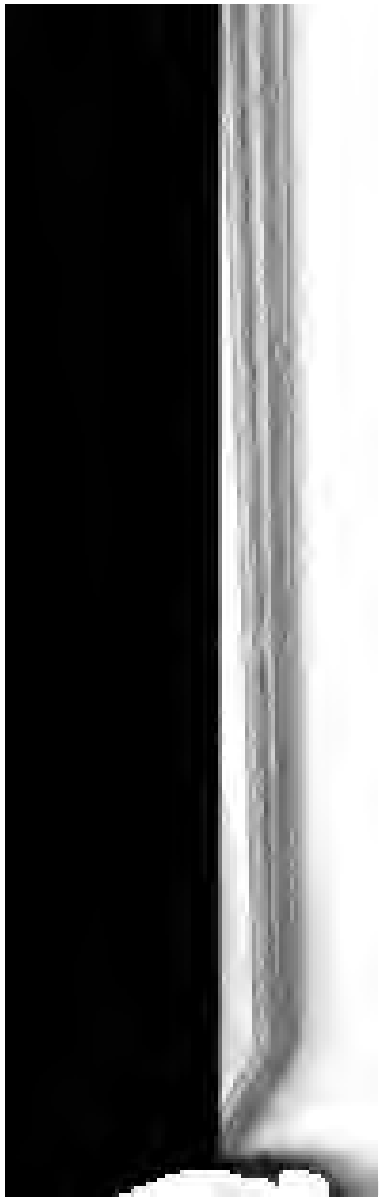
Cursed be he who caused those tears to flow!

SALEMENES.

Curse not thyself—millions do that already.

SARDANAPALUS.

Thou dost forget thee: make me not remember



'T is beyond
That easy, far too easy, idle nature,
Which I would urge thee. Oh that I could rouse t
Though 't were against myself.

SARDANAPALUS.

By the god Baal!
The man would make me tyrant.

SALEMENES.

So thou art.
Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice—
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury—
The negligence—the apathy—the evils
Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.

And those who should sustain it; so that whether
A foreign foe invade, or civil broil
Distract within, both will alike prove fatal:
The first thy subjects have no heart to conquer;
The last they rather would assist than vanquish.

SARDANAPALUS.

Why what makes thee the mouth-piece of the people?

SALEMENES.

Forgiveness of the queen, my sister's wrongs;
A natural love unto my infant nephews;
Faith to the king, a faith he may need shortly,
In more than words; respect for Nimrod's line;
Also, another thing thou knowest not.

SARDANAPALUS.

What 's that?

SALEMENES.

To thee an unknown word.

SARDANAPALUS.

SARDANAPALUS.

Come, I' m indulgent as thou knowest,
As thou hast often proved—speak out, w

SALEMENES.

Thy peril.

SARDANAPALUS.

Say on.

SALEMENES.

Thus, then : all the nat
For they are many, whom thy father left
In heritage, are loud in wrath against the

SARDANAPALUS.

'Gainst *me!* What would the slaves?

SALEMENES.

A kin

SALEMENES.

Of the first,

lore than is glorious; of the last far less

'han the king recks of.

SARDANAPALUS.

Whose then is the crime,

ut the false satraps, who provide no better?

SALEMENES.

nd somewhat in the monarch who ne'er looks

eyond his palace walls, or if he stirs

eyond them, 't is but to some mountain palace,

'ill summer heats wear down. O glorious Baal!

Why, like a *man*—a hero; baffled, l
Not vanquish'd. With but twenty g
Good her retreat to Bactria.

SARDANAPALUS.

And how
Left she behind in India to the vultu

SALEMENES.

Our annals say not.

SARDANAPALUS.

Then I will say
That she had better woven within h
Some twenty garments, than with tw
Have fled to Bactria, leaving to the r
And wolves, and men—the fiercer o
Her myriads of fond subjects. Is th
Then let me live in ignominy ever.

SALEMENES.

All warlike spirits have not the same
Semiramis, the glorious parent of

SARDANAPALUS.

There was a certain Bacchus, was there not?
I've heard my Greek girls speak of such—they say
He was a god, that is, a Grecian god,
An idol foreign to Assyria's worship,
Who conquer'd this same golden realm of Ind
Thou praiest of, where Semiramis was vanquish'd.

SALEMENES.

I have heard of such a man; and thou perceivest
That he is deem'd a god for what he did.

SARDANAPALUS.

And in his godship I will honour him—

And skirts of these our realms lie not, this Bacchus
Conquer'd the whole of India, did he not?

SALEMENES.

He did, and thence was deem'd a deity.

SARDANAPALUS.

Not so:—of all his conquests a few columns,
Which may be his, and might be mine, if I
Thought them worth purchase and conveyance, are
The landmarks of the seas of gore he shed,
The realms he wasted, and the hearts he broke.
But here, here in this goblet is his title
To immortality—the immortal grape
From which he first express'd the soul, and gave
To gladden that of man, as some atonement
For the victorious mischiefs he had done.
Had it not been for this, he would have been
A mortal still in name as in his grave;
And, like my ancestor Semiramis,

And Fear her danger; opens a new world
When this, the present, palls. Well, then *I* pledge thee
And *him* as a true man, who did his utmost
In good or evil to surprise mankind. [*Drinks.*

SALEMENES.

Wilt thou resume a revel at this hour?

SARDANAPALUS.

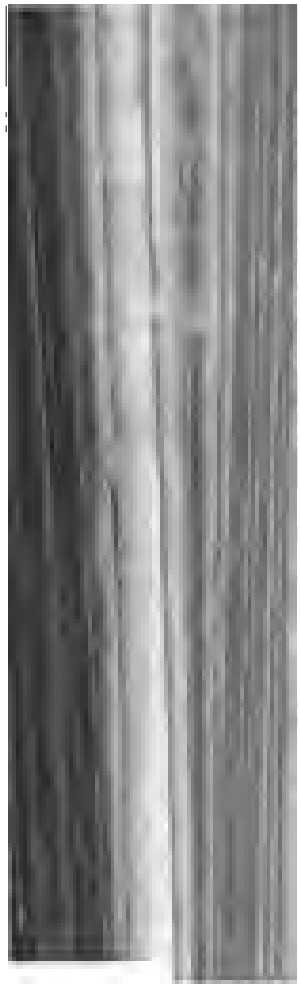
And if I did, 't were better than a trophy,
Being bought without a tear. But that is not
My present purpose: since thou wilt not pledge me,
Continue what thou pleasest.
(*To the Cupbearer*) Boy, retire.
[*Exit Cupbearer.*

SALEMENES.

I would but have recall'd thee from thy dream:
Better by me awaken'd than rebellion.

SARDANAPALUS.

Who should rebel? or why? what cause? pretext?
I am the lawful king, descended from



And loved her as most husbands
If she or thou supposedst I could
Like a Chaldean peasant to his r
Ye knew nor me, nor monarchs

SALEMENES

I pray thee, change the theme; r
Complaint, and Salemenes' sister
Reluctant love even from Assyria
Nor would she deign to accept d
With foreign strumpets and Ioni
The queen is silent.

SARDANAPAL

And why no

SALEMENES

I only echo thee the voice of em
Which he who long partakes not

SALEMENES.

Yet these are trophies
More worthy of a people and their prince
Than songs, and lutes, and feasts, and concubines,
And lavish'd treasures, and contemned virtues.

SARDANAPALUS.

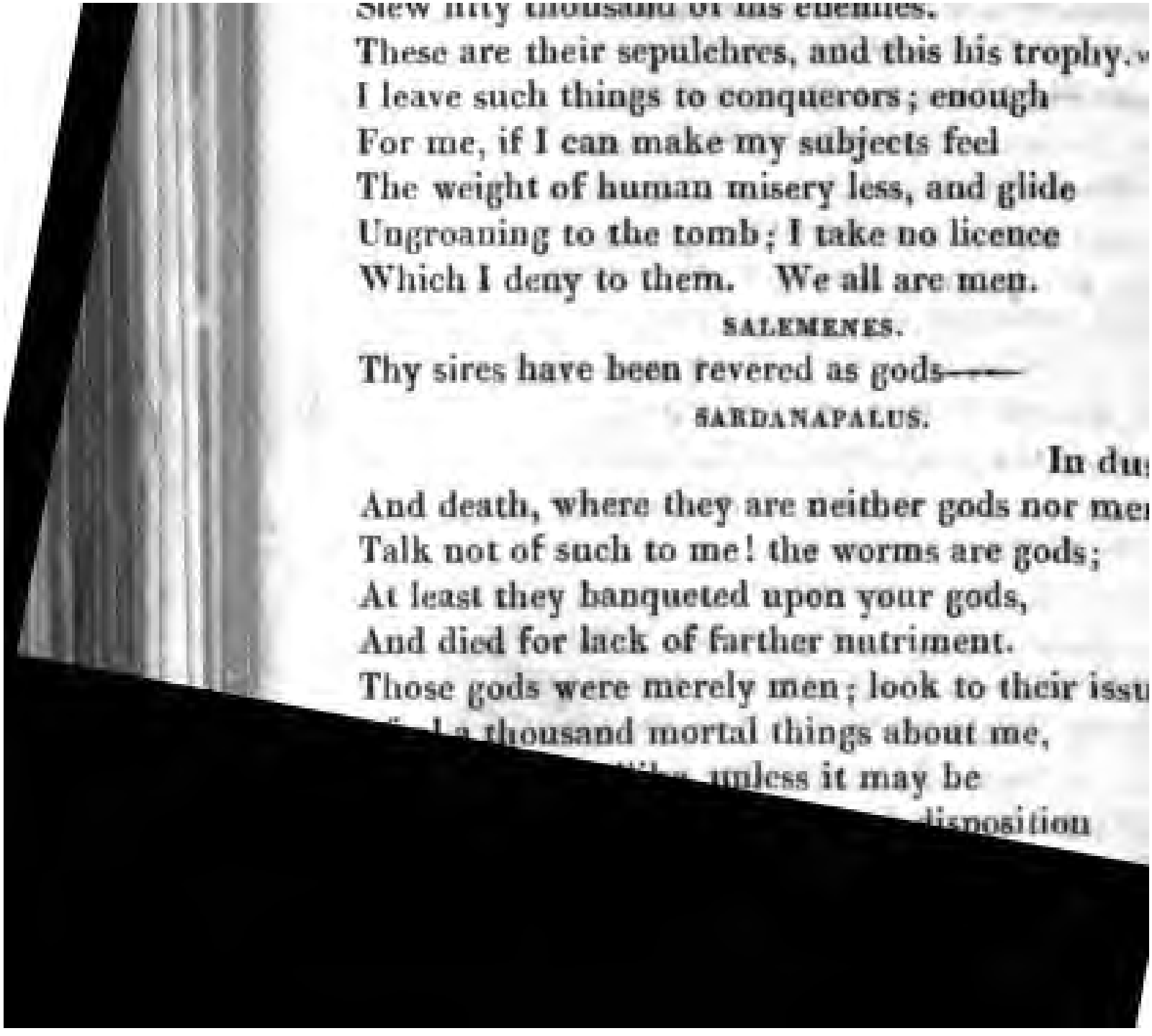
Or for my trophies I have founded cities:
There 's Tarsus and Anchialus, both built
In one day—what could that blood-loving beldame,
My martial grandam, chaste Semiramis,
Do more, except destroy them?

SALEMENES.

'T is most true;
I own thy merit in those founded cities,
Built for a whim, recorded with a verse
Which shames both them and thee to coming ages.

SARDANAPALUS.

Shame me! By Baal, the cities, though well built,



Slew fifty thousand of his enemies.
These are their sepulchres, and this his trophy.
I leave such things to conquerors; enough
For me, if I can make my subjects feel
The weight of human misery less, and glide
Ungroaning to the tomb; I take no licence
Which I deny to them. We all are men.

SALEMENES.

Thy sires have been revered as gods——

SARDANAPALUS.

In du
And death, where they are neither gods nor me
Talk not of such to me! the worms are gods;
At least they banqueted upon your gods,
And died for lack of farther nutriment.
Those gods were merely men; look to their issu
a thousand mortal things about me,
unless it may be
disposition

SARDANAPALUS.

What dost dread?

SALEMENES.

Thou art guarded by thy foes: in a few hours
The tempest may break out which overwhelms thee,
And thine and mine; and in another day
What *is* shall be the past of Belus' race.

SARDANAPALUS.

What must we dread?

SALEMENES.

Ambitious treachery,
Which has environ'd thee with snares; but yet
There is resource: empower me with thy signet
To quell the machinations, and I lay
The heads of thy chief foes before thy feet.

SARDANAPALUS.

The heads—how many?

SALEMENES.

Must I stay to number
When even thine own 's in peril? Let me go;

SARDANAPALU

Thou knowest I have

Take thou the signet.

SALEMENES.

I have on

SARDANAPALUS

Name it.

SALEMENES.

That thou this night forbear the b
In the pavilion over the Euphrates.

SARDANAPALUS.

Forbear the banquet! Not for all
That ever shook a kingdom! Let t
And do their worst: I shall not ble
Nor rise the sooner; nor forbear th
Nor crown me with

And now I think on 't, 't is long since I 've used them,
Even in the chase. Hast ever seen them, brother?

SALEMENES.

Is this a time for such fantastic trifling?—
If need be, wilt thou wear them?

SARDANAPALUS.

Will I not?—
Oh! if it must be so, and these rash slaves
Will not be ruled with less, I 'll use the sword
Till they shall wish it turn'd into a distaff.

SALEMENES.

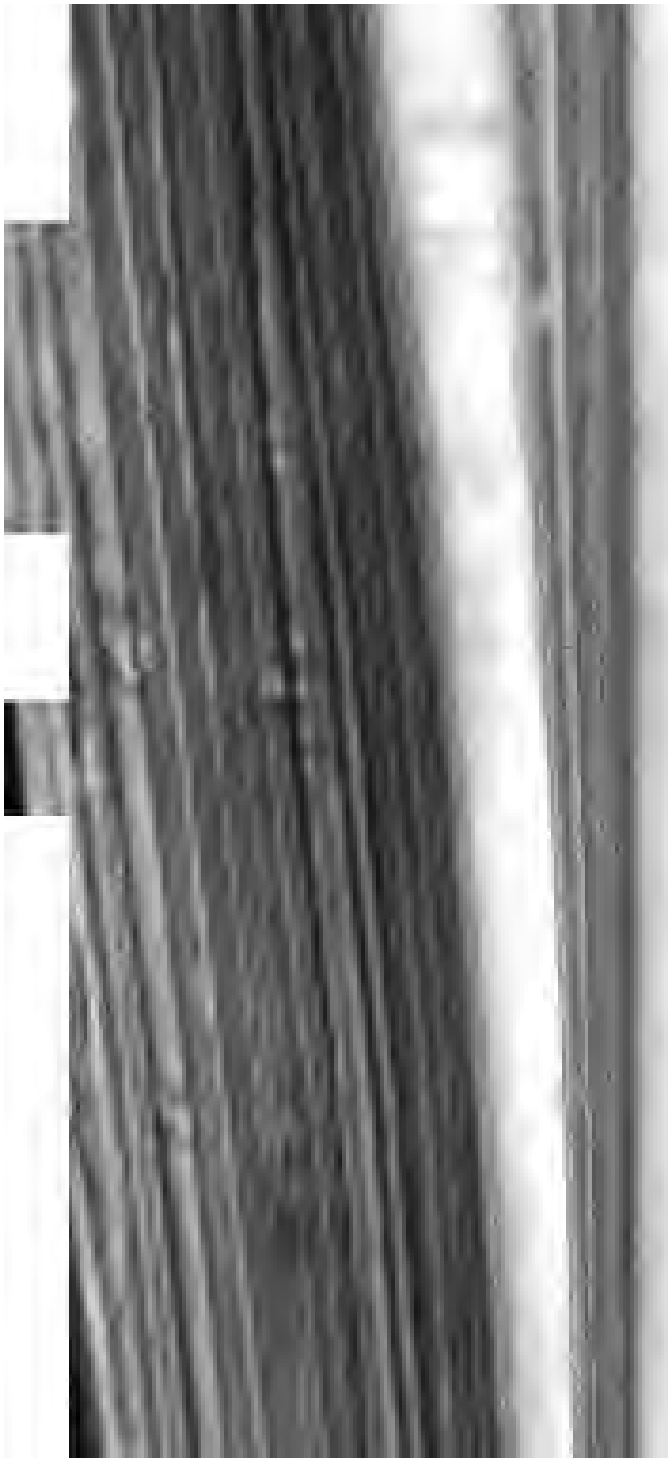
They say, thy sceptre 's turn'd to that already.

SARDANAPALUS.

That 's false! but let them say so: the old Greeks,
Of whom our captives often sing, related
The same of their chief hero, Hercules,
Because he loved a Lydian queen: thou seest
The populace of all the nations seize
Each calumny they can to sink their sovereigns.

SALEMENES.

Thou did'st not speak thus of thy fathers



And better, as more faithful:—but, proc
Thou hast my signet:—since they are tu
Let them be temper'd; yet not roughly,
Necessity enforce it. I hate all pain,
Given or received; we have enough with
The meanest vassal as the loftiest monar
Not to add to each other's natural burth
Of mortal misery, but rather lessen,
By mild reciprocal alleviation,
The fatal penalties imposed on life;
But this they know not, or they will not
I have, by Baal! done all I could to sooth
I made no wars, I added no new impost
I interfered not with their civic lives,
I let them pass their days as best might
Passing my own as suited me.

SALEMENES.

Thou stop
Short of the duties of a king; and theref
They say thou art unfit to be a monarch

SARDANAPALUS.

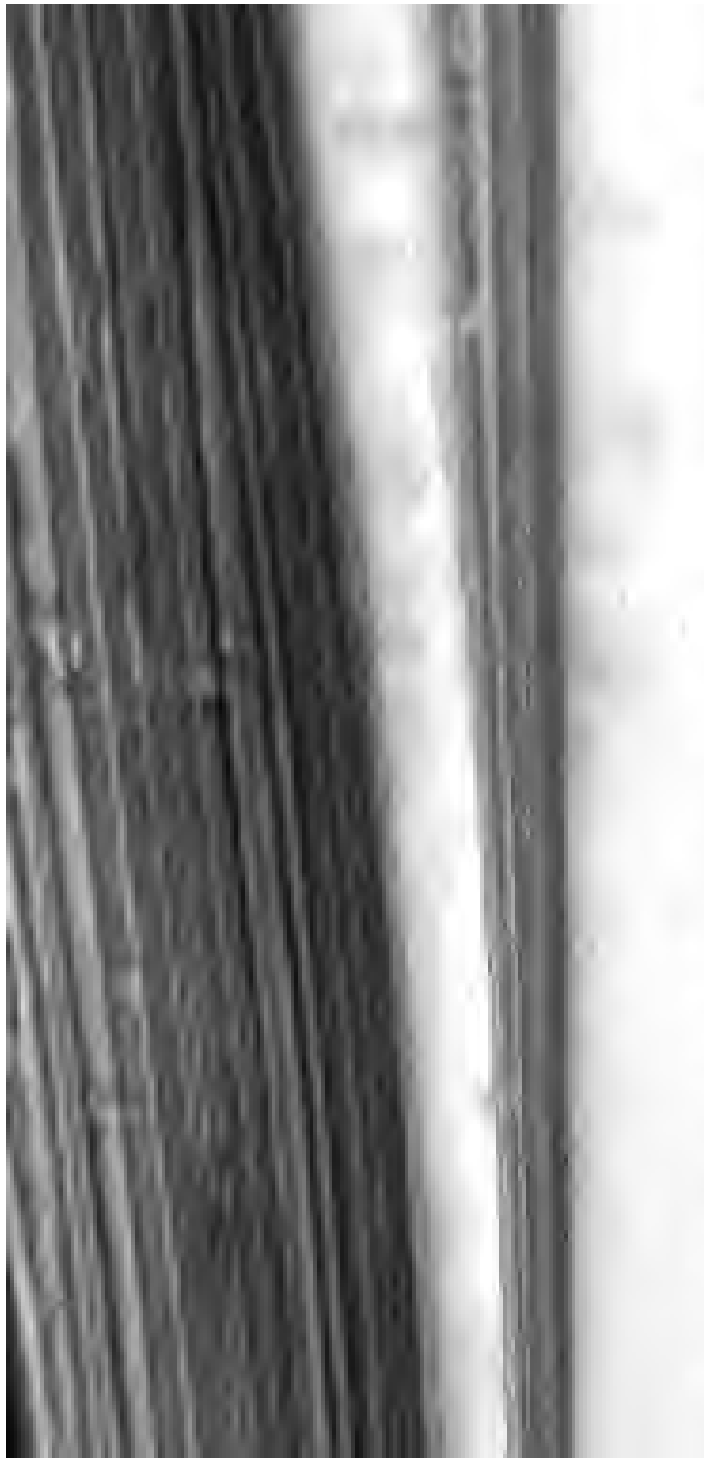
They lie.—Unhappily, I am unfit
To be aught save a monarch; else for m

SALEMENES.

There is one Mede, at least, who seeks to b

SARDANAPALUS.

What mean'st thou?—'t is thy secret; thou
Few questions, and I 'm not of curious na
Take the fit steps; and, since necessity
Requires, I sanction and support thee. N
Was man who more desired to rule in pea
The peaceful only; if they rouse me, bette
They had conjured up stern Nimrod from
« The mighty hunter. » I will turn these r
To one wide desert chase of brutes, who w



Before my hour, to live in dread of
Tracing revolt: suspecting all abou
Because they are near; and all wh
Because they are far. But if it sho
If they should sweep me off from
Why, what is earth or empire of th
I have loved, and lived, and multip
To die is no less natural than those
Acts of this clay! 'T is true I have
Blood, as I might have done, in oc
My name became the synonyme of
A terror and a trophy. But for th
I feel no penitence; my life is love:
If I must shed blood, it shall be by
Till now no drop from an Assyrian
Hath flow'd for me, nor hath the s
Of Nineveh's vast treasures e'er bec
On objects which could cost her so
If then they hate me, 't is because
If they rebel, it is because I oppres
Oh, men! ye must be ruled with s
And mow'd down like the grass, el
Is rank abundance, and a rotten h

I'll think no more.—— Within there, ho!

Enter an ATTENDANT.

SARDANAPALUS.

Slave, tell
The Ionian Myrrha we would crave her presence.

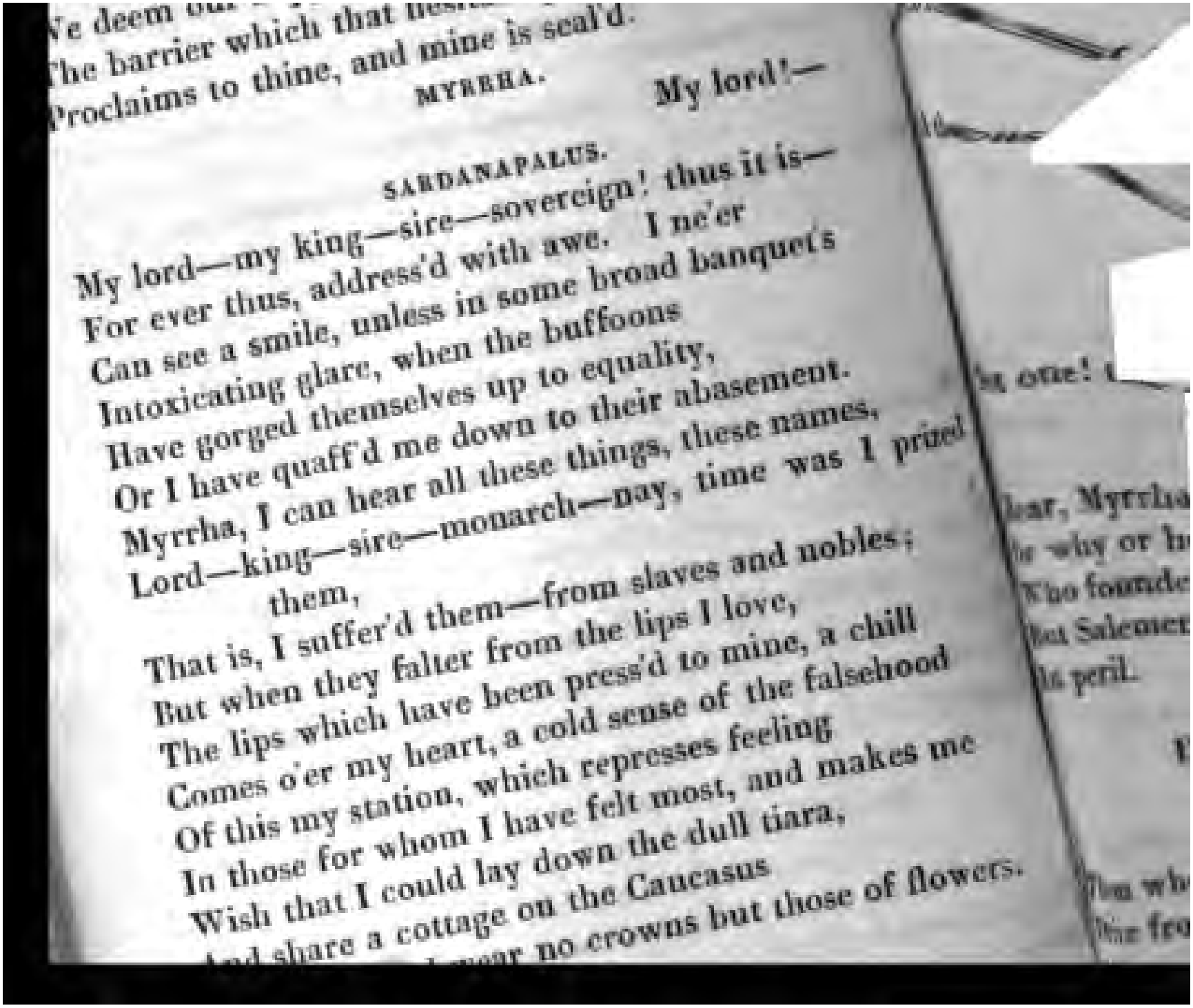
ATTENDANT.

King, she is here.

MYRRHA *enters.*

SARDANAPALUS (*apart to attendant*).

Away!
(*Addressing* MYRRHA.) Beautiful being!
Thou dost almost anticipate my heart;
It throbb'd for thee, and here thou comest: let me



e deem ou
he barrier which that
roclaims to thine, and mine is seal'd.

MYRRHA.

My lord!—

SARDANAPALUS.

My lord—my king—sire—sovereign! thus it is—
For ever thus, address'd with awe. I ne'er
Can see a smile, unless in some broad banquet's
Intoxicating glare, when the buffoons
Have gorged themselves up to equality,
Or I have quaff'd me down to their abasement.
Myrrha, I can hear all these things, these names,
Lord—king—sire—monarch—nay, time was I prized
them,
That is, I suffer'd them—from slaves and nobles;
But when they falter from the lips I love,
The lips which have been press'd to mine, a chill
Comes o'er my heart, a cold sense of the falsehood
Of this my station, which represses feeling
In those for whom I have felt most, and makes me
Wish that I could lay down the dull tiara,
And share a cottage on the Caucasus
wear no crowns but those of flowers.

MYRRHA.

The true value of a heart;

st a woman's.

SARDANAPALUS.

I have proved a thousand—

usand, and a thousand.

MYRRHA.

Hearts?

SARDANAPALUS.

I think so.

MYRRHA.

ne! the time may come thou may'st.

SARDANAPALUS.

It will.

Myrrha; Salemenes has declared—

ıy or how he hath divined it, Belus,

founded our great realm, knows more than I—

alemenes hath declared my throne

il.

A maze of mutter'd threats and
Thou know'st the man—it is his
But he is honest. Come, we 'll th
But of the midnight festival.

MYRRHA.

'T
To think of aught save festivals.
Spurn'd his sage cautions ?

SARDANAPALU
What !-

MYRRHA.

Fear !—I 'm a Greek, and how sho
A slave, and wherefore should I di

SARDANAPALUS.

Then wherefore dost thou turn so

MYRRHA

[illegible] who is he should dread
[illegible]? When he who is their ruler
[illegible], will they remember him?

SARDANAPALUS.

MYRRHA.

Frown not upon me: you have smiled
[illegible] me not to make those frowns
o bear than any punishment
ey may augur.—King, I am your subject!
am your slave! Man, I have loved you!—
, I know not by what fatal weakness,
a Greek, and born a foe to monarchs—
nd hating fetters—an Ionian,
efore, when I love a stranger, more
by that passion than by chains!
[illegible]

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's br
Your first small words are taught you from l
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your la
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing
When men have shrunk from the ignoble ca
Of watching the last hour of him who led the

SARDANAPALUS.

My eloquent Ionian! thou speak'st music,
The very chorus of the tragic song
I have heard thee talk of as the favourite pas
Of thy far father-land. Nay, weep not—calm

MYRRHA.

I weep not.—But I pray thee, do not speak
About my fathers or their land.

SARDANAPALUS.

Yet oft
Thou speakest of them.

I live in peace and pleasure: what can man
Do more?

MYRRHA.

Alas! my lord, with common men
There needs too oft the show of war to keep
The substance of sweet peace; and for a king,
'T is sometimes better to be fear'd than loved.

SARDANAPALUS.

And I have never sought but for the last.

MYRRHA.

And now art neither.

SARDANAPALUS.

Dost *thou* say so, Myrrha?

MYRRHA.

I speak of civic popular love, *self* love,
Which means that men are kept in awe and law,
Yet not oppress'd—at least they must not think so;
Or if they think so, deem it necessary,

They are so blotted o er with blood, I cannot.
But what wouldst have? the empire *has been* founded
I cannot go on multiplying empires.

MYRRHA.

Preserve thine own.

SARDANAPALUS.

At least I will enjoy it.
Come, Myrrha, let us on to the Euphrates;
The hour invites, the galley is prepared,
And the pavilion, deck'd for our return,
In fit adornment for the evening banquet,
Shall blaze with beauty and with light, until
It seems unto the stars which are above us
Itself an opposite star; and we will sit
Crown'd with fresh flowers like——

MYRRHA.

Victims.

SARDANAPALUS.

ief.

PANIA.

I am charged by Salemenes to
rate his prayer unto the king,
for this day, at least, he will not quit
palace: when the general returns,
ill adduce such reasons as will warrant
laring, and perhaps obtain the pardon
is presumption.

SARDANAPALUS.

What! am I then coop'd?
dy captive? can I not even breathe
breath of heaven? Tell prince Salemenes,
all Assyria raging round the walls
utinous myriads, I would still go forth.

PANIA.

st obey, and yet——

MYRRHA.

Oh, monarch, listen.—

MYRRHA.

For the sake of thy realm!

SARDANAPALUS.

Away!

PANIA.

For that
Of all thy faithful subjects, who will rally
Round thee and thine.

SARDANAPALUS.

These are mere phantasies;
There is no peril:—'t is a sullen scheme
Of Salemenes, to approve his zeal,
And show himself more necessary to us.

MYRRHA.

By all that's good and glorious, take this counsel.

SARDANAPALUS.

Business to-morrow.

MYRRHA.

Ay, or death to-night.

SARDANAPALUS.

Why, let it come, then, unexpectedly,

'Midst joy and gentleness, and mirth and love;
So let me fall like the pluck'd rose!—far better
'Thus than be wither'd.

MYRRHA.

Then thou wilt not yield,
Even for the sake of all that ever stirr'd
A monarch into action, to forego
A trifling revel.

SARDANAPALUS.

No.

MYRRHA.

Then yield for *mine*;

And if I do not dread it, why shouldst thou?

MYRRHA.

Because *thou* dost not fear, I fear for thee.

SARDANAPALUS.

To-morrow thou wilt smile at these vain fancies.

MYRRHA.

If the worst come, I shall be where none weep,
And that is better than the power to smile.
And thou?

SARDANAPALUS.

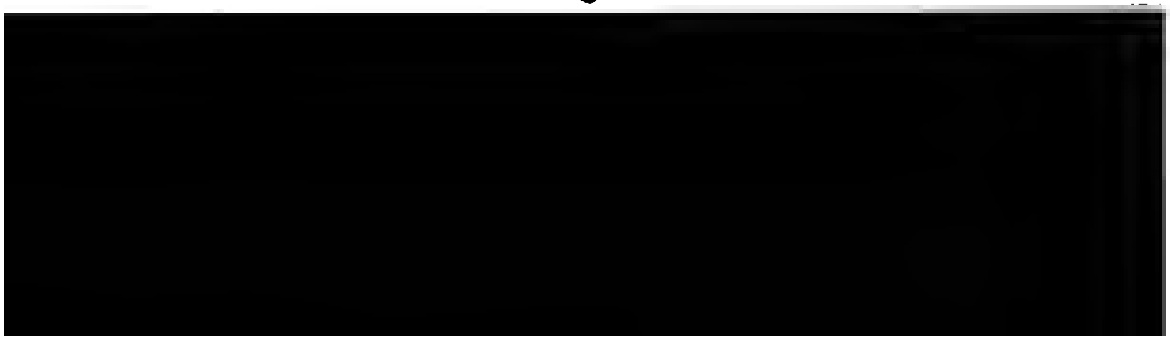
I shall be king, as heretofore.

MYRRHA.

Where?

SARDANAPALUS.

With Baal, Nimrod, and Semiramis,
Sole in Assyria, or with them elsewhere.
Fate made me what I am—may make me nothing
But either that or nothing must I be:

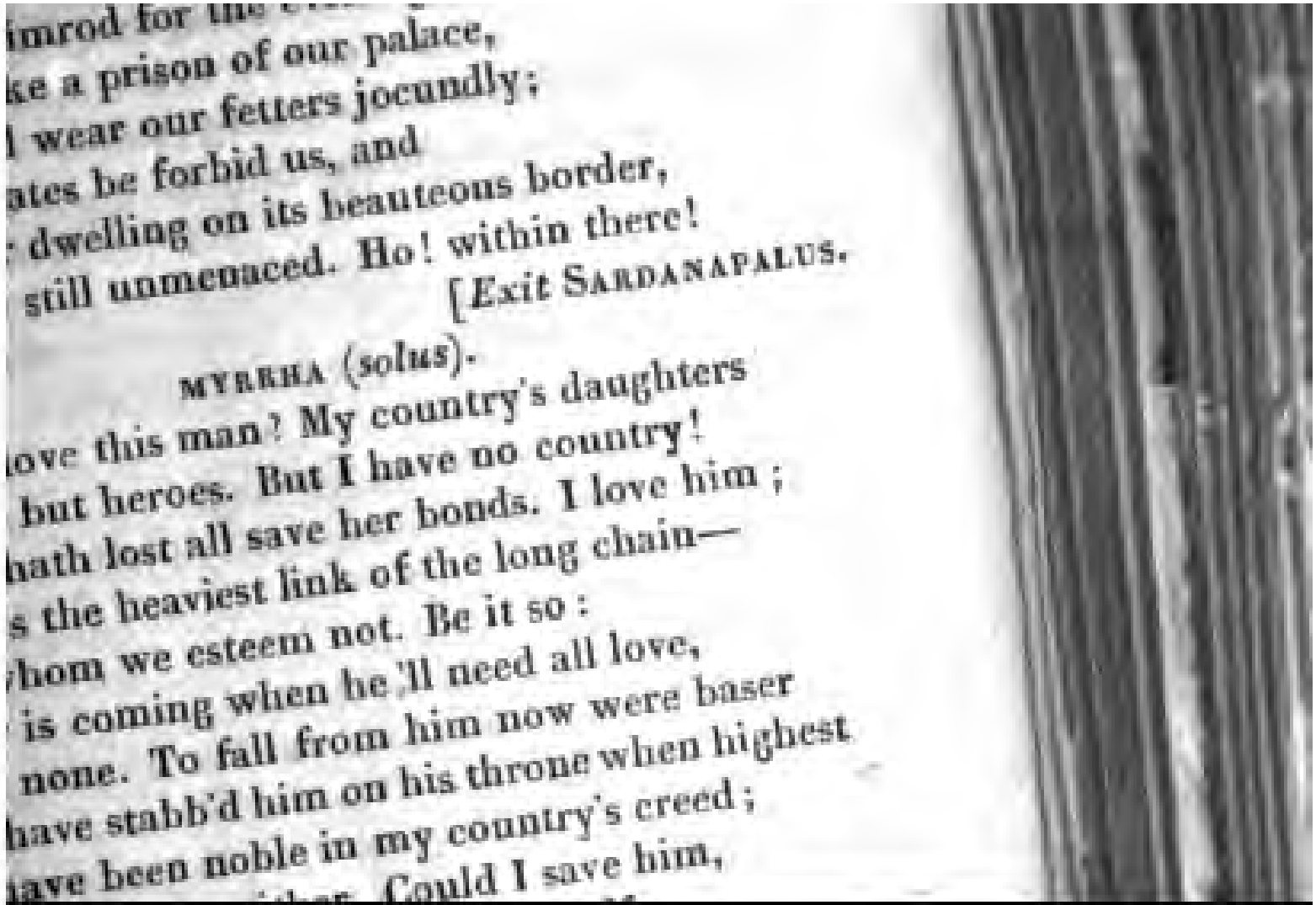


imrod for the
ke a prison of our palace,
l wear our fetters jocundly;
ates be forbid us, and
dwelling on its beauteous border,
still unmenaced. Ho! within there!

[*Exit* SARDANAPALUS.

MYRRHA (*solus*).

love this man? My country's daughters
but heroes. But I have no country!
hath lost all save her bonds. I love him;
s the heaviest link of the long chain—
whom we esteem not. Be it so:
is coming when he 'll need all love,
none. To fall from him now were baser
have stabb'd him on his throne when highest
have been noble in my country's creed;
Could I save him,



Her master, and would free him from his vices.
If not, I have a means of freedom still,
And if I cannot teach him how to reign,
May show him how alone a king can leave
His throne. I must not lose him from my sight.

[

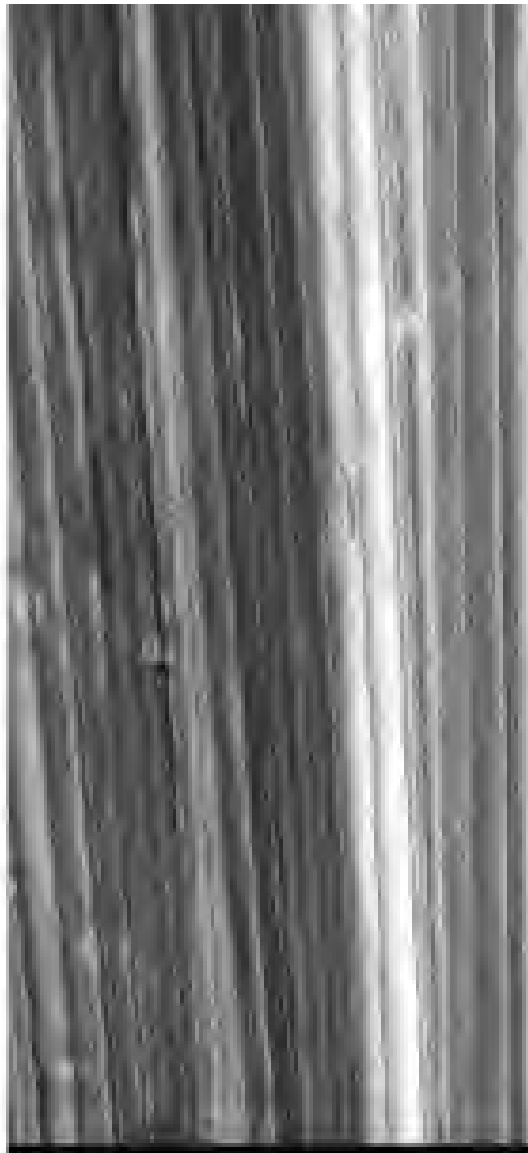
ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Portal of the same Hall of the Palace.

BELESES (*solus*).

The sun goes down; methinks he sets more slowly,
Taking his last look of Assyria's empire.
How red he glares amongst those deepening clouds,
Like the blood he predicts. If not in vain,
Thou sun that sinkest, and ye stars which rise,
I have outwatch'd ye, reading ray by ray
The edicts of your orbs, which make Time tremble
For what he brings the nations, 't is the furthest
Hour of Assyria's years. And yet how calm!
An earthquake should announce so great a fall—
A summer's sun discloses it. Yon disk,
To the star-read Chaldean, bears upon
Its everlasting page the end of what
Seem'd everlasting; but oh! thou true sun!
The burning oracle of all that live,



And asked of thee, and thou hast answ
Only to thus much: while I speak, he s
Is gone—and leaves his beauty, not his
To the delighted west, which revels in
Its hues of dying glory. Yet what is
Death, so it be but glorious? 'T is a su
And mortals may be happy to resemble
The gods but in decay.

Enter ARBACES, *by an inner*

ARBACES.

Beleses, why
So wrapt in thy devotions? Dost thou
Gazing to trace thy disappearing god
Into some realm of undiscover'd day?
Our business is with night—'t is come.

BELESES.

BELESES.

I do not doubt of victory—but the victor.

ARBACES.

Well, let thy science settle that. Meantime,
I have prepared as many glittering spears
As will out-sparkle our allies—your planets.
There is no more to thwart us. The she-king,
That less than woman, is even now upon
The waters with his female mates. The order
Is issued for the feast in the pavilion.
The first cup which he drains will be the last
Quaff'd by the line of Nimrod.

BELESES.

'T was a brave one.

ARBACES.

And is a weak one—'t is worn out—we 'll mend it.

Look to the sky:

ARBACES.

I look.

BELESES.

thou?

ARBACES.

A fair summer's twilight, and
ing of the stars.

BELESES.

And midst them, mark
est, and the brightest, which so quivers,
uld quit its place in the blue ether.

ARBACES.

BELESES.

'T is thy natal ruler—thy birth planet.
(touching his *scabbard*).
it shines,

ARBACES.

As firm in fight as Babylonia's captain,
As skilful in Chaldea's worship; now,
Will it but please thee to forget the priest,
And be the warrior?

No; I own t

BELESES.

Why not both?

ARBACES.

And yet it almost shames me, we shall have
So little to effect. This woman's warfare
Degrades the very conqueror. To
A bold and bloody

The better

ARBACES.

But not their king.

Besides, he hates the effeminate thing that governs,
For the queen's sake, his sister. Mark you not
He keeps aloof from all the revels?

BELESES.

But

Not from the council—there he is ever constant.

ARBACES.

And ever thwarted; what would you have more
To make a rebel out of? A fool reigning,
His blood dishonour'd, and himself disdain'd;
Why, it is *his* revenge we work for.

BELESES.

Could

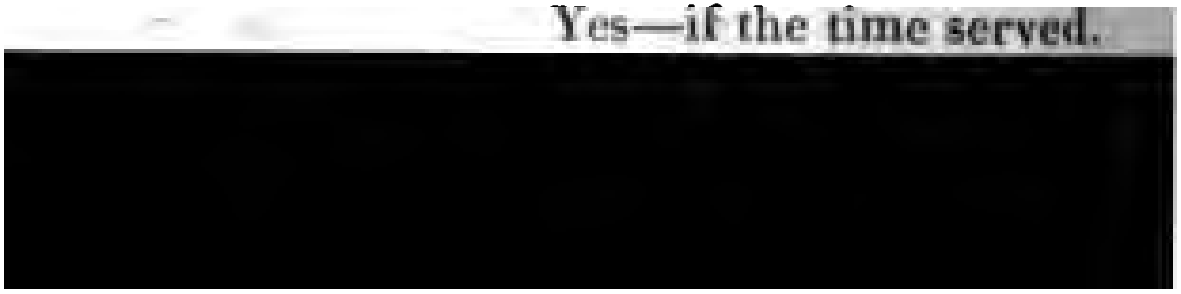
He but be brought to think so: this I doubt of.

ARBACES.

What if we sound him?

BELESES.

Yes—if the time served.



BALEA.

DOW.

ARBACES.

And why!

BALEA.

I know not.

re?

ARBACES.

Stay.

BELESES (*to* ARBACES *aside*).

Hush! let him go his way.

tely to BALEA.)

a, thank the monarch, kiss the hem

perial robe, and say, his slaves

the crumbs he deigns to scatter from

table at the hour—was 't midnight?

BALEA.

place, the Hall of Nimrod. Lords,

And he loved his queen—
And thrice a thousand harlotry besides—
And he has loved all things by turns, except
Wisdom and glory.

ARBACES.

Still—I like it not.
If he has changed—why so must we! the attack
Were easy in the isolated bower,
Beset with drowsy guards and drunken courtiers;
But in the Hall of Nimrod——

BELESES.

Is it so?
Methought the haughty soldier fear'd to mount
A throne too easily: does it disappoint thee
To find there is a slipperier step or two
Than what was counted on?

ARBACES.

When the hour comes,
Thou shalt perceive how far I fear or no.

—NES.

My prince!

BELESES.

SALEMENES.

Well met—I sought ye both,
elsewhere than the palace.

ARBACES.

ot the hour.

SALEMENES.

Wherefore so?

ARBACES.

The hour—what hour?

SALEMENES.

, my lord!

BELESES.

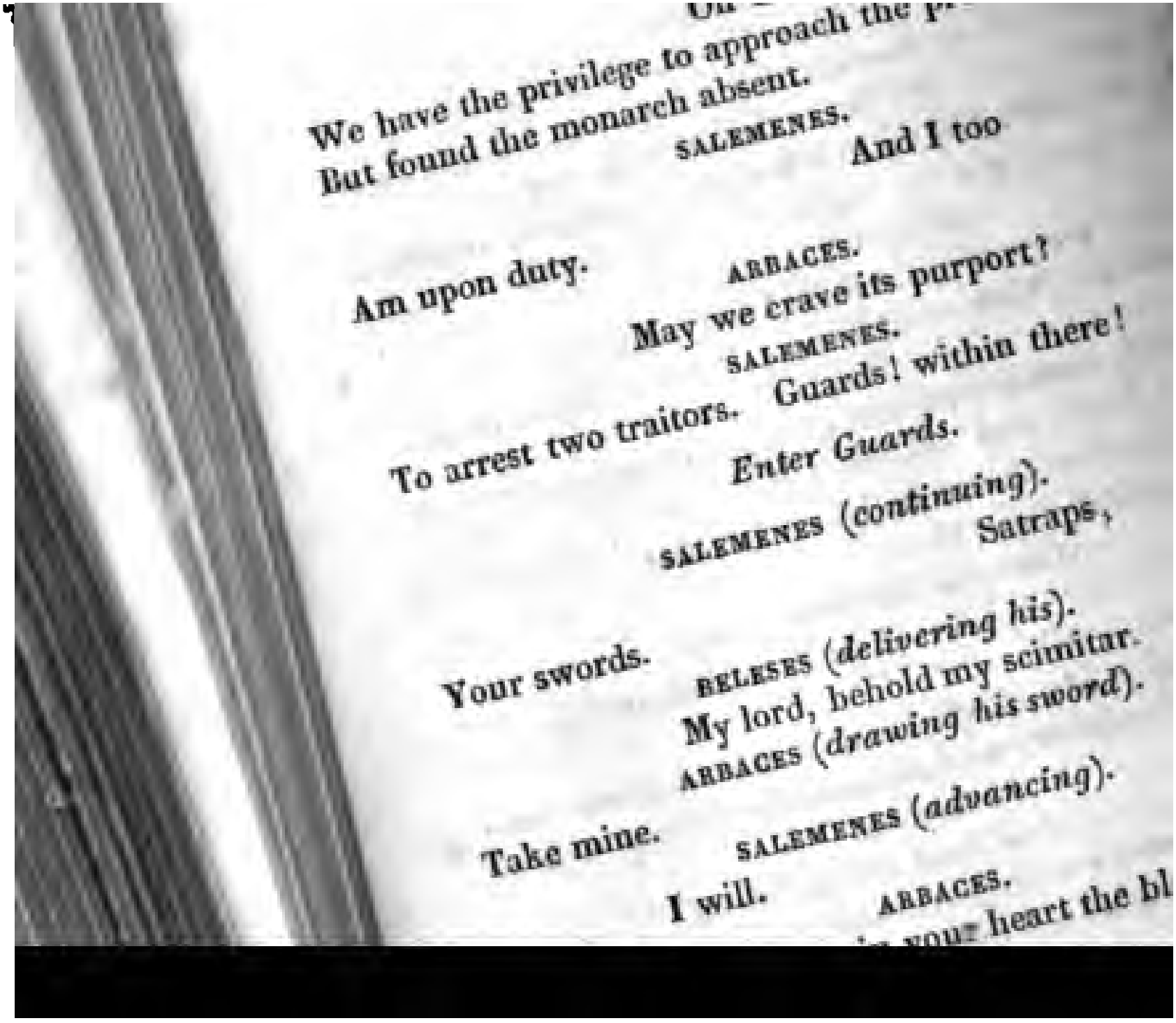
Of midnight.

SALEMENES.

What, are you not invited?

BELESES.

ve had forgotten.



We have the privilege to approach the
But found the monarch absent.

SALEMENES.

And I too

Am upon duty.

ARBACES.

May we crave its purport?

SALEMENES.

To arrest two traitors. Guards! within there!

Enter Guards.

SALEMENES (*continuing*).

Satraps,

Your swords.

BELESES (*delivering his*).

My lord, behold my scimitar.

ARBACES (*drawing his sword*).

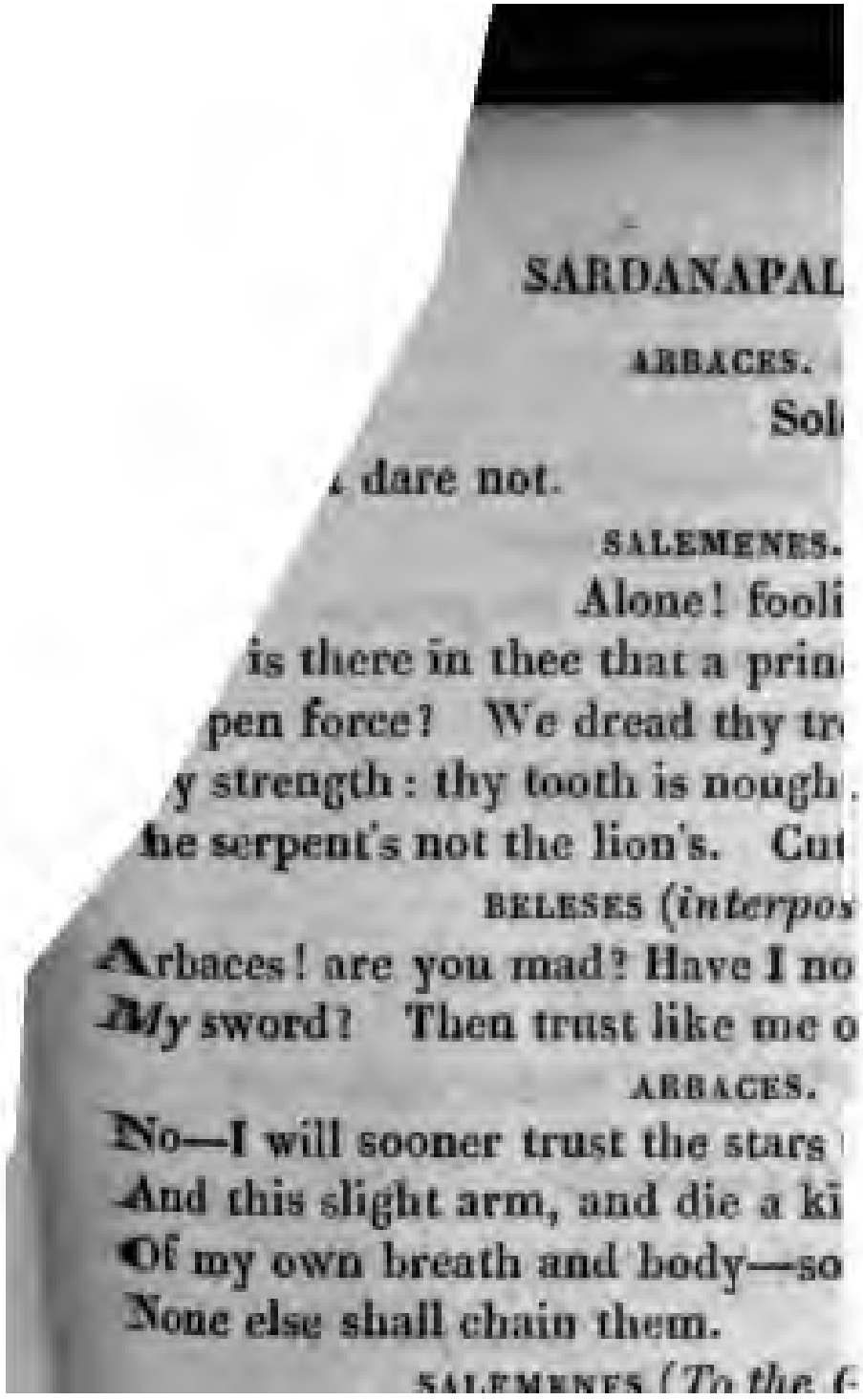
Take mine.

SALEMENES (*advancing*).

I will.

ARBACES.

heart the bl



SARDANAPAL

ARBACES.

Sol

dare not.

SALEMENES.

Alone! fooli

is there in thee that a prin

pen force? We dread thy tr

y strength: thy tooth is nough

he serpent's not the lion's. Cut

BELESES (*interpos*

Arbaces! are you mad? Have I no

My sword? Then trust like me o

ARBACES.

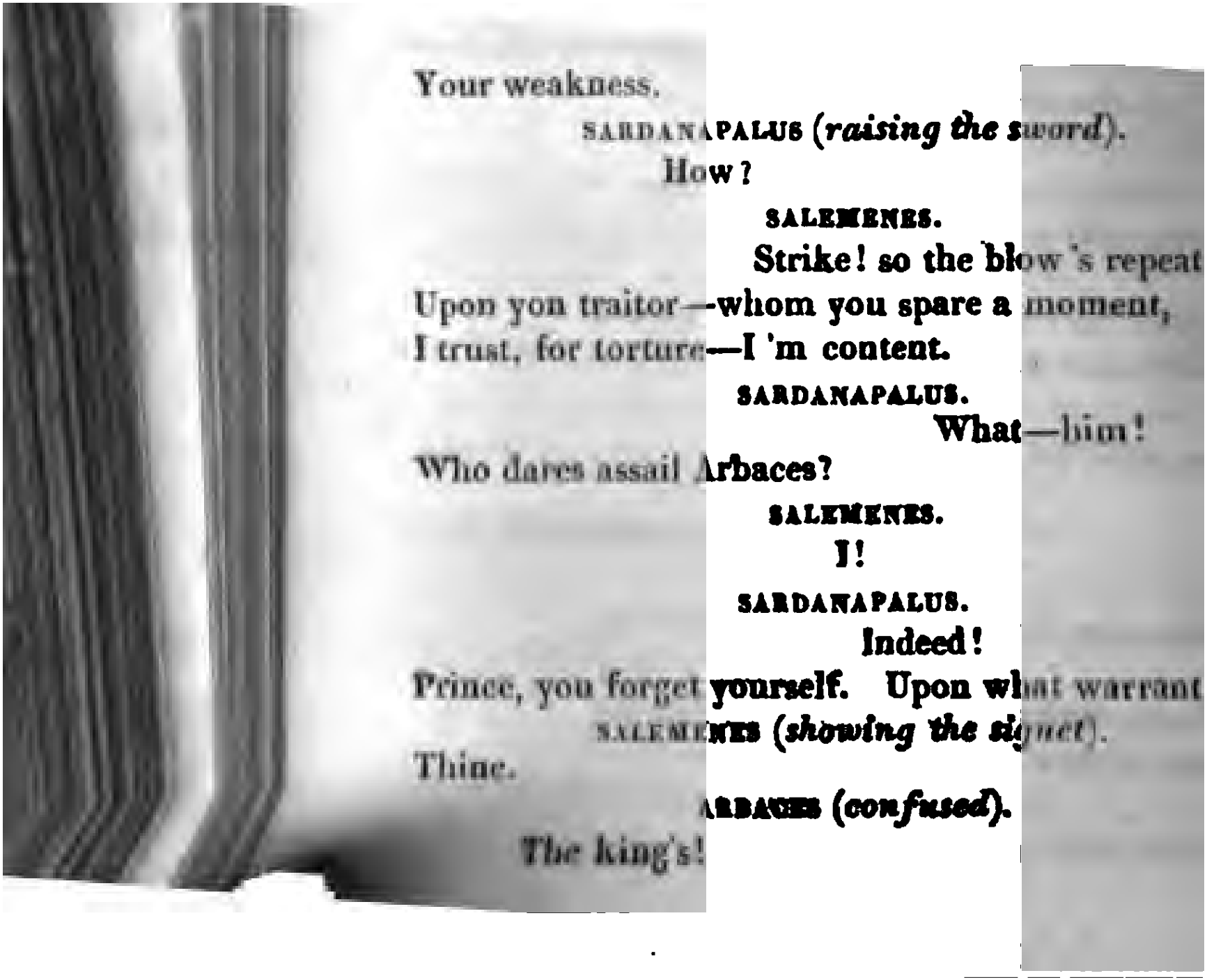
No—I will sooner trust the stars

And this slight arm, and die a ki

Of my own breath and body—so

None else shall chain them.

SALEMENES (*To the G*



Your weakness.

SARDANAPALUS (*raising the sword*).

How?

SALEMENES.

Strike! so the blow 's repeat
Upon yon traitor—whom you spare a moment,
I trust, for torture—I 'm content.

SARDANAPALUS.

What—him!
Who dares assail Arbaces?

SALEMENES.

I!

SARDANAPALUS.

Indeed!
Prince, you forget yourself. Upon what warrant

SALEMENES (*showing the signet*).

Thine.

ARBACES (*confused*).

The king's!

I parted not from this for such a purpose.

SALEMENES.

You parted with it for your safety—I
Employ'd it for the best. Pronounce in person.
Here I am but your slave—a moment past
I was your representative.

SARDANAPALUS.

Then sheathe
Your swords.

[ARBACES *and* SALEMENES *return their swords to the scabbards.*

SALEMENES.

Mine 's sheathed : I pray you sheathe *not* yours ;
'T is the sole sceptre left you now with safety.

SARDANAPALUS.

A heavy one; the hilt, too, hurts my hand.
(*To a Guard*) Here, fellow, take thy weapon back. Well,

And now against his h
And in an hour or so against himself.

SARDANAPALUS.

That is not possible: he dared not; no-
No—I' ll not hear of such things. Thes
Are spawn'd in courts by base intrigue
Hirelings, who live by lies on good me
You must have been deceived, my brot

SALEMENES.

Let him deliver up his weapon, and
Proclaim himself your subject by that
And I will answer all.

SARDANAPALUS.

Why, if I though
But no, it cannot be; the Mede Arbace
The trusty, rough, true soldier—the be
Of all who discipline our nations——N
I 'll not insult him thus, to bid him re
The scimitar to me he never yielded
Unto our enemies. Chief, keep your

SALEMENES (*delivering back the*
Monarch, take back your signet.

But use it with more moderation.

SALEMENES.

Sire,

I used it for your honour, and restore it
Because I cannot keep it with my own.
Bestow it on Arbaces.

SARDANAPALUS.

So I should:

He never ask'd it.

SALEMENES.

Doubt not, he will have it
Without that hollow semblance of respect.

BELESES.

I know not what hath prejudiced the prince
So strongly 'gainst two subjects, than whom none
Have been more zealous for Assyria's weal.

Let him have absolution! I despise him
The worship of dead men; feeling that I
Am mortal, and believing that the race
From whence I sprung are—what I see them—

BELESES.

King! Do not deem so: they are with the stars
And——

SARDANAPALUS.

You shall join them there ere they will
If you preach farther.—Why, *this* is rank treason

SALEMENES.

My lord!

SARDANAPALUS.

To school me in the worship of
Assyria's idols! Let him be released—
Give him his sword.

SALEMENES.

Which fringe his banks : but whether they may be
Gods, as some say, or the abodes of gods,
As others hold, or simply lamps of night,
Worlds or the lights of worlds, I know nor care not ;
There 's something sweet in my uncertainty
I would not change for your Chaldean lore;
Besides, I know of these all clay can know
Of aught above it or below it—nothing.
I see their brilliancy and feel their beauty—
When they shine on my grave I shall know neither.

BELESES.

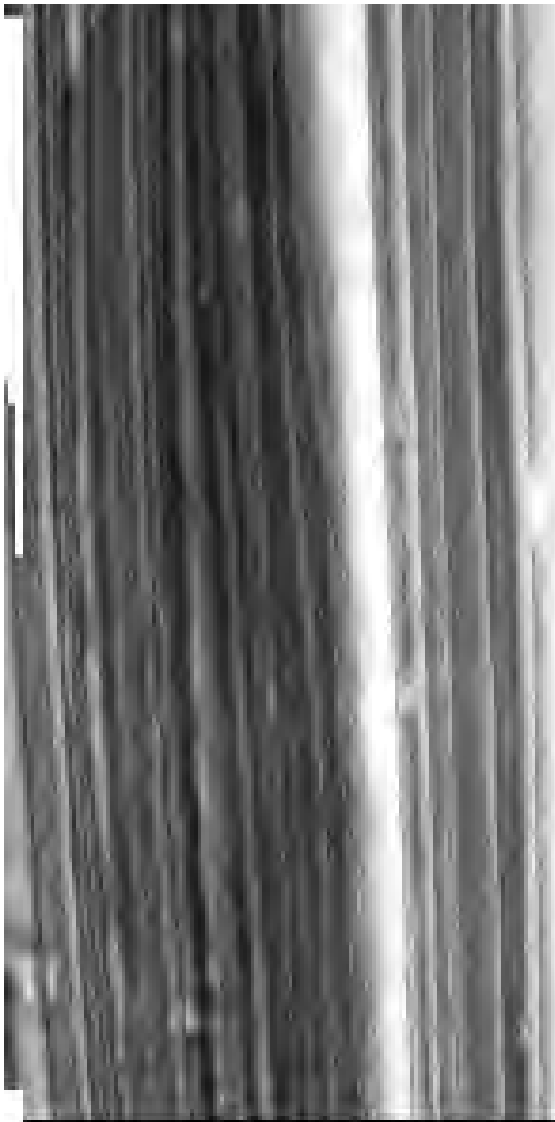
For *neither*, sire, say *better*.

SARDANAPALUS.

I will wait,
If it so please you, pontiff, for that knowledge.
In the mean time receive your sword, and know
That I prefer your service militant
Unto your ministry—not loving either.

SALEMENES (*aside*).

His lusts have made him mad. Then must I save him
Spite of himself.



Although upon this breath of mine depends
Your own; and, deadlier for ye, on my fears.
But fear not—for that I am soft, not fearful—
And so live on. Were I the thing some think
Your heads would now be dripping the last dr
Of their attainted gore from the high gates
Of this our palace into the dry dust,
Their only portion of the coveted kingdom
They would be crown'd to reign o'er—let that
As I have said, I will not *deem* ye guilty,
Nor *doom* ye guiltless. Albeit, better men
Than ye or I stand ready to arraign you;
And should I leave your fate to sterner judges,
And proofs of all kinds, I might sacrifice
Two men, who, whatsoe'er they now are, were
Once honest. Ye are free, sirs.

ARBACES.

s a good sentence for a homily,
ugh not for this occasion. Prithee keep it
plead thy sovereign's cause before his people.

BELESES.

I trust there is no cause.

SARDANAPALUS.

No *cause*, perhaps;
But many causers:—if ye meet with such
In the exercise of your inquisitive function
On earth, or should you read of it in heaven
In some mysterious twinkle of the stars,
Which are your chronicles, I pray you note,
That there are worse things betwixt earth and heaven
Than him who ruleth many and slays none;
And, hating not himself, yet loves his fellows
Enough to spare even those who would not spare him,
Were they once masters—but that 's doubtful. Satraps!
Your swords and persons are at liberty
To use them as ye will—but from this hour
I have no call for either. Salemenes!

Seek not wh

But let us profit by the interval.
The hour is still our own—our power the same—
The night the same we destined. He hath chang
Nothing, except our ignorance of all
Suspicion into such a certainty
As must make madness of delay.

ARBACES.

And yet——

BELESES.

What, doubting still?

ARBACES.

He spared our lives—nay, m
Saved them from Salemenes.

BELESES.

And how long
Will he so spare? till the first drunken minute.

ARBACES.

Or sober, rather. Yet he did it nobly;

Basely——

BELESES.

Say, bravely.

ARBACES.

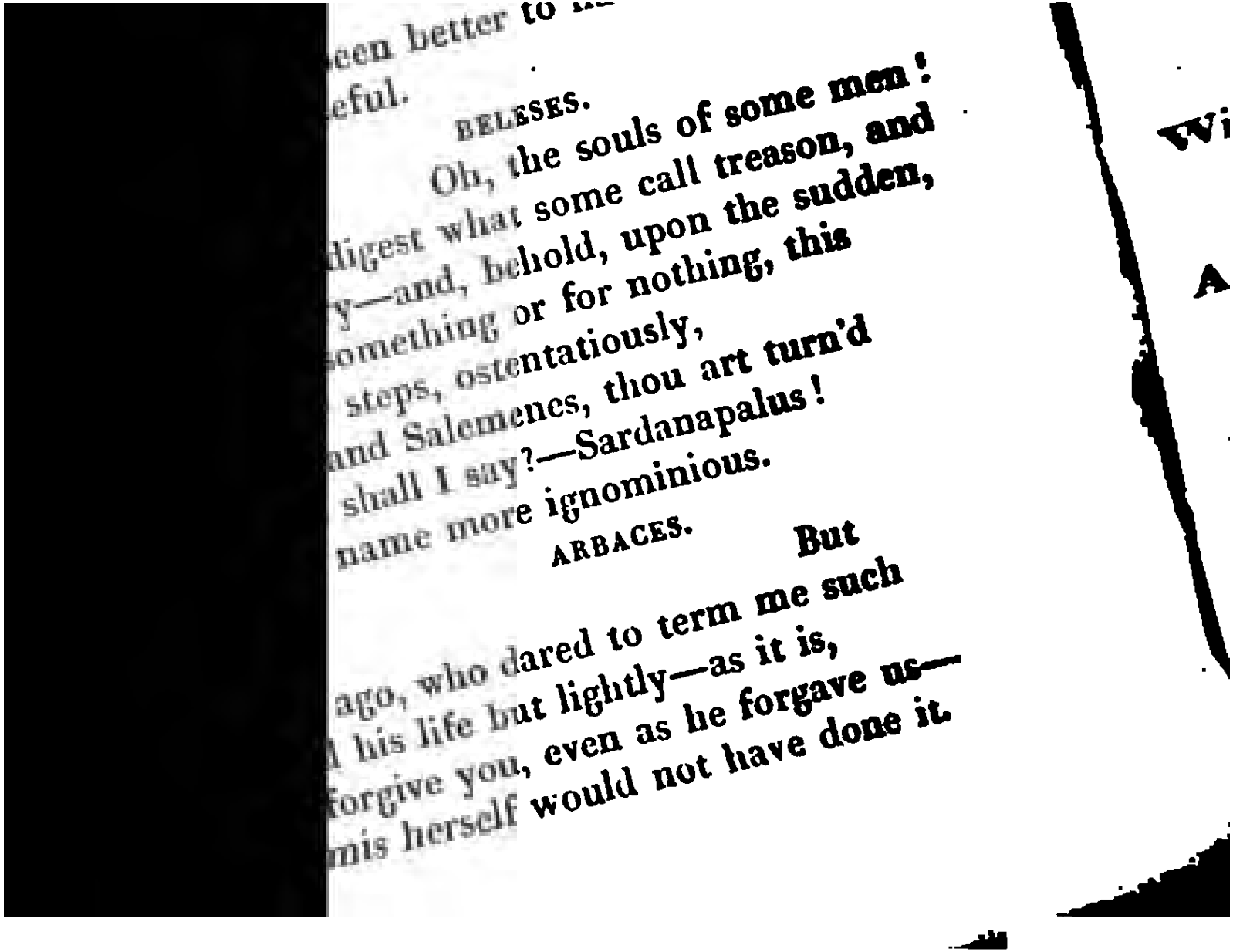
Somewhat of both, perhaps.
But it has touch'd me, and, whate'er betide,
I will no further on.

BELESES.

And lose the world!

ARBACES.

Lose any thing, except my own esteem.



een better to ...
eful.

BELESES.

Oh, the souls of some men!
digest what some call treason, and
y—and, behold, upon the sudden,
something or for nothing, this
steps, ostentatiously,
and Salemenes, thou art turn'd
shall I say?—Sardanapalus!
name more ignominious.

ARBACES.

But
ago, who dared to term me such
l his life but lightly—as it is,
forgive you, even as he forgave us—
mis herself would not have done it.

BELESES.

No—the queen liked no sharers of the kingdom,
Not even a husband.

ARBACES.

I must serve him truly——

BELESES.

And humbly?

ARBACES.

No, sir, proudly—being honest.
I shall be nearer thrones than you to heaven;
And if not quite so haughty, yet more lofty.
You may do your own deeming—you have codes,
And mysteries, and corollaries of
Right and wrong, which I lack for my direction,
And must pursue but what a plain heart teaches.
And now you know me.

BELESES.

Have you finish'd?

ARBACES.

Yes—

I 'll on alone.

ARBACES.

Alone!

BELESES.

Thrones hold but one.

ARBACES.

But this is fill'd.

BELESES.

With worse than vacancy—
A despised monarch. Look to it, Arbaces:
I have still aided, cherish'd, loved, and urged you;
Was willing even to serve you, in the hope
To serve and save Assyria. Heaven itself
Seem'd to consent, and all events were friendly:

Enter PANIA.

PANIA.

My lords, I bear an order from the king.

ARBACES.

It is obey'd ere spoken.

BELESES.

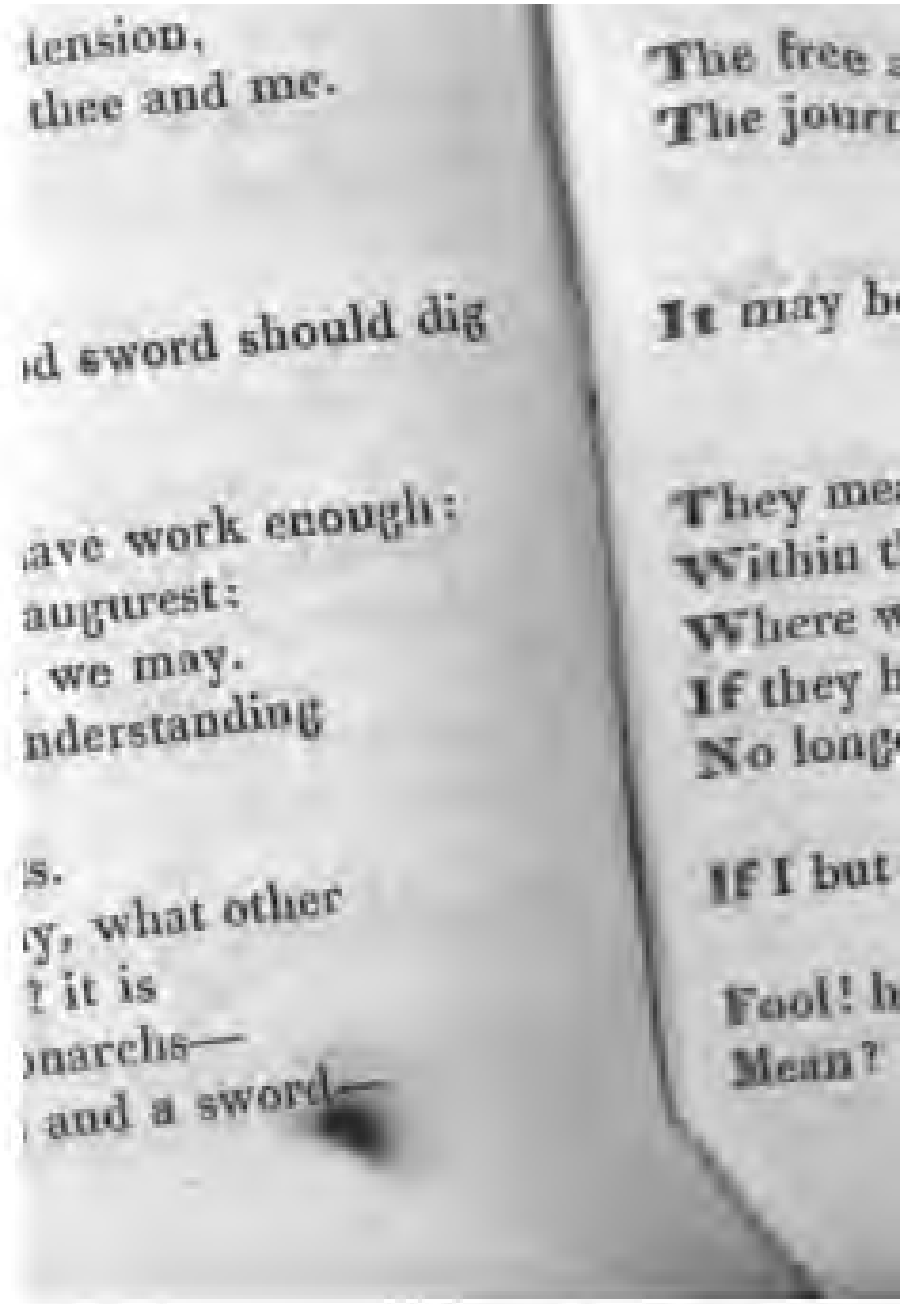
Notwithstanding,

Let 's hear it.

PANIA.

Forthwith, on this very nig

Repair to your respective satrapies


tension,
thee and me.

d sword should dig

ave work enough:
augurest:
we may.
nderstanding

s.
y, what other
? it is
onarchs—
and a sword—

The free
The jour

It may b

They me
Within t
Where w
If they h
No long

If I but

Fool! h
Mean?

not be so now.

ARBACES.

I doubt it.
lany satraps have I seen set out
sire's day for mighty vice-royalties,
tombs are on their path! I know not how,
y all sicken'd by the way, it was
and heavy.

BELESES.

Let us but regain
air of the city, and we 'll shorten
ney.

ARBACES.

'T will be shorten'd at the gates,

BELESES.

No; they hardly will risk that.
t us to die privately, but not
palace or the city walls.

BELESES.

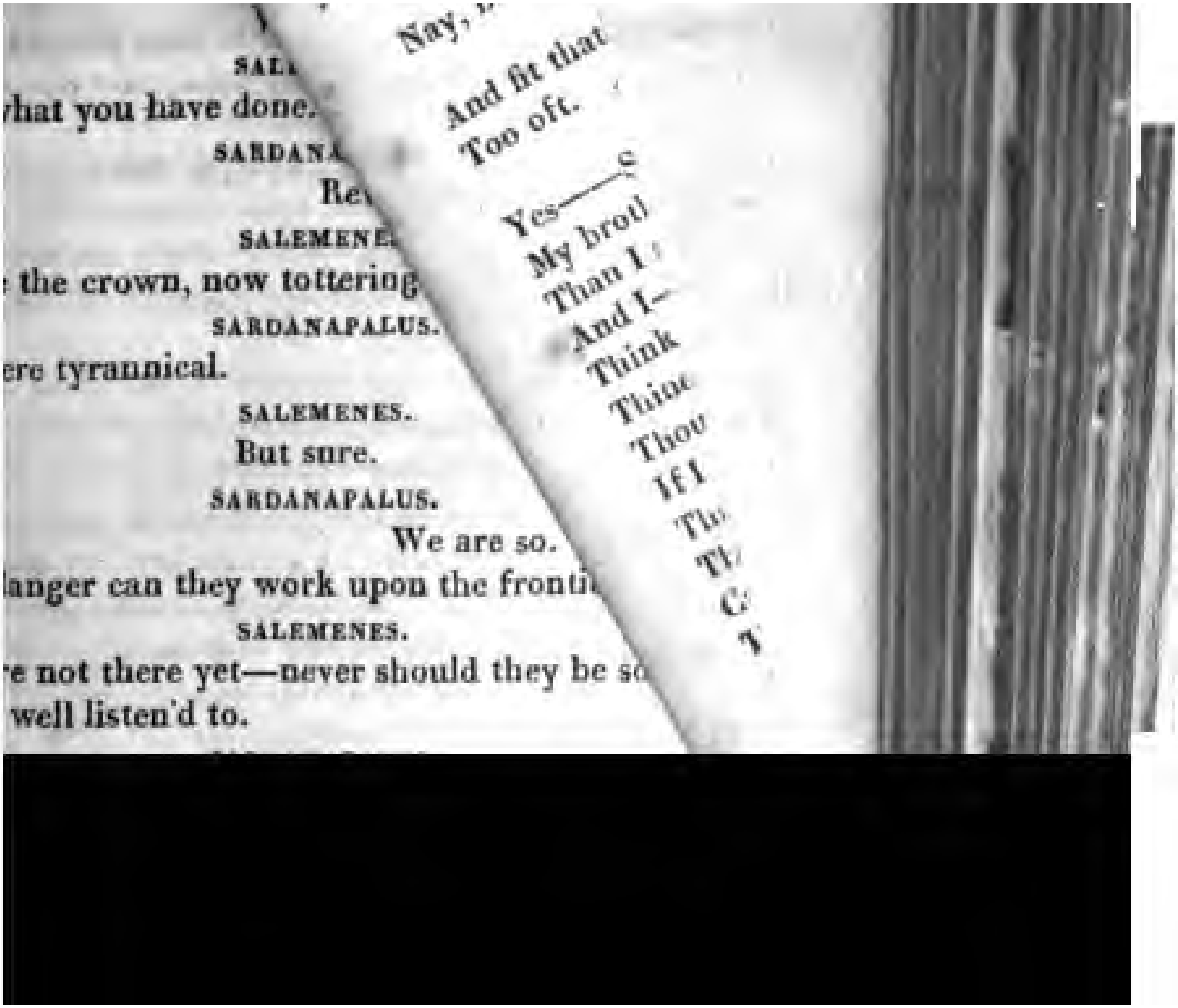
No; towards your kingdor
There 's time, there 's heart and hope, and powe
means,
Which their half measures leave us in full scope.
Away!

ARBACES.

And I, even yet repenting, must
Relapse to guilt!

BELESES.

Self-defence is a virtue,
Sole bulwark of all right. Away! I say!
Let 's leave this place, the air grows thick and ch
And the walls have a scent of night-shade—henc
Let us not leave them time for further council.
Our quick departure proves our civic zeal;



Away! ...er, my best subject, better prince
...an king. You should have been the mon
–I know not what, and care not; but
Relaps not I am insensible to all
honest wisdom, and thy rough, yet kind,
...gh oft reproving, sufferance of my follies.
Sole ...have spared these men against thy counsel.
Let ...t is, their lives—it is not that I doubt
An...e advice was sound; but, let them live: we will
L...vil about their lives—so let them mend them.
O...heir banishment will leave me still sound sleep,
(Which their death had not left me.

SALEMENES.

Thus you run
The risk to sleep for ever, to save traitors—

But to provoke—a pardon should be full,
Or it is none.

SARDANAPALUS.

And who persuaded me
After I had repeal'd them, or at least
Only dismiss'd them from our presence, who
Urged me to send them to their satrapies?

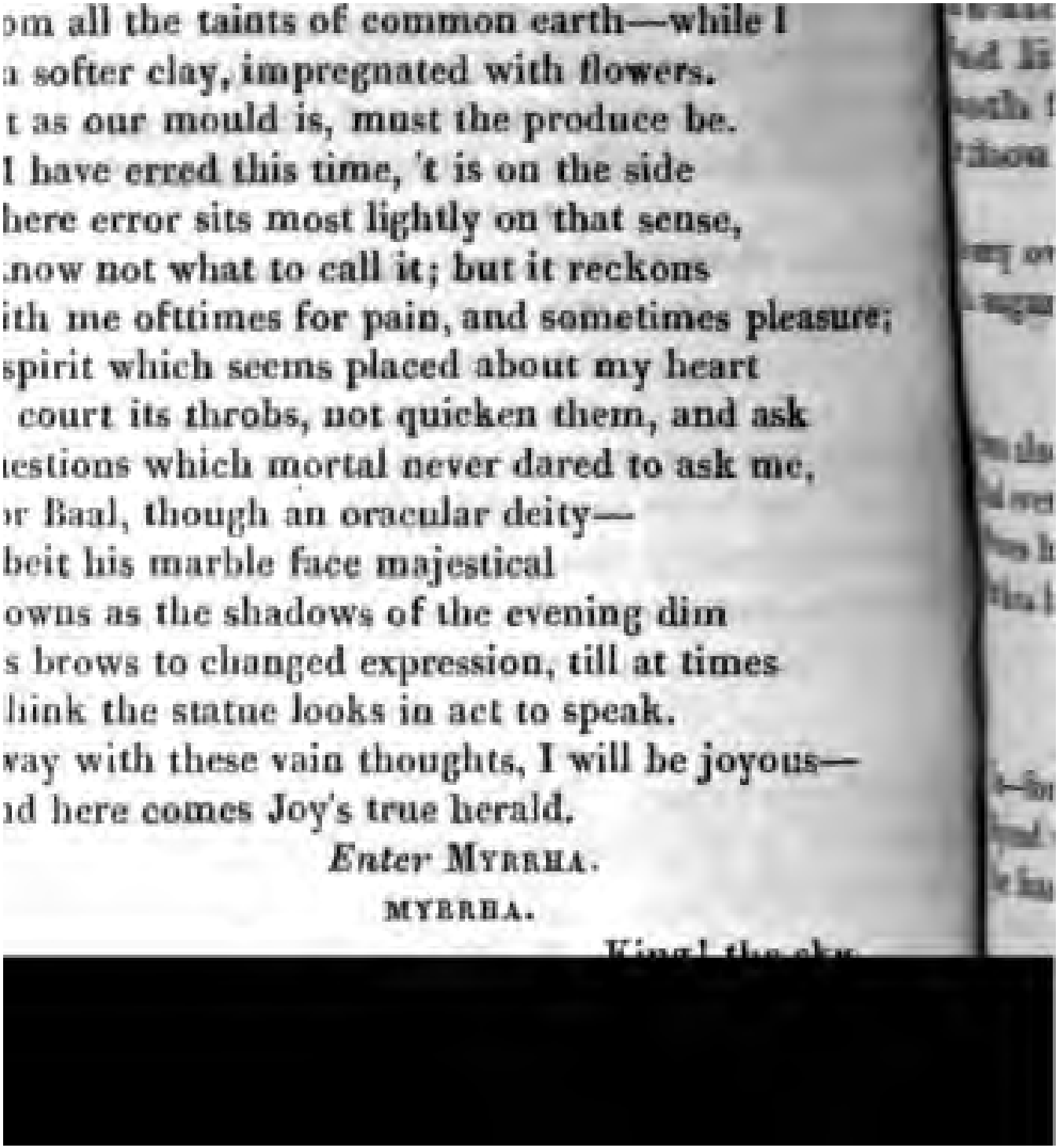
SALEMENES.

True; that I had forgotten; that is, sire,
If they e'er reach their satrapies—why, then,
Reprove me more for my advice.

SARDANAPALUS.

And if
They do not reach them—look to it!—in safety,
In safety, mark me—and security—
Look to thine own.

SALEMENES.



om all the taints of common earth—while I
a softer clay, impregnated with flowers.
t as our mould is, must the produce be.
I have erred this time, 't is on the side
here error sits most lightly on that sense,
.now not what to call it; but it reckons
ith me ofttimes for pain, and sometimes pleasure;
spirit which seems placed about my heart
court its throbs, not quicken them, and ask
iestions which mortal never dared to ask me,
or Baal, though an oracular deity—
beit his marble face majestical
owns as the shadows of the evening dim
s brows to changed expression, till at times
hink the statue looks in act to speak.
way with these vain thoughts, I will be joyous—
id here comes Joy's true herald.

Enter MYRRHA.

MYRRHA.

the silken garments and
our festive friends. Say, Myrrha,
who dread the roar of clouds?

MYRRHA.

ry we respect their voices
ve.

SARDANAPALUS.

Jove—ay, your Baal—
roperty in thunder,
on some falling bolt
ty, and yet sometimes
ltars.

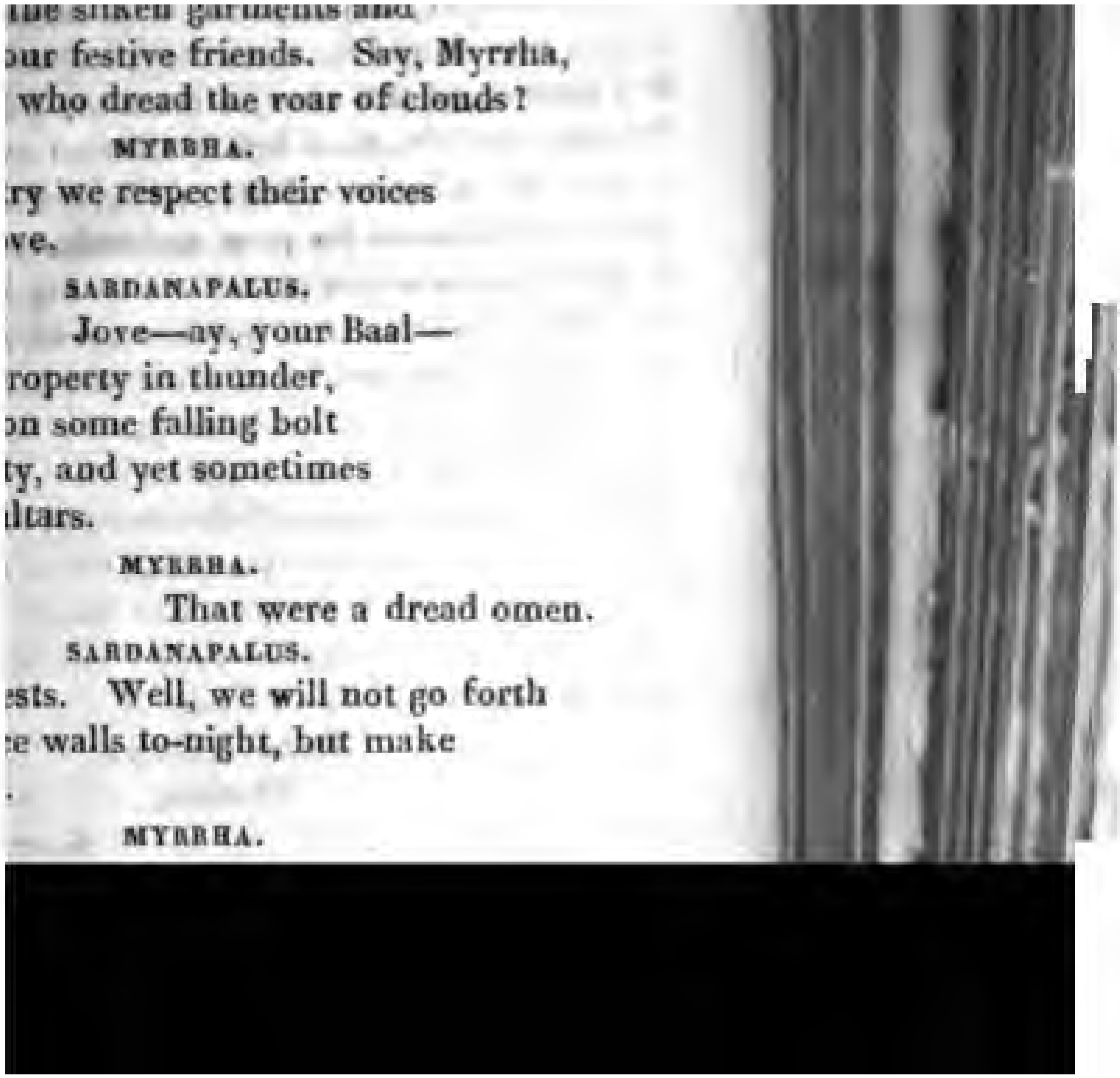
MYRRHA.

That were a dread omen.

SARDANAPALUS.

ests. Well, we will not go forth
e walls to-night, but make
.

MYRRHA.



To penetrate through many a winding way,
And massy portal! but in the pavilion
There is no bulwark.

SARDANAPALUS.

No, nor in the palace,
Nor in the fortress, nor upon the top
Of cloud-fenced Caucasus, where the eagle sits
Nested in pathless clefts, if treachery be:
Even as the arrow finds the airy king,
The steel will reach the earthly. But be calm:
The men, or innocent or guilty, are
Banish'd, and far upon their way.

MYRRHA.

They live, then

SARDANAPALUS.

So sanguinary? *Thou!*

MYRRHA.

I would not shrink

SARDANAPALUS.

oo feminine, and springs

MYRRHA.

For you.

SARDANAPALUS.

No matter—still 't is fear.

your sex, once roused to wrath,

dictive to a pitch

, which I would not copy.

were exempt from this, as from

lplessness of Asian women.

MYRRHA.

no boaster of my love,

ibutes; I have shared your splendour,

ke your fortunes. You may live

ve more true than subject myriads;

ds avert! I am content

on trust for what I feel,

ove it to you in your griefs,

ot yield to any cares of mine.

SARDANAPALUS.

come where perfect love exists,

SCENE I.

The Hall of the Palace illuminated.—SARDANAPA[illegible] *and his Guests at Table.*—*A Storm without, and Thunder occasionally heard during the Banquet.*

SARDANAPALUS.

Fill full! Why this is as it should be: here
Is my true realm, amidst bright eyes and faces
Happy as fair! Here sorrow cannot reach.

ZAMES.

Nor elsewhere—where the king is, pleasure sparkles.

SARDANAPALUS.

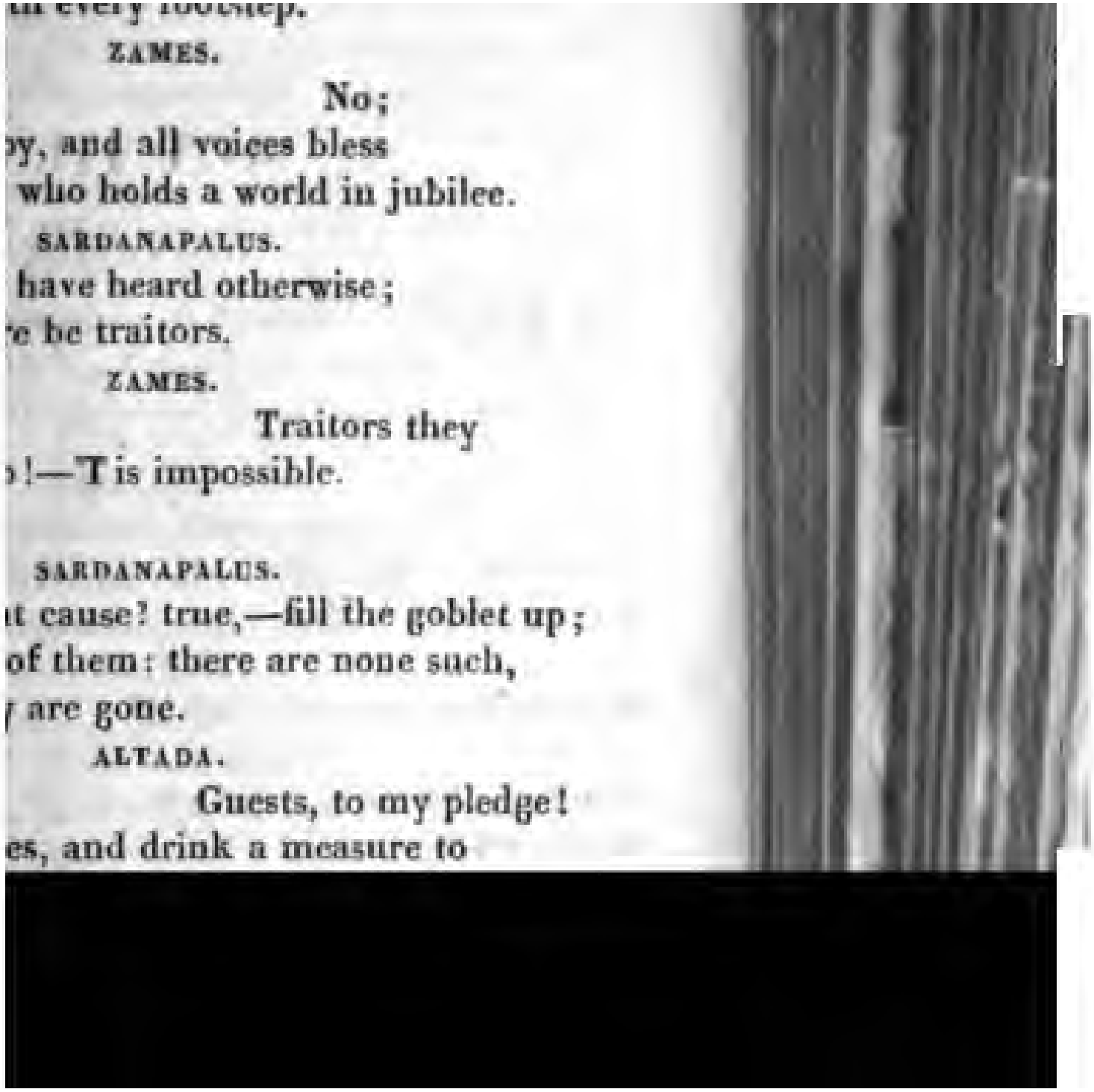
Is not this better now than Nimrod's huntings,
Or my wild grandam's chase in search of kingdoms
She could not keep when conquer'd?

ALTADA.

Mighty though
They were, as all thy royal line have been,
Yet none of those who went before have reach'd
The acme of Sardanapalus, who
Has placed his joy in peace—the sole true glory.

SARDANAPALUS.

good Altada, to which glory
[illegible] it that we seek?
[illegible] short to i[illegible]



in every footstep.

ZAMES.

No;

by, and all voices bless
who holds a world in jubilee.

SARDANAPALUS.

have heard otherwise;
're be traitors.

ZAMES.

Traitors they
!—'T is impossible.

SARDANAPALUS.

ut cause? true,—fill the goblet up;
of them: there are none such,
are gone.

ALTADA.

Guests, to my pledge!
es, and drink a measure to

Impiety!—nay, if the sires who reign'd
Before me can be gods, I 'll not disgrace
Their lineage. But arise, my pious friends,
Hoard your devotion for the thunderer there:
I seek but to be loved, not worshipp'd.

ALTADA.

Both—

Both you must ever be by all true subjects.

SARDANAPALUS.

Methinks the thunders still increase: it is
An awful night.

MYRRHA.

Oh yes, for those who have
No palace to protect their worshippers.

SARDANAPALUS.

That 's true, my Myrrha; and could I convert
My realm to one wide shelter for the wretched,

here no temples, would there, think ye, be
rshippers—that is, when it is angry,
lting as even now?

MYRRHA.

The Persian prays

his mountain.

SARDANAPALUS.

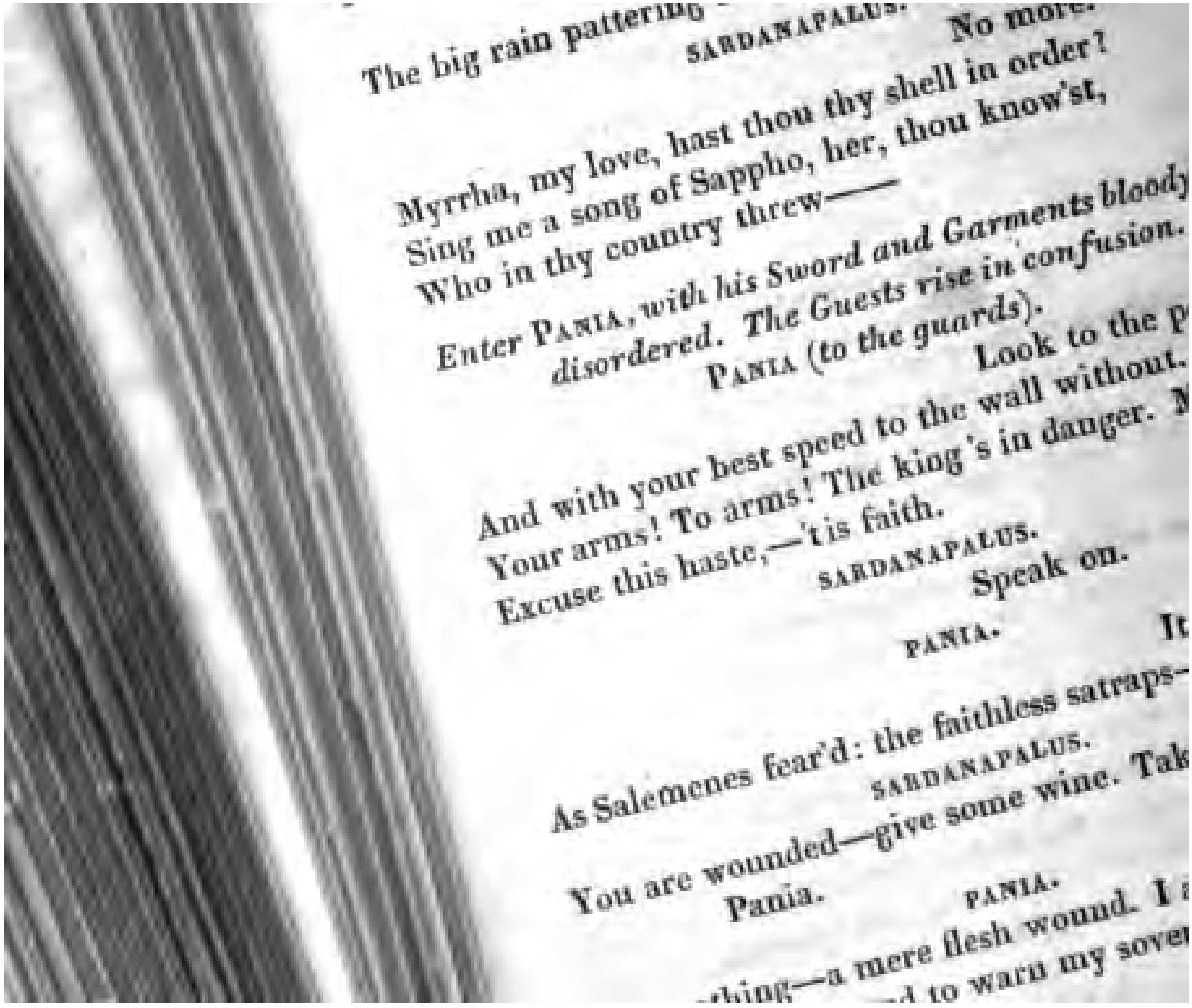
Yes, when the sun shines.

MYRRHA.

would ask if this your palace were
'd and desolate, how many flatterers
lick the dust in which the king lay low!

ALTADA.

ir Ionian is too sarcastic
nation whom she knows not well;
syrians know no pleasure but their king's,



The big rain pattering —

SARDANAPALUS.

No more.

Myrrha, my love, hast thou thy shell in order?
Sing me a song of Sappho, her, thou know'st,
Who in thy country threw——

Enter PANIA, *with his Sword and Garments bloody, disordered. The Guests rise in confusion.*

PANIA (*to the guards*).

Look to the P

And with your best speed to the wall without.
Your arms! To arms! The king 's in danger. M
Excuse this haste,—'tis faith.

SARDANAPALUS.

Speak on.

PANIA.

It

As Salemenes fear'd: the faithless satraps—

SARDANAPALUS.

You are wounded—give some wine. Tak

Pania.

PANIA.

—thing—a mere flesh wound. I
—d to warn my sover

PANIA.

Beleses reach'd
city, they refused
ıy attempt to use the power
ed with, they call'd
ho rose in fierce defiance.

MYRRHA.

PANIA.

SARDANAPALUS.

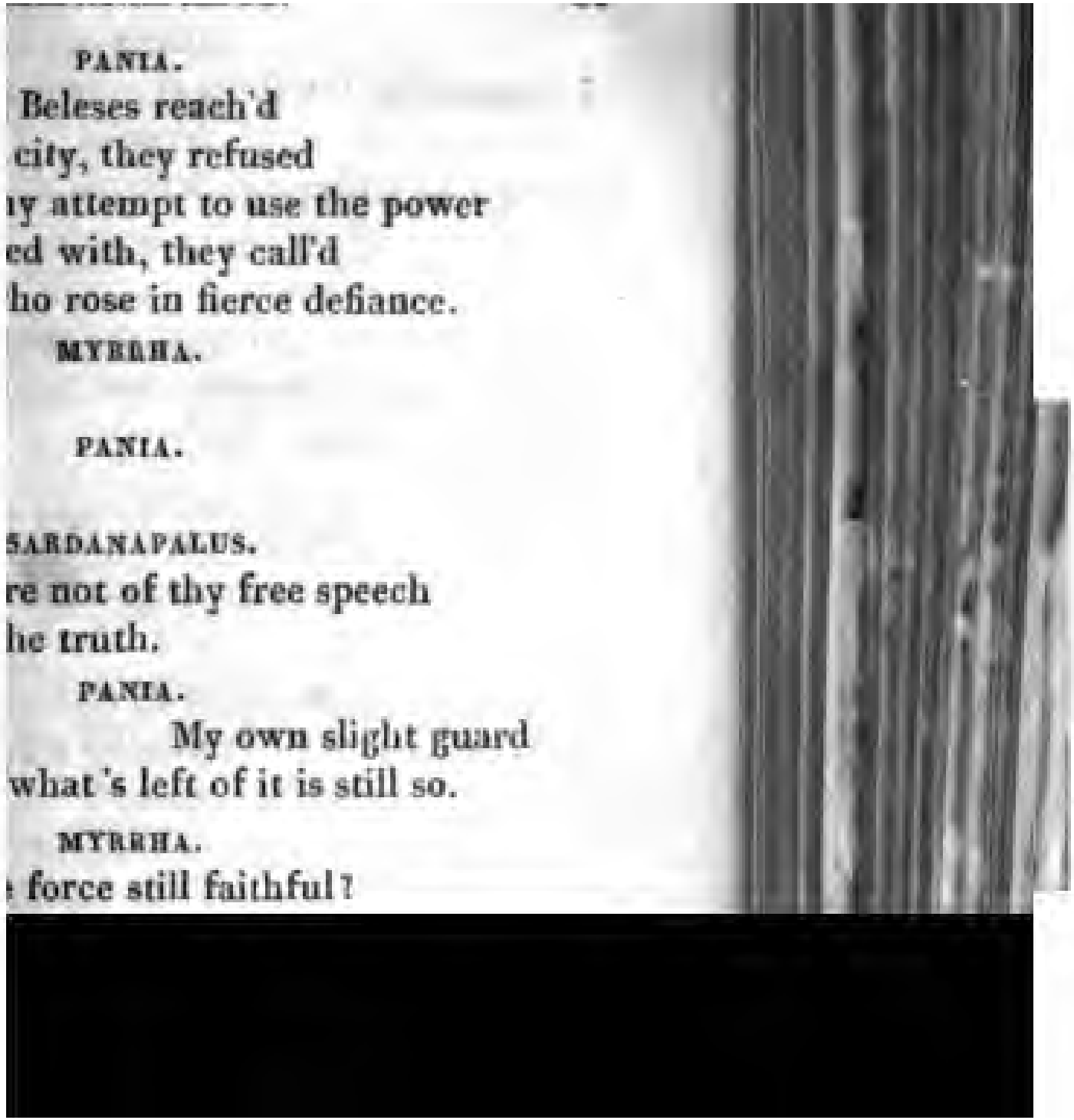
re not of thy free speech
he truth.

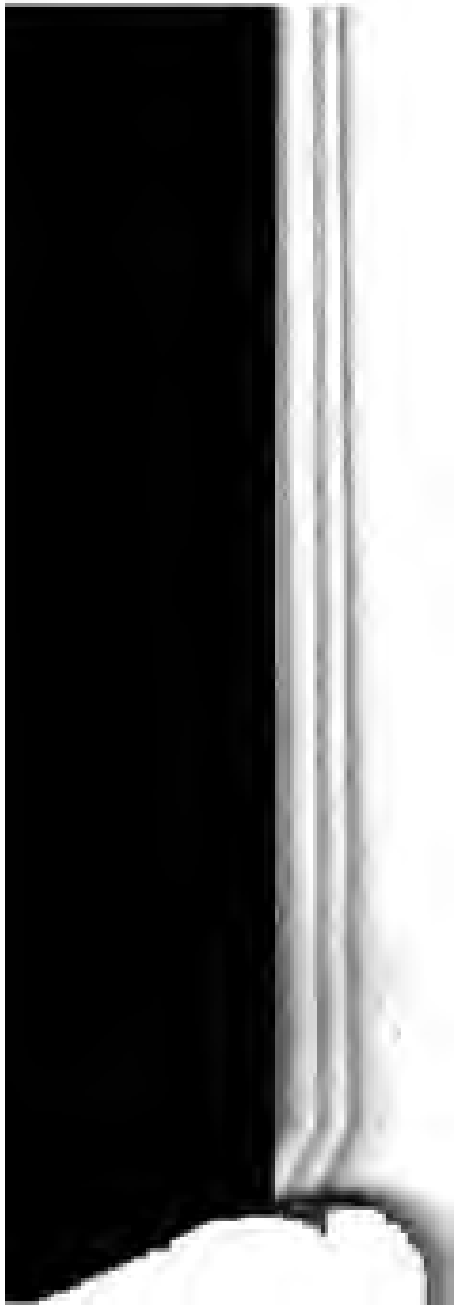
PANIA.

My own slight guard
what's left of it is still so.

MYRRHA.

force still faithful?





Will I not?
Ho, there!—But seek not for the buckler; 't is
Too heavy:—a light cuirass and my sword.
Where are the rebels?

PANIA.

Scarce a furlong's length
From the outward wall, the fiercest conflict rage

SARDANAPALUS.

Then I may charge on horseback. Sfero, ho!
Order my horse out—There is space enough,
Even in our courts, and by the outer gate,
To marshal half the horsemen of Arabia.

[*Exit* SFERO *for the a*

MYRRHA.

How I do love thee!

SARDANAPALUS.

I ne'er doubted it.

MYRRHA.

But now I know thee.

PANIA.

Where a soldier should be,
In the thick of the fight.

SARDANAPALUS.

Then hasten to him——Is
The path still open, and communication
Left 'twixt the palace and the phalanx?

PANIA.

'T was
When I late left him, and I have no fear:
Our troops were steady, and the phalanx form'd.

SARDANAPALUS.

Tell him to spare his person for the present,
And that I will not spare my own—and say,
I come.

PANIA.

There 's victory in the very word.

SARDANAPALUS.

You deem'd! Are you too turn'd a rebel? Fellov
Your part is to obey: return, and—no—
It is too late—I will go forth without it.

SFERO.

At least wear this.

SARDANAPALUS.

Wear Caucasus! why, 't is
A mountain on my temples.

SFERO.

Sire, the meanest
Soldier goes not forth thus exposed to battle.
All men will recognize you—for the storm
Has ceased, and the moon breaks forth in her br

SARDANAPALUS.

I go forth to be recognized, and thus

SARDANAPALUS.

Yes, sir, of polish'd brass,
Brought from the spoils of India—but be speedy.

[*Exit* SFERO.

Myrrha, retire unto a place of safety.
Why went you not forth with the other damsels?

MYRRHA.

Because my place is here.

SARDANAPALUS.

And when I am gone——

MYRRHA.

I follow.

SARDANAPALUS.

You! to battle?

MYRRHA.

If it were so,
'T were not the first Greek girl had trod the path.
I will await here your *return*.

SARDANAPALUS.

The place

SARDANAPALUS.

How?

MYRRHA.

In the spot where all must meet at last—
In Hades! if there be, as I believe,
A shore beyond the Styx; and if there be not,
In ashes.

SARDANAPALUS.

Dar'st thou so much?

MYRRHA.

I dare all things,
Except survive what I have loved, to be
A rebel's booty: forth, and do your bravest.

Re-enter SFERO *with the mirror.*

SARDANAPALUS (*looking at himself*).

This cuirass fits me well, the baldric better,
And the helm not at all. Methinks, I seem
[illegible] *helmet after trying it again.*

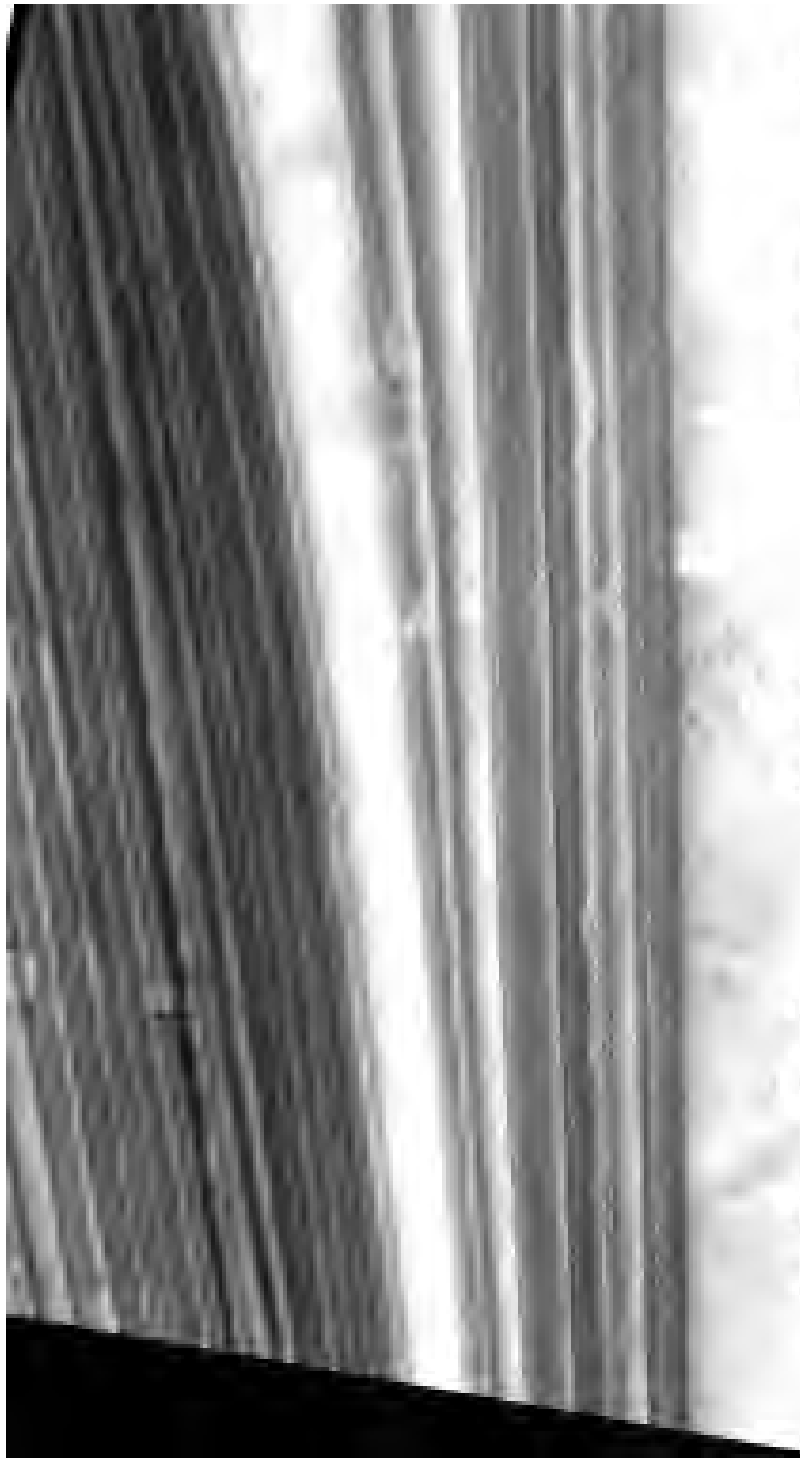
Love me, whate'er betide. My chiefest glory
Shall be to make me worthier of your love.

MYRRHA.

Go forth, and conquer!

[*Exit* SARDANAPALUS *and* SFERO.

Now, I am alone.
All are gone forth, and of that all how few
Perhaps return. Let him but vanquish, and
Me perish! If he vanquish not, I perish;
For I will not outlive him. He has wound
About my heart, I know not how nor why.
Not for that he is king; for now his kingdom



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Re-enter SFERO *with the mir*

SARDANAPALUS (*looking at him*
This cuirass fits me well, the baldric bet
And the helm not at all. Methinks, I se
[*Flings away the helmet after tryin*
Passing well in these toys; and now to p
Altada! Where's Altada?

SFERO.

Waiting, sire,

ke me worthier of your love.

MYRRHA.

conquer!

[*Exit* SARDANAPALUS *and* SFERO.

Now, I am alone.

rth, and of that all how few

. Let him but vanquish, and

e vanquish not, I perish;

outlive him. He has wound

t, I know not how nor why.

is king; for now his kingdom

ath his throne, and the earth yawns

o more of it than a grave;

him more. Oh, mighty Jove!

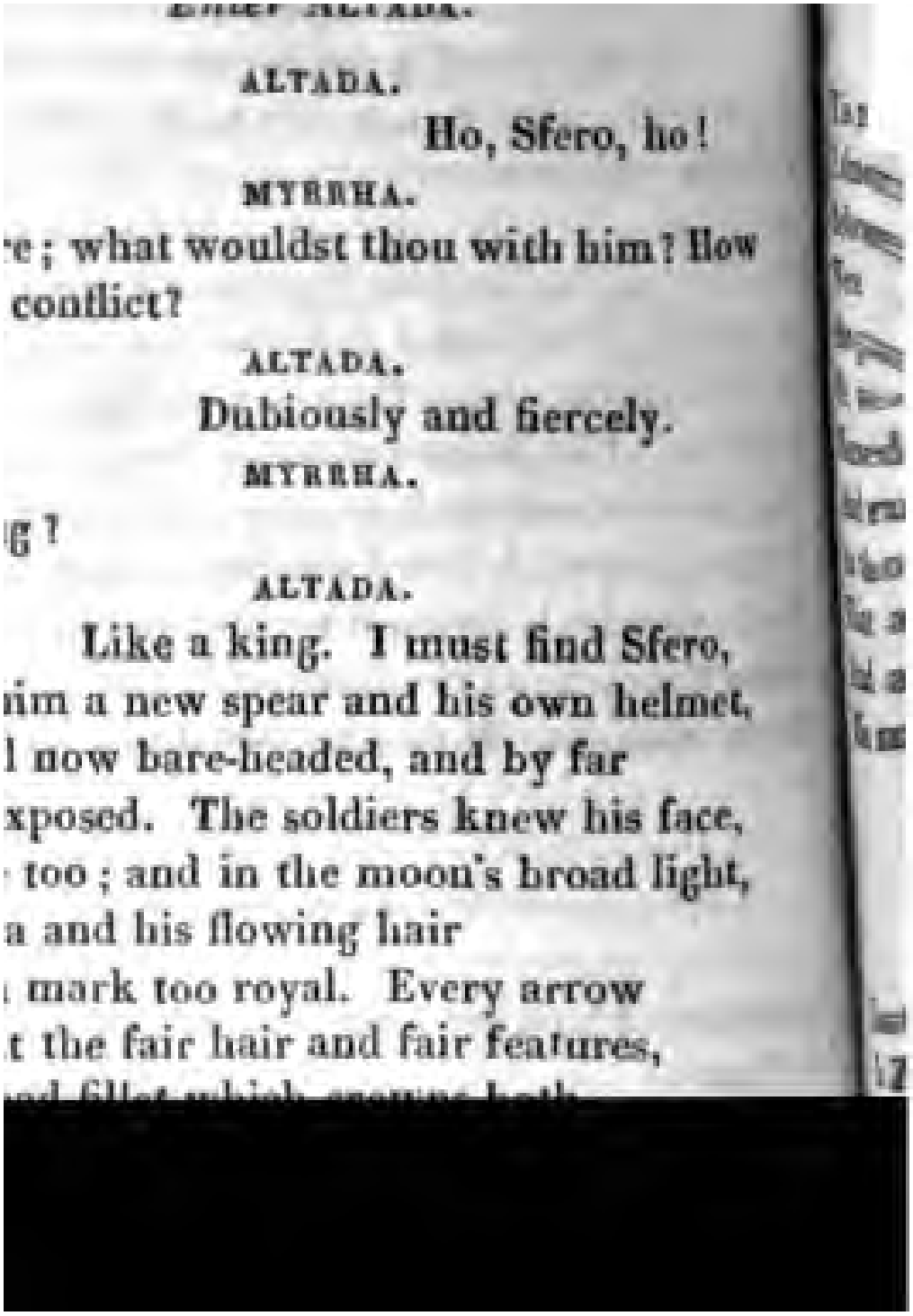
onstrous love for a barbarian,

t of Olympus: yes, I love him

more than——Hark—to the war shout!

irs me. If it should be so,

[redacted]



ALTADA.

Ho, Sfero, ho!

MYRRHA.

e; what wouldst thou with him? How
conflict?

ALTADA.

Dubiously and fiercely.

MYRRHA.

g?

ALTADA.

Like a king. I must find Sfero,
im a new spear and his own helmet,
l now bare-headed, and by far
xposed. The soldiers knew his face,
too; and in the moon's broad light,
a and his flowing hair
mark too royal. Every arrow
t the fair hair and fair features,

OFFICER.

Lost,
Lost almost past recovery. Zames! Where
Is Zames?

MYRRHA.

Posted with the guard appointed
To watch before the apartment of the women.
[*Exit* OFFICER.

MYRRHA (*solus*).

He 's gone; and told no more than that all 's lost!
What need have I to know more? In those words,
Those little words, a kingdom and a king,
A line of thirteen ages, and the lives
Of thousands, and the fortune of all left
With life, are merged: and I, too, with the great,

Which bore it, shall be nothing. At the least
My fate is in my keeping: no proud victor
Shall count me with his spoils.

Enter PANIA.

PANIA.

Away with me,
Myrrha, without delay; we must not lose
A moment—all that 's left us now.

MYRRHA.

The king?

PANIA.

Sent me here to conduct you hence, beyond
The river, by a secret passage.

MYRRHA.

Then
He lives——

PANIA.

And charged me to secure your life,

[redacted]

PANIA.

Away with me—away!

MYRRHA.

die here!—Away, and tell your king
iim to the last.

[*Enter* SARDANAPALUS *and* SALEMENES *wit*
Soldiers. PANIA *quits* MYRRHA, *and range*
himself with them.

SARDANAPALUS.

Since it is thus,
'here we were born—in our own halls.
anks—stand firm. I have dispatch'd
ap for the guard of Zames,
faithful; they'll be here anon.
'.—Pania, look to Myrrha.

[PANIA

On! on!—Heaven fights for us and with us.—On

[*They charge the King and* SALEMENE *their Troops, who defend themselv the Arrival of* ZAMES *with the Gua fore mentioned. The Rebels are driven off, and pursued by* SALEMEN *As the King is going to join the p* BELESES *crosses him.*

BELESES.

Ho! tyrant—*I* will end this war.

SARDANAPALUS.

Even so,
My warlike priest, and precious prophet, and
Grateful and trusty subject:—yield, I pray thee.
I would reserve thee for a fitter doom,
Rather than dip my hands in holy blood.

BELESES.

Thine hour is come.

SARDANAPALUS.

No, thine.—I've lately read
Though but a young astrologer, the stars;

upon thy planets; will they shoot
e sky to preserve their seer and credit?

[*A party of Rebels enter and rescue* BELESES. *They assail the King, who, in turn, is rescued by a party of his Soldiers, who drive the Rebels off.*

in was a prophet after all.
:m—ho! there—victory is ours.

[*Exit in pursuit.*

MYRRHA (*to* PANIA).

Why stand'st thou here, and leavest the ranks
r-soldiers conquering without thee?

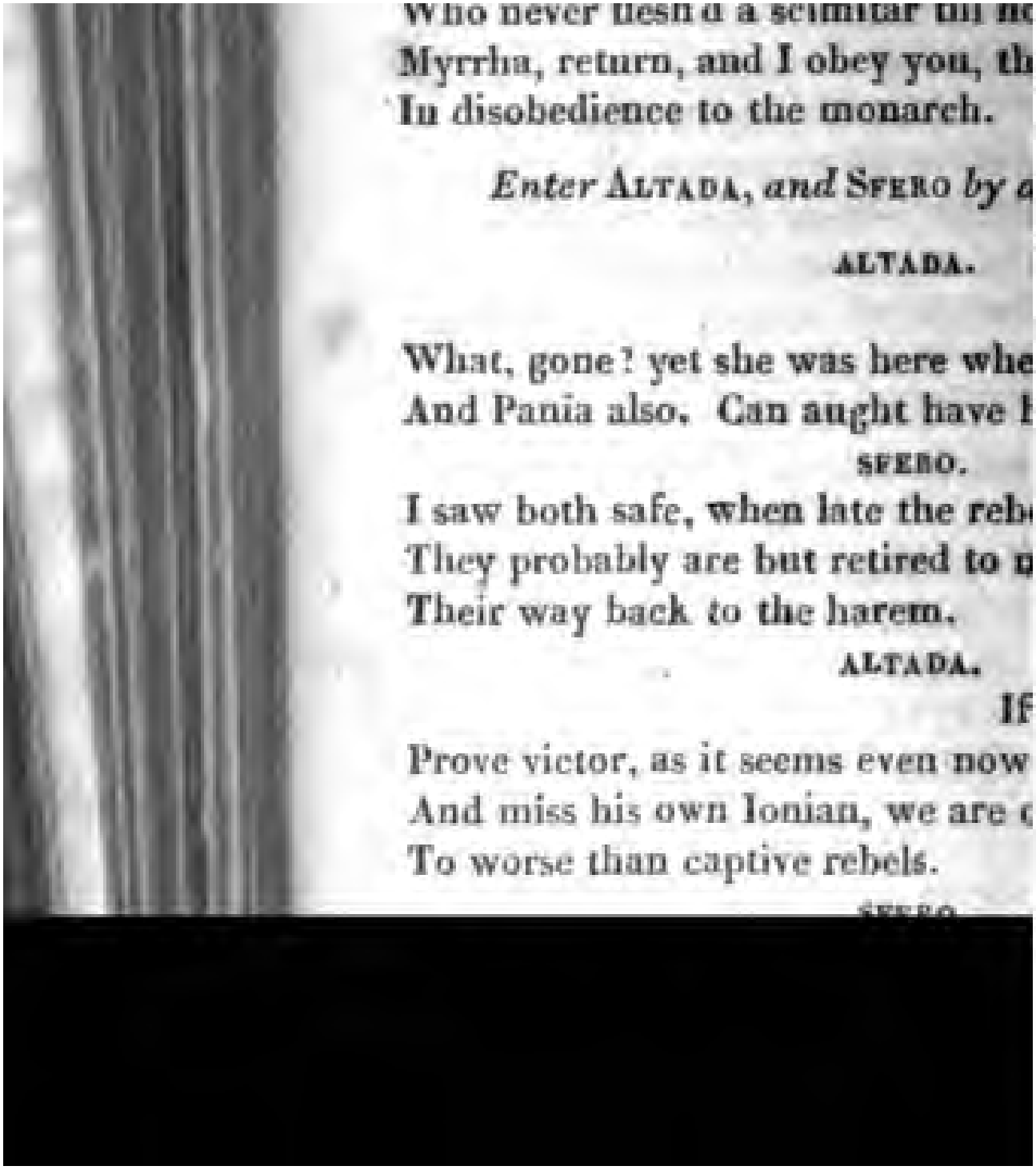
PANIA.

g's command was not to quit thee.

MYRRHA.

Me!

ot of me—a single soldier's arm



Who never drew a scimitar till no
Myrrha, return, and I obey you, th
In disobedience to the monarch.

Enter ALTADA, *and* SFERO *by a*

ALTADA.

What, gone? yet she was here whe
And Pania also. Can aught have h

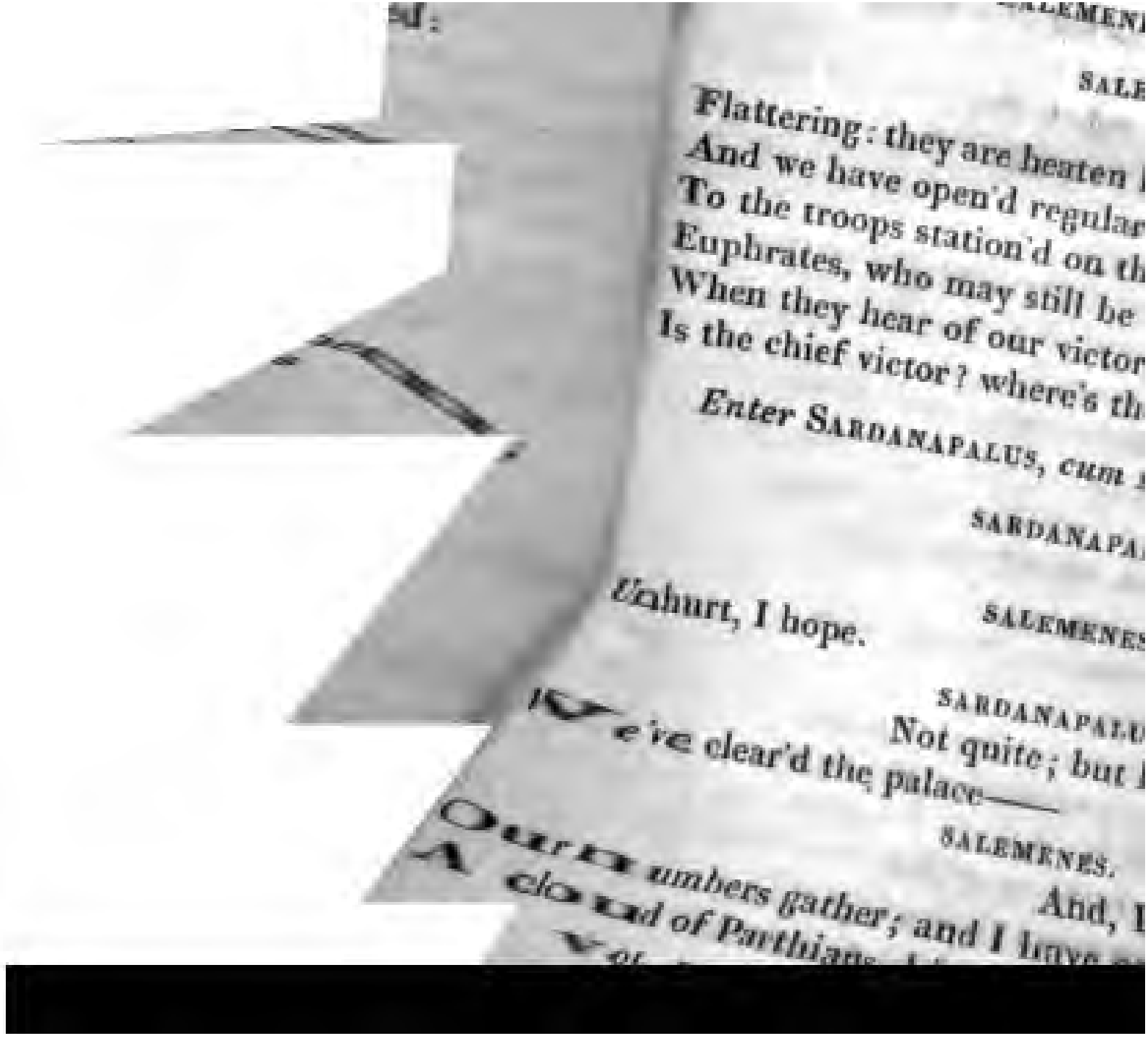
SFERO.

I saw both safe, when late the reb
They probably are but retired to n
Their way back to the harem.

ALTADA.

If
Prove victor, as it seems even now
And miss his own Ionian, we are
To worse than captive rebels.

SFERO.



In their retreat, which soon will be a flight.

SARDANAPALUS.

It is already, or at least they march'd
Faster than I could follow with my Bactrians,
Who spared no speed. I am spent; give me a

SALEMENES.

There stands the throne, sire.

SARDANAPALUS.

'Tis no place to r
For mind nor body: let me have a couch,
[*They place*
A peasant's stool, I care not what: so—now
I breathe more freely.

SALEMENES.

This great hour has p
The brightest and most glorious of your life.

SARDANAPALUS.

And the most tiresome. Where 's my cup-bearer
Bring me some water.

Who gave me water in his helmet?

ONE OF THE GUARDS.

Slain, sire!

An arrow pierced his brain, while, scattering
The last drops from his helm, he stood in act
To place it on his brows.

SARDANAPALUS.

Slain! unrewarded!
And slain to serve my thirst: that's hard, poor slave!
Had he but lived, I would have gorged him with
Gold: all the gold of earth could ne'er repay
The pleasure of that draught; for I was parch'd
As I am now. [*They bring water—he drinks.*
I live again—from henceforth

I will unbind yo... SARDANAPA... Do so,

For now it throbs sufficiently: but what
Know'st thou of wounds? yet wherefore do I ask.
Know'st thou, my brother, where I lighted on
This minion?

SALEMENES.

Herding with the other females,
Like frighten'd antelopes.

SARDANAPALUS.

No: like the dam
Of the young lion, femininely raging
And femininely meaneth furiously,
Because all passions in excess are female),
Against the hunter flying with her cub,
She urged on with her voice and gesture, and
Her floating hair and flashing eyes, the soldiers
In the pursuit.

SALEMENES.

Indeed!

SARDANAPALUS.

You see, this night
warriors of more than me. I paused

Dilated from its symmetry; her lips
Apart; her voice that clove through all the din,
As a lute's pierceth through the cymbal's clash,
Jarr'd but not drown'd by the loud brattling; her
Waved arms, more dazzling with their own born white-
ness
Than the steel her hand held, which she caught up
From a dead soldier's grasp; all these things made
Her seem unto the troops a prophetess
Of victory, or Victory herself,
Come down to hail us hers.

SALEMENES (*aside*).

This is too much;
Again the love-fit 's on him, and all 's lost,
Unless we turn his thoughts.

(*Aloud.*) But pray thee, sire,

[redacted]

Myrrha!

MYRRHA.

Prince.

SALEMENES.

You have shown a soul to-night,
Which, were he not my sister's lord——But now
I have no time: thou lov'st the king?

MYRRHA.

I love
Sardanapalus.

SALEMENES.

But wouldst have him king still?

MYRRHA.

I would not have him less than what he should be.

SALEMENES.

Well, then, to have him king, and yours, and all
He should, or should not be; to have him *live*;
Let him not sink back into luxury.

Myrrha! what, at whispers
stern brother? I shall soon be jealous.

MYRRHA (*smiling*).

cause, sire; for on the earth there breathes not
ore worthy of a woman's love—
trust—a subject's reverence—
steem—the whole world's admiration!

SARDANAPALUS.

, but not so warmly. I must not
e sweet lips grow eloquent in aught
ws me into shade; yet you speak truth.

MYRRHA.

retire, to have your wound look'd to.
on me.

SARDANAPALUS.

Yes, love! but not from pain.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Not so—although ye multiplied the stars,
And gave them to me as a realm to share
From you and with you! I would not so purchase
The empire of eternity,—Hence—hence—
Old hunter of the earliest brutes! and ye,
Who hunted fellow-creatures as if brutes;
Once bloody mortals—and now bloodier idols,
If your priests lie not! And thou, ghastly beldame!
Dripping with dusky gore, and trampling on
The carcasses of Inde—away! away!
Where am I? Where the spectres? Where——No—that
Is no false phantom: I should know it 'midst
All that the dead dare gloomily raise up
From their black gulf to daunt the living. Myrrha!

MYRRHA.

Alas! thou art pale, and on thy brow the drops
Gather like night dew. My beloved, hush—
Calm thee. Thy speech seems of another world,
And thou art loved of this. Be of good cheer;

I know it now. I know this life again.
Ah, Myrrha! I have been where we shall be.

MYRRHA.

My lord!

SARDANAPALUS.

I 've been i' the grave—where worms ar
And kings are——But I did not deem it so;
I thought 't was nothing.

MYRRHA.

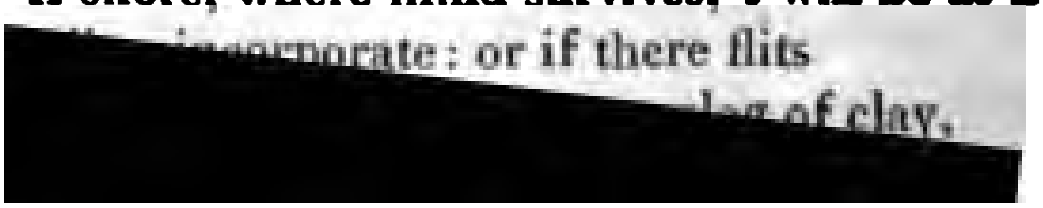
So it is; except
Unto the timid, who anticipate
That which may never be.

SARDANAPALUS.

Oh, Myrrha! if
Sleep shows such things, what may not death

MYRRHA.

I know no evil death can show, which life
Has not already shown to those who live
Embodied longest. If there be indeed
A shore, where mind survives, 't will be as n



MYRRHA.

And so have I.

tread upon was once alive,

ed. But proceed: what hast thou seen?

will lighten thy dimm'd mind.

SARDANAPALUS.

Methought——

MYRRHA.

hou art tired—in pain—exhausted; all

mpair both strength and spirit: seek

ep again.

SARDANAPALUS.

Not now—I would not

ugh I know it now to be a dream

dreamt:—and canst thou bear to hear it?

MYRRHA.

ll things, dreams of life or death,

ticipate with you, in semblance

Was ranged on my left hand a haughty, dark,
And deadly face—I could not recognize it,
Yet I had seen it, though I knew not where;
The features were a giant's, and the eye
Was still, yet lighted; his long locks curl'd do
On his vast bust, whence a huge quiver rose
With shaft-heads feather'd from the eagle's wi
That peep'd up bristling through his serpent h
I invited him to fill the cup which stood
Between us, but he answer'd not—I fill'd it—
He took it not, but stared upon me, till
I trembled at the fix'd glare of his eye:
I frown'd upon him as a king should frown—
He frown'd not in his turn, but look'd upon m
With the same aspect, which appall'd me mor
Because it changed not, and I turn'd for refug
To milder guests, and sought them on the rig

is this all?

SARDANAPALUS.

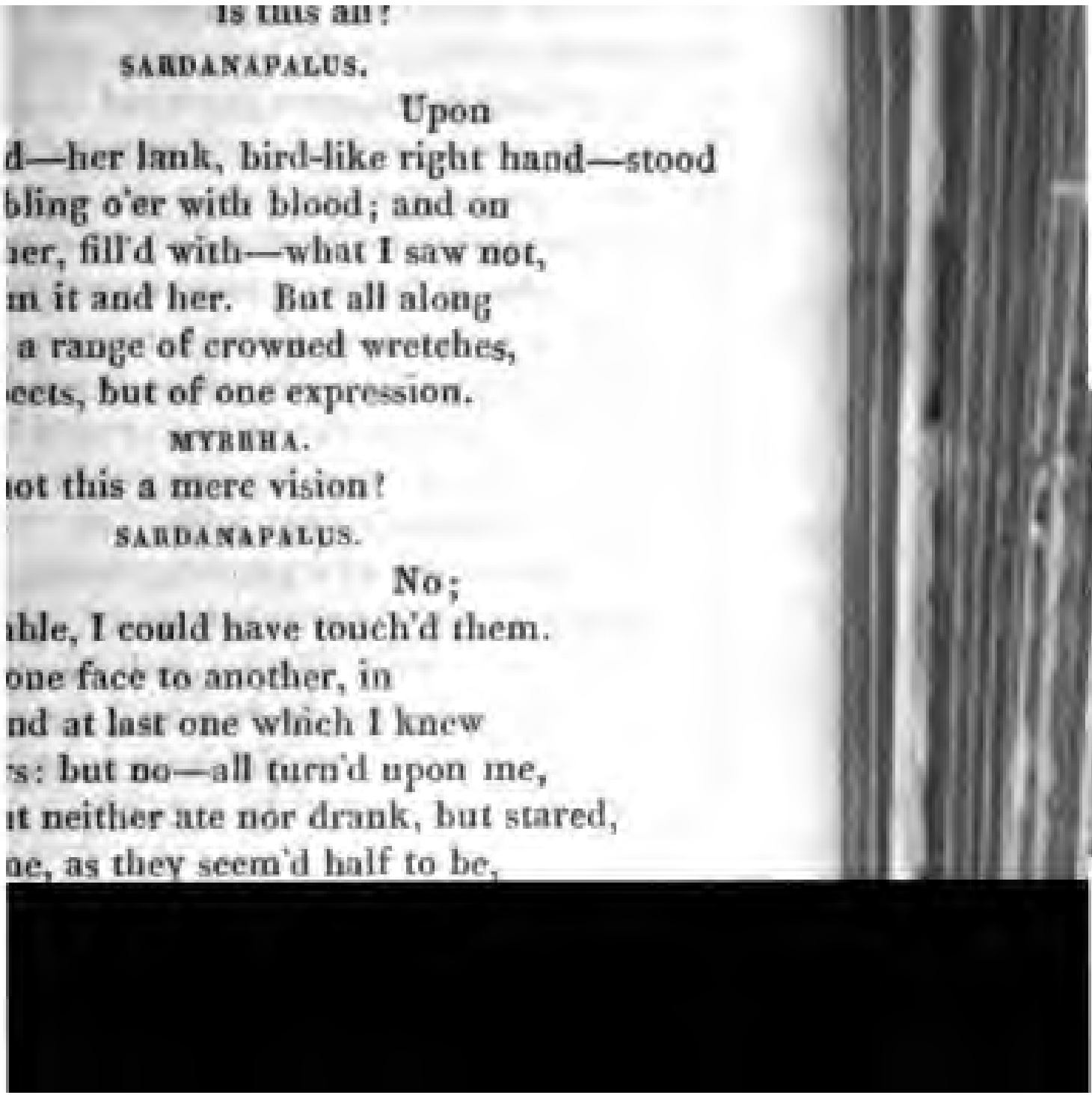
Upon
d—her lank, bird-like right hand—stood
bling o'er with blood; and on
ıer, fill'd with—what I saw not,
m it and her. But all along
a range of crowned wretches,
ects, but of one expression.

MYRRHA.

ıot this a mere vision?

SARDANAPALUS.

No;
ıble, I could have touch'd them.
one face to another, in
nd at last one which I knew
's: but no—all turn'd upon me,
ıt neither ate nor drank, but stared,
ne, as they seem'd half to be,



The hunter and —
Yes, the enlarged but noble aspect of
The hunter smiled upon me—I should say,
His lips, for his eyes moved not—and the woman's
Thin lips relax'd to something like a smile.
Both rose, and the crown'd figures on each hand
Rose also, as if aping their chief shades—
Mere mimics even in death—but I sate still:
A desperate courage crept through every limb,
And at the last I fear'd them not, but laugh'd
Full in their phantom faces. But then—then
The hunter laid his hand on mine: I took it,
And grasp'd it—but it melted from my own,
While he too vanish'd, and left nothing but
The memory of a hero, for he look'd so.

MYRRHA.

And was; the ancestors of heroes, too,
And thine no less.

SARDANAPALUS.

— but the woman,

—consumed by worms,
the flames, and wither'd in the air!
n fix nothing further of my thoughts,
that I long'd for thee, and sought for thee,
l these agonies, and woke and found thee.

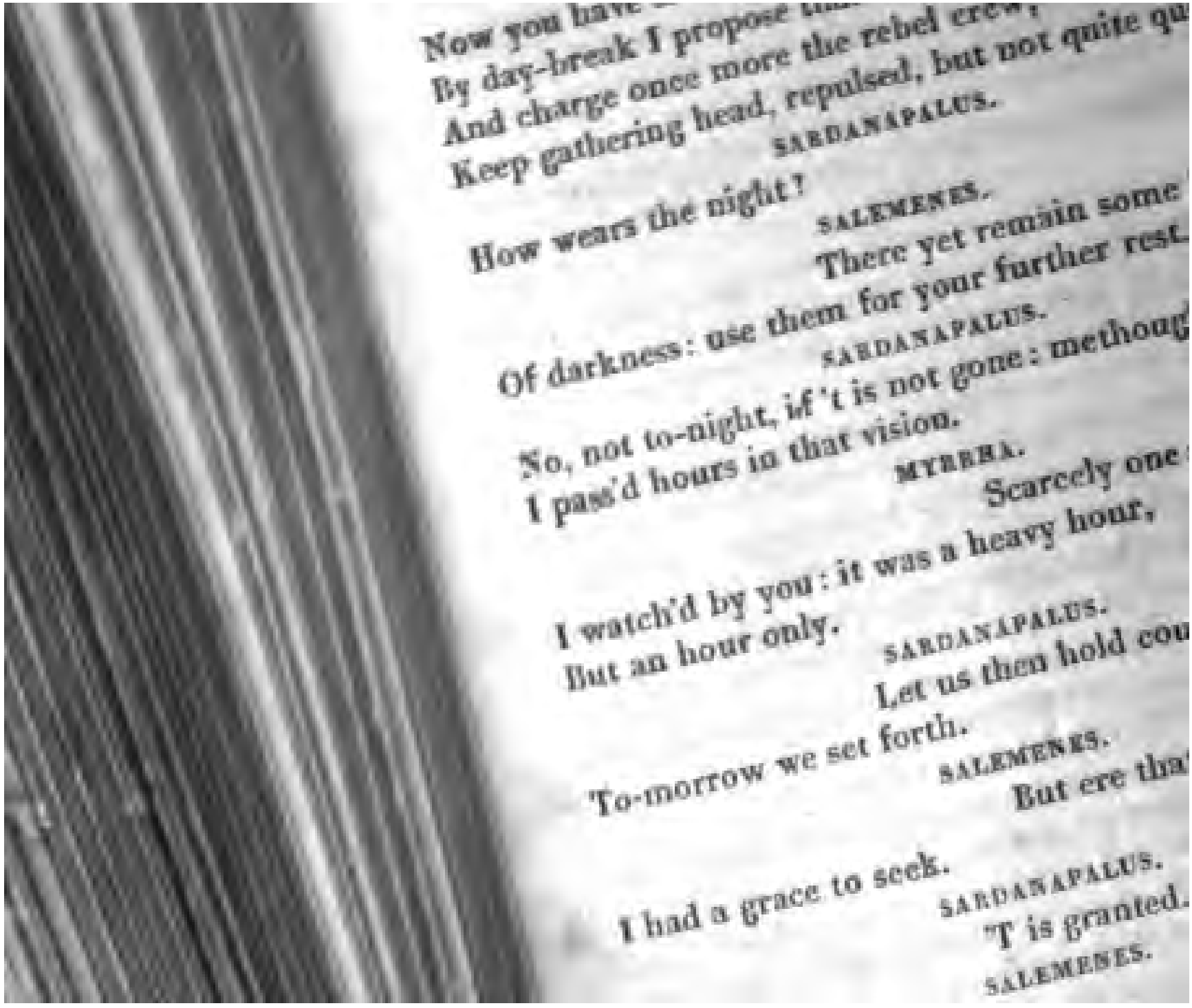
MYRRHA.

ılt thou find me ever at thy side,
nd hereafter, if the last may be.
nk not of these things—the mere creations
events acting upon a frame
to toil, yet over-wrought by toil
might try the sternest.

SARDANAPALUS.

I am better.
I see *thee once more, what was seen*
ning.

Enter



Now you have
By day-break I propose
And charge once more the rebel cre
Keep gathering head, repulsed, but not quite qu

SARDANAPALUS.

How wears the night?

SALEMENES.

There yet remain some
Of darkness: use them for your further rest.

SARDANAPALUS.

No, not to-night, if 't is not gone: methoug
I pass'd hours in that vision.

MYRRHA.

Scarcely one
I watch'd by you: it was a heavy hour,
But an hour only.

SARDANAPALUS.

Let us then hold cou
To-morrow we set forth.

SALEMENES.

But ere tha
I had a grace to seek.

SARDANAPALUS.

'T is granted.

SALEMENES.

MYRRHA.

Prince, I take my leave.

[*Exit* MYRRHA.

SALEMENES.

That slave deserves her freedom.

SARDANAPALUS.

Freedom only?

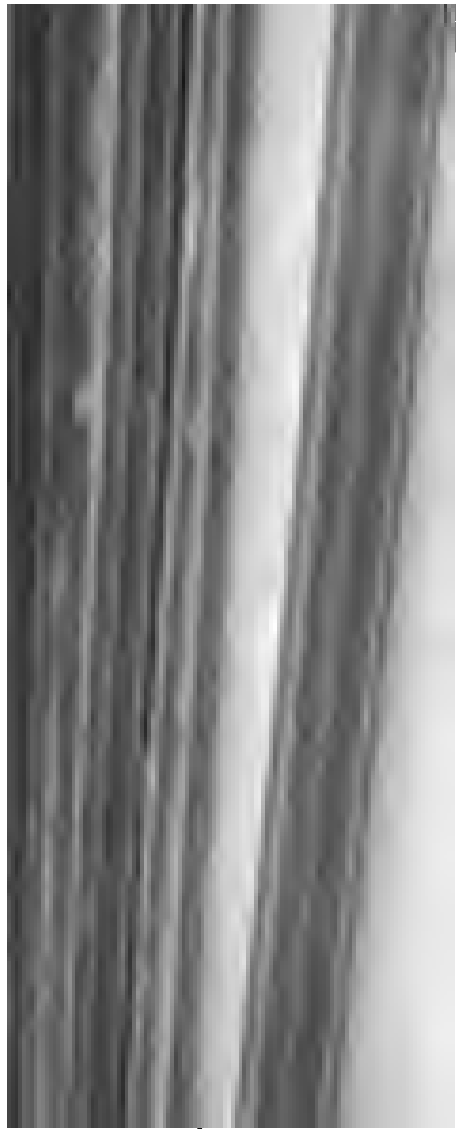
That slave deserves to share a throne.

SALEMENES.

Your patience—

'T is not yet vacant, and 't is of its partner

I come to speak with you.



At least, I trust so: in a w
Requests to see you ere yo

SARDA.

Unto what end? what purp
Aught—all that she can as.

SALEM

You know, or ought to knc
Since you have studied ther
That what they ask in augh
The heart, is dearer to their
Their fancy, than the whole
I think as you do of my siste
But 'twas her wish—she is m
Her husband—will you grant

SARDANAP

But let her come.

nter SALEMENES *and* ZARINA.

SALEMENES.

My sister! courage:
our blood with trembling, but remember
nce we sprung. The queen is present, sire.

ZARINA.

e, brother, leave me.

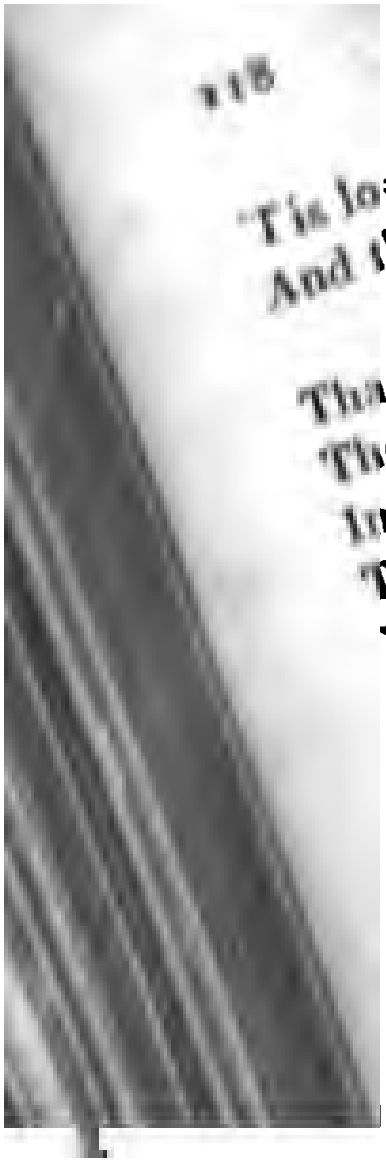
SALEMENES.

Since you ask it.

[*Exit* SALEMENES.

ZARINA.

h him! How many a year has past,
e are still so young, since we have met,
ave worn in widowhood of heart.
me not: yet he seems little changed—
to me only—would the change were mutual!
s not—scarce regards me—not a word—



SARD

'Tis lost, all earth will cry out, a
And they will swell the echo with a curse

ZARINA.

That they shall never do; but rather bless
The name of him, who, dying like a king
In his last hours did more for his own
Than many monarchs in a length of d
Which date the flight of time, but no

SARDANAPALUS.

Our annals draw perchance unto th
But at the least, whate'er the past,
Shall be like their beginning—no

ZARINA.

Yet, be not rash—be careful of
Live but for those who love.

SARDANAP

loves from pas
seen th

ZARINA.

v blessings on thee for that word!
ght to hear it more—from thee.

SARDANAPALUS.

lt hear it from my subjects. Yes—
whom I have nurtured, pamper'd, fed,
ith peace, and gorged with plenty, till
hemselves—all monarchs in their man-
is—
forth in rebellion, and demand
ho made their lives a jubilee;
w upon whom I have no claim
This is true, yet monstrous.

ZARINA.

'T is

natural; for benefits
in bad minds

Your children's sake!

SARDANAPALUS.

My gentle, wrong'd *Zarina!*

I am the very slave of circumstance
And impulse—borne away with every breath!
Misplaced upon the throne—misplaced in life.
I know not what I could have been, but feel
I am not what I should be—let it end.
But take this with thee: if I was not form'd
To prize a love like thine, a mind like thine,
Nor dote even on thy beauty—as I've doted
On lesser charms, for no cause save that such
Devotion was a duty, and I hated
All that look'd like a chain for me or others
(This even rebellion must avouch); yet hear
These words, perhaps among my last—that none
Ere valued more thy virtues, though he knew not
To profit by them—as the miner lights
[illegible] of virgin ore, discovering

Enter SALEMENES.

SALEMENES.

I must part ye—
hich must not be lost, are passing.

ZARINA.

'l wilt thou thus weigh out
and blest?

SALEMENES.

Blest!

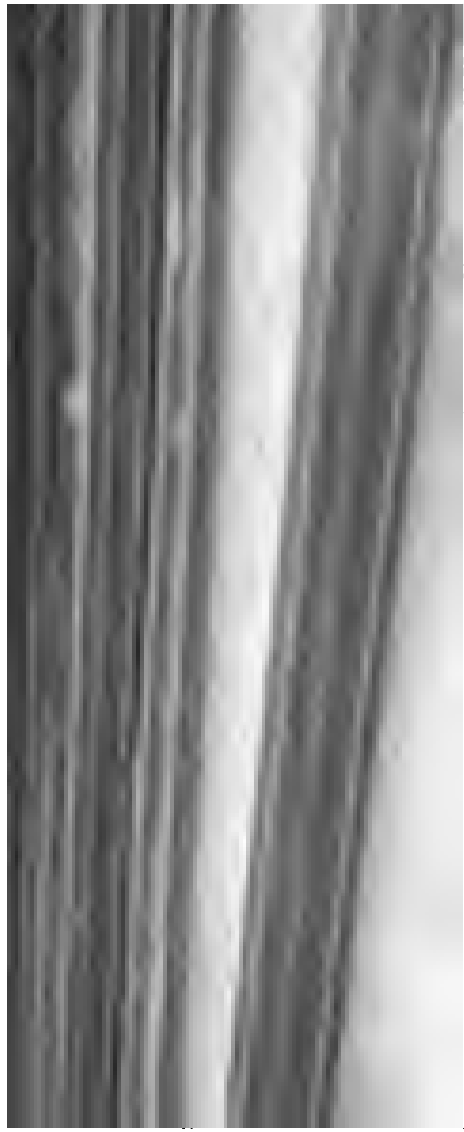
ZARINA.

He hath been
e that I cannot think

SALEMENES.

his feminine farewell
tings end, in *no* departure.
h, and yielded against all
s. But it must not be.

ZARINA.



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And impulse—borne away
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That which avails him nothing;
But 't is not his—but some supe
Placed him to di

Enter SALEMENES.

SALEMENES.

I must part ye—

ents, which must not be lost, are passing.

ZARINA.

brother! wilt thou thus weigh out

high and blest?

SALEMENES.

Blest!

ZARINA.

He hath been

t me that I cannot think

SALEMENES.

—this feminine farewell

rtings end. in

e it.

SALEMENES.

Well, then, mark me: when
eyond the Median's grasp, the rebels
eir chief aim—the extinction of
nrod. Though the present king
ive for victory and vengeance.

ZARINA.

t I remain, alone?

SALEMENES.

What! leave
en, with two parents and yet orphans—
e land—so young, so distant?

ZARINA. No—

will break.

SALEMENES.

Now you know all—decide.

SARDANAPALUS.

g hath spoken well, and we

...ce *not* to shed them—'t were
Easier to stop Euphrates at its source
Than one tear of a true and tender heart—
But let me not behold them; they unman me
Here when I had re-mann'd myself. My brother,
Lead her away.

ZARINA.

Oh, God! I never shall
Behold him more!

SALEMENES (*striving to conduct her*).

Nay, sister, I *must* be obey'd.

ZARINA.

I *must remain*—away! you shall not hold me.
What, shall he die alone?—*I* live alone?

What I shall see with pleasure.

SARDANAPALUS.

Before your entrance in this hall, Zarina,
Scarce a moment
Queen of Assyria, departed hence.

MYRRHA.

Ah!

SARDANAPALUS.

Wherefore do you start?

MYRRHA.

Did I do so?

SARDANAPALUS.

'T was well you enter'd by another portal,
Else you had met. That pang at least is sp

MYRRHA.

I know to feel for her.

SARDANAPALUS.

That is too much
And beyond nature—'t is nor mutual.

_ _ .oved her. Fatal passion!
: thou not expire *at once* in hearts
ıou hast lighted up at once? Zarina!
ıy dearly for the desolation
ıght upon thee. Had I never loved
I should have been an unopposed
of honouring nations. To what gulphs
leviation from the track
duties leads even those who claim
ge of mankind as their born due,
, till they forfeit it themselves!

Enter MYRRHA.

SARDANAPALUS.

Who call'd you?

MYRRHA.

SARDANAPALUS.

Yet, stay—being here.
I pray you pardon me: events have sour'd me
Till I wax peevish—heed it not: I shall
Soon be myself again.

MYRRHA.

I wait with patience,
What I shall see with pleasure.

SARDANAPALUS.

Scarce a mom
Before your entrance in this hall, Zarina,
Queen of Assyria, departed hence.

MYRRHA.

Ah!

SARDANAPALUS.

Wherefore do you start?

MYRRHA.

Did I do so?

Our courage never—nor your love till now;
And none could make me doubt it save yourself.
Those words——

MYRRHA.

Were words. I pray you, let the proofs
Be in the past acts you were pleased to praise
This very night, and in my further bearing,
Beside, wherever you are borne by fate.

SARDANAPALUS.

I am content; and, trusting in my cause,
Think we may yet be victors, and return
To peace—the only victory I covet.
To me war is no glory—conquest no
Renown. To be forced thus to uphold my right,
Sits heavier on my heart than all the wrongs
These men would bow me down with. Never, never
Can I forget this night, even should I live
To add it to the memory of others.
I thought to have made mine inoffensive rule
An era of sweet peace 'midst bloody annals,
A green spot amidst desert centuries,

On which the ...
And cultivate, or sigh when it could ...
Regal Sardanapalus' golden reign.
I thought to have made my realm a paradise,
And every moon an epoch of new pleasures.
I took the rabble's shouts for love—the breath
Of friends for truth—the lips of woman for
My only guerdon—so they are, my Myrrha:
[*He kisses her*
Kiss me. Now let them take my realm and life!
They shall have both, but never thee!

MYRRHA.

No, never!

Man may despoil his brother man of all
That's great or glittering: kingdoms fall—hosts yield—
Friends fail—slaves fly—and all betray—and, more
Than all, the most indebted—but a heart
That loves without self-love! 'T is here—now prove it.

Enter SALEMENES.

, ...or my heart.
... fall. If that you conque
joy in your great triumph; should
t be different, I 'll not weep, but share
d not doubt me a few hours ago.

SARDANAPALUS.

ourage never—nor your love till now;
ne could make me doubt it save yourself.
words——

MYRRHA.

Were words. I pray you, let the p
past acts you were pleased to praise
night, and in my further bearing,
herever you are borne by fate.

SARDANAPALUS.

nt; and, trusting in my cause,
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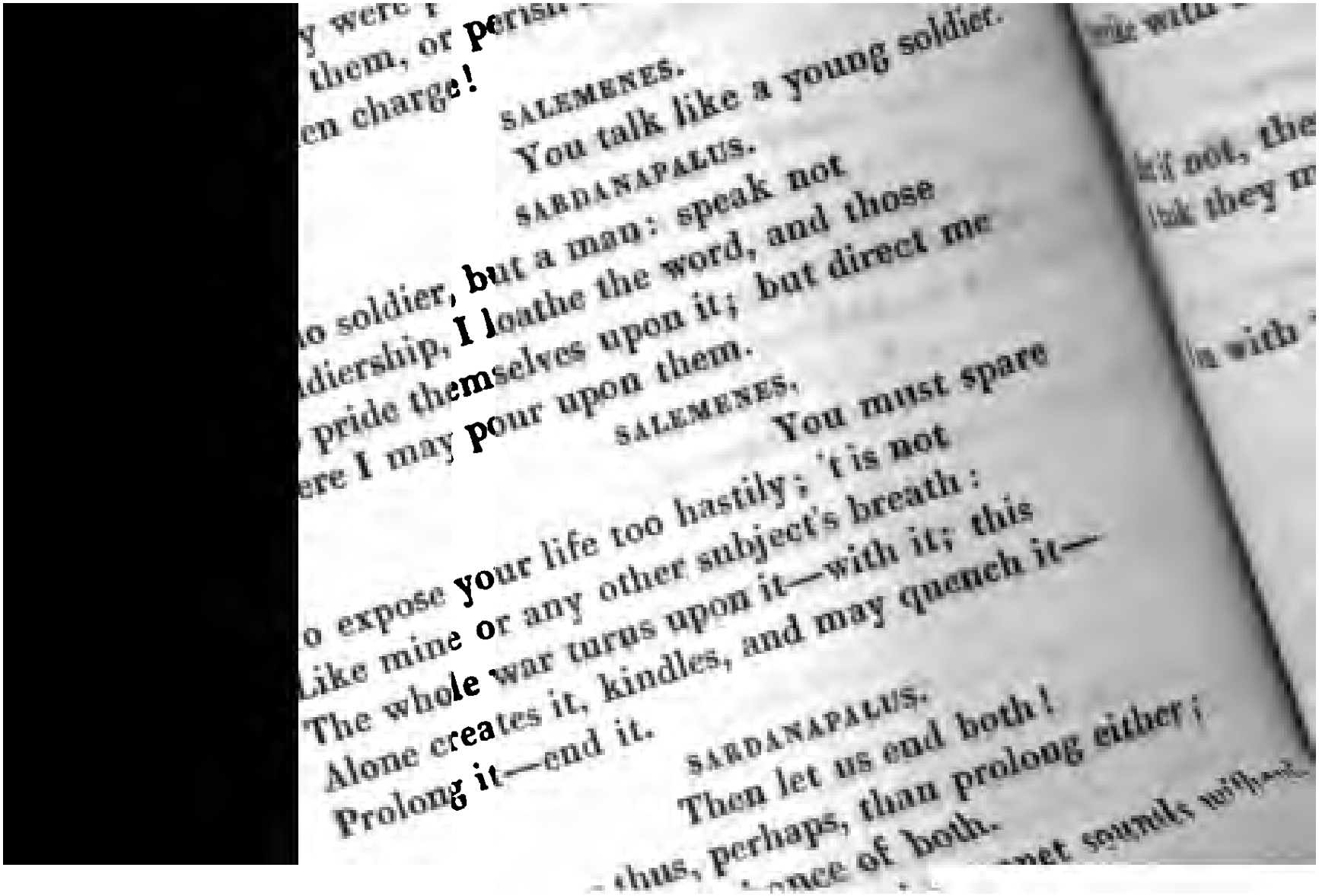


SARDANAPALUS.

'T is bound—
d forgotten it. Away!
would have scratch'd me deeper:
ve it might be well ashamed
o weakly.

SALEMENES.

Now may none this hour
ter aim!

SARDANAPALUS.

Ay, if we conquer;
vill only leave to me
t have spared their king. Upon them!

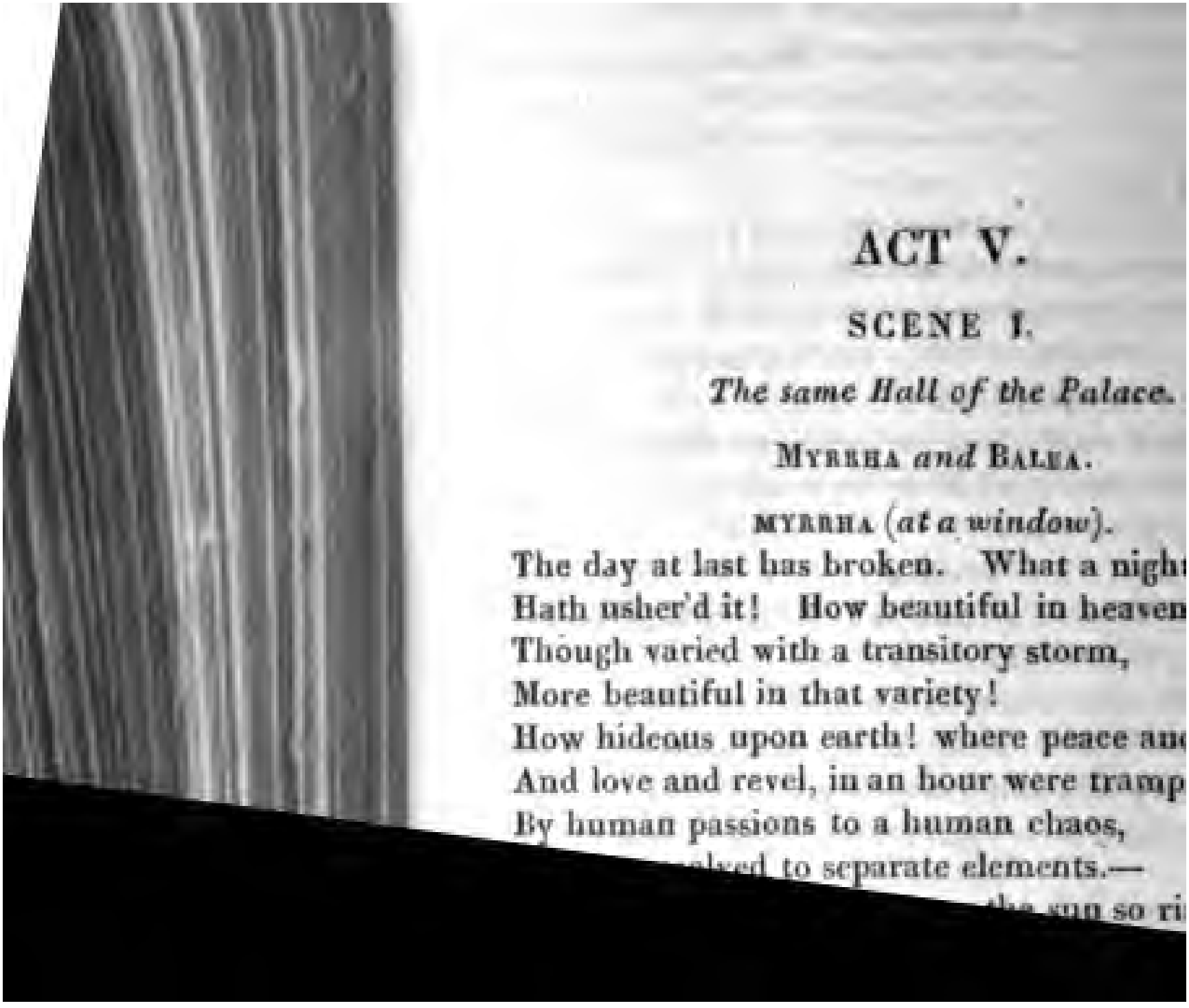
[*Trumpet sounds again.*

SALEMENES.

SARDANAPALUS.

o, my arms! again, my arms!

[*Exeunt.*



ACT V.

SCENE I.

The same Hall of the Palace.

MYRRHA *and* BALEA.

MYRRHA (*at a window*).

The day at last has broken. What a nigh
Hath usher'd it! How beautiful in heaven
Though varied with a transitory storm,
More beautiful in that variety!
How hideous upon earth! where peace an
And love and revel, in an hour were tramp
By human passions to a human chaos,
olved to separate elements.—
the sun so ri

SALEMENES.

Hark!

SARDANAPALUS.

Let us

Reply, not listen.

SALEMENES.

And your wound?

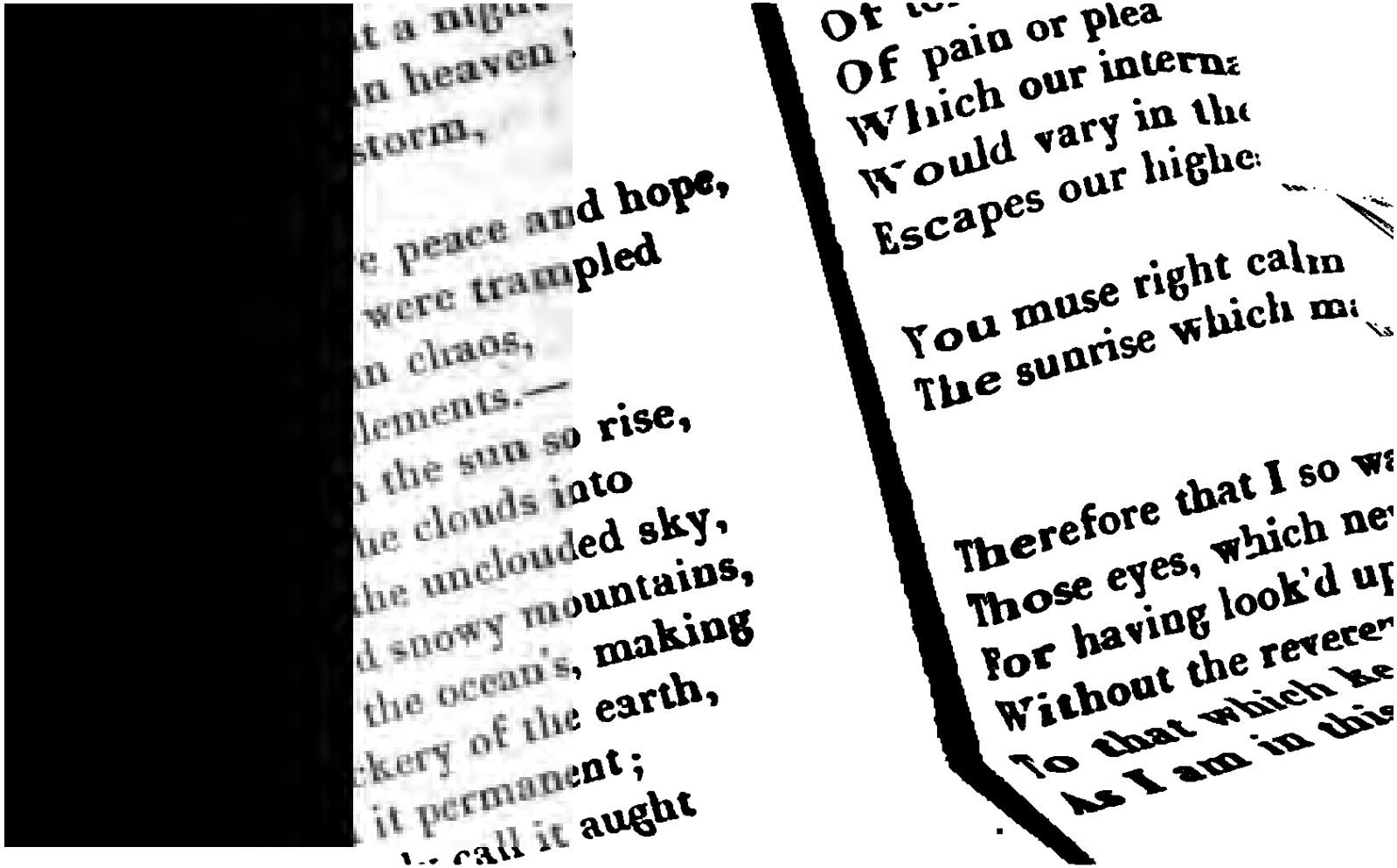
SARDANAPALUS.

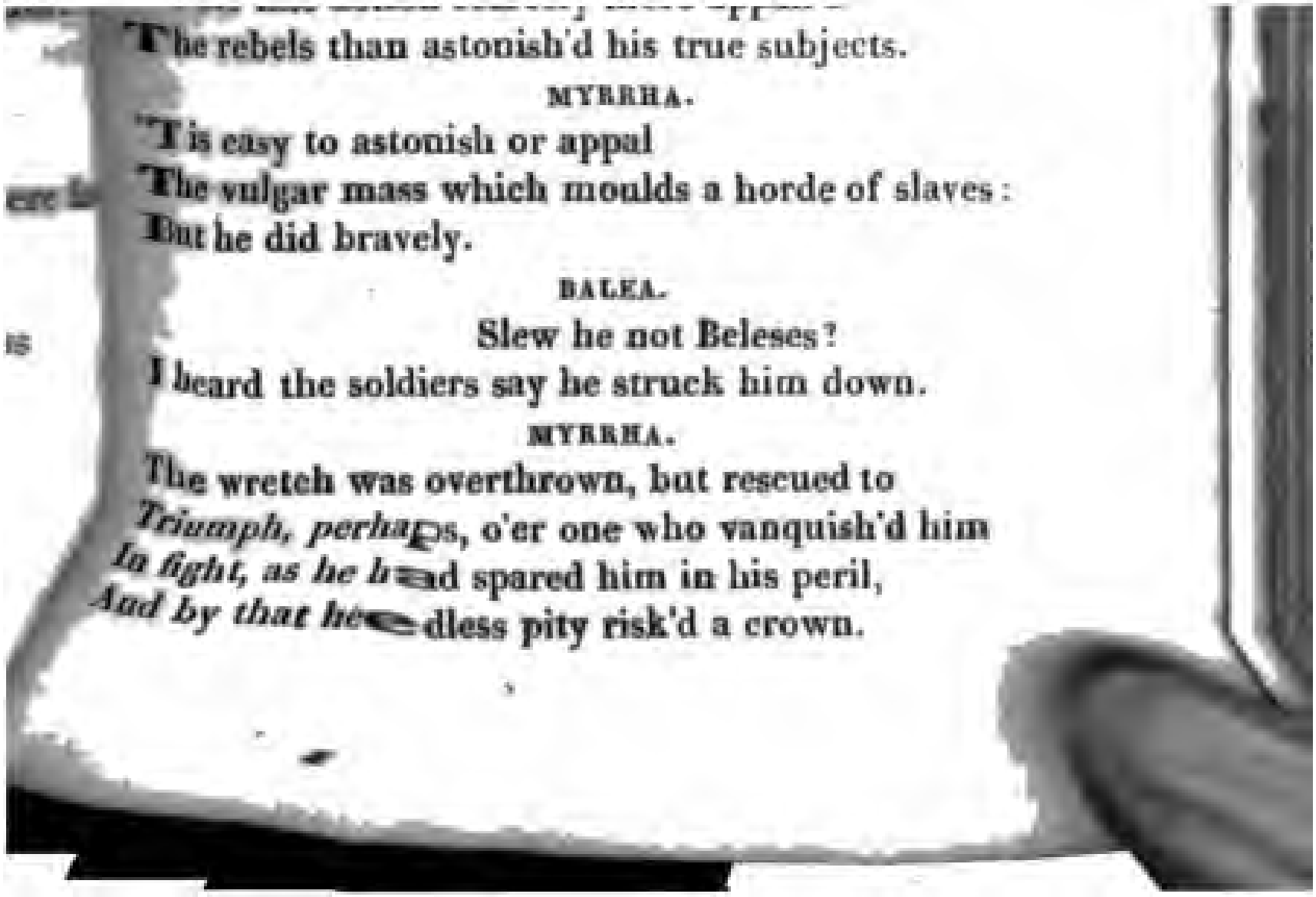
'T is bound—

'T is heal'd—I had forgotten it. Away!

A leech's lancet would have scratch'd me deeper:

The slave that gave it might be well ashamed





The rebels than astonish'd his true subjects.

MYRRHA.

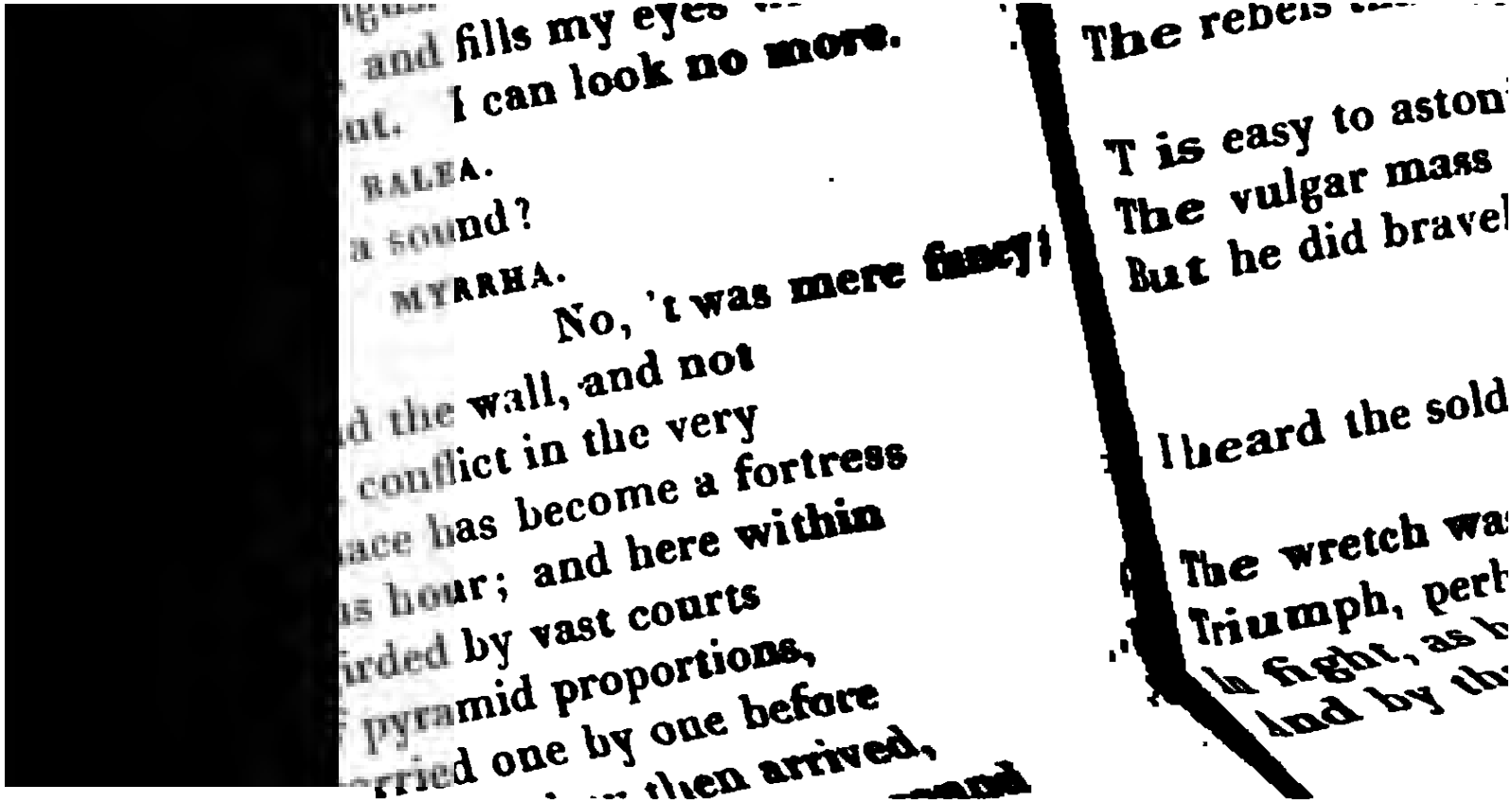
'Tis easy to astonish or appal
The vulgar mass which moulds a horde of slaves:
But he did bravely.

BALEA.

Slew he not Beleses?
I heard the soldiers say he struck him down.

MYRRHA.

The wretch was overthrown, but rescued to
Triumph, perhaps, o'er one who vanquish'd him
In fight, as he had spared him in his peril,
And by that heedless pity risk'd a crown.



and fills my eyes
ut. I can look no more.
BALBA.
a sound?
MYRRHA.
No, 't was mere fancy!
d the wall, and not
conflict in the very
ace has become a fortress
is hour; and here within
irded by vast courts
pyramid proportions,
rried one by one before
then arrived,
The rebels
T is easy to aston
The vulgar mass
But he did brave
I heard the sold
The wretch wa
Triumph, perh
n fight, as h
nd by th

For, seeming slain in that cold dizzy trance,
The sight might shake our soldiers—but—'t is vain.
I feel it ebbing!

MYRRHA.

Let me see the wound;
I am not quite skilless: in my native land
'Tis part of our instruction. War being constant,
We are nerved to look on such things.

SOLDIER.

Best extract
The javelin.

MYRRHA.

Hold! no, no, it cannot be.

SALEMENES.

I am sped, then!

MYRRHA.

[illegible] fast must follow

That Zames take [illegible]
So hoped for, yet delay'd, of Ofratanes,
Satrap of Susa. Leave me here: our troops
Are not so numerous as to spare your absence.

SOLDIER.

But, prince——

SALEMENES.

Hence, I say! Here's a courtier and
A woman, the best chamber company.
As you would not permit me to expire
Upon the field, I'll have no idle soldiers
About my sick couch. Hence! and do my bidding!

[Exeunt the Soldiers

MYRRHA.

Gallant and glorious spirit! must the earth
So soon resign thee?

SALEMENES.

Gentle Myrrha, 't is
The end I would have chosen, had I saved
The monarch or the monarchy by this;
As 't is, I have not outlived them.

MYRRHA.

You was paler.

SALEMENES.

And the battle

ARDANAPALUS (*despondingly*).
e *me here.*

SALEMENES.

I'd rather see you *thus!*
out the weapon from the wound, and dies.

SARDANAPALUS.

ll be seen; unless the succour,
reed of our beleaguer'd hopes,
Phratanes.

MYRRHA.

Did you not
en from your dying brother,
ames chief?

SARDANAPALUS.

I did.

MYRRHA.

Though thinly [illegible]
Their present force, or aught
But i' the field——

MYRRHA.

I thought 'twas the intent
Of Salamenes not to risk a sally
'Till ye were strengthen'd by the expected succours.

SARDANAPALUS.

I over-ruled him.

MYRRHA.

Well, the fault's a brave one:

SARDANAPALUS.

But fatal. Oh, my brother! I would give
These realms, of which thou wert the ornament,
The sword and shield, the sole, redeeming honour,
To call back——But I will not weep for thee;
Thou shalt be mourn'd for as thou wouldst be mourn
It grieves me most that thou couldst quit this life
Believing that I could survive what thou
Hast died for—our long royalty of race.
If I redeem it, I will give thee blood
Of thousands, tears of millions, for atonement
(The tears of all the good are thine already).
[illegible] we meet again soon, if the spirit

a king lay there: when this is done, we will
speak further of the rites due to such ashes.

[*Exeunt Soldiers with the body of* SALEMENES.

Enter PANIA.

SARDANAPALUS.

Well, Pania! have you placed the guards, and issued
The orders fix'd on?

PANIA.

Sire, I have obey'd.

SARDANAPALUS.

And do the soldiers keep their hearts up?

PANIA.

Sire?

SARDANAPALUS.

I'm answer'd! When a king asks twice, and has
A question as an answer to *his* question,
It is a portent. What, they are disheartened?

PANIA.

The death of Salemenes, and the shouts

I am alone.

MYRRHA.

And is all lost?

SARDANAPALUS.

Our walls,
Though thinly mann'd, may still hold out again
Their present force, or aught save treachery:
But i' the field——

MYRRHA.

I thought 'twas the intent
Of Salamenes not to risk a sally
'Till ye were strengthen'd by the expected succ

SARDANAPALUS.

I over-ruled him.

MYRRHA.

Well, the fault's a brave on

SARDANAPALUS.

But fatal. Oh, my brother! I would give
These realms, of which thou wert the orname
redeeming ho

[illegible] tempestuous region,
[illegible] banks, and hath destroy'd the bulwark.

PANIA.

[illegible] augury! it has been said
That the city ne'er should yield,
till the river grew its foe.»

SARDANAPALUS.

[illegible] the omen, not the ravage.
[illegible] swept down of the wall?

OFFICER.

[illegible] stadii. About

SARDANAPALUS.

And all this is left
[illegible] assailants?

OFFICER.

For the present
[illegible] must impede the assault;
[illegible] drinks into his wonted channel

I will proceed to the spot, and take such [illegible]
For the assurance of the vacant space
As time and means permit.

SARDANAPALUS.

About it straight,
And bring me back, as speedily as full
And fair investigation may permit,
Report of the true state of this irruption
Of waters.

[*Exeunt* PANIA *and the Officers*.

MYRRHA.

Thus the very waves rise up
Against you.

SARDANAPALUS.

They are not my subjects, girl,
And may be pardon'd, since they can't be punish'd.

MYRRHA.

I joy to see this portent shakes you not.

SARDANAPALUS.

[illegible] they can tell me

...adii.

About

SARDANAPALUS.

And all this is left
Pervious to the assailants?

OFFICER.

For the present
The river's fury must impede the assault;
But when he shrinks into his wonted channel,
And may be cross'd by the accustom'd barks,
The palace is their own.

SARDANAPALUS.

That shall be never.
Though men, and gods, and elements, and omens,
Have risen up 'gainst one who ne'er provoked them,
My fathers' house shall never be a cave
For wolves to horde and howl in.

Press'd by a nobler [illegible]
Though a long line of sovereigns [illegible]
Along its golden frame—as bearing for
A time what late was Salamenes.) Search
The secret covert to which this will lead you;
'T is full of treasure: take it for yourself
And your companions: there 's enough to load ye,
Though ye be many. Let the slaves be freed, too;
And all the inmates of the palace, of
Whatever sex, now quit it in an hour.
Thence launch the regal barks, once form'd for pleasure,
And now to serve for safety, and embark.
The river 's broad and swoln, and uncommanded
More potent than a king) by these besiegers—
Fly! and be happy!

PAXIA.

Under your protection!
So you accompany your faithful guard.

SARDANAPALUS.

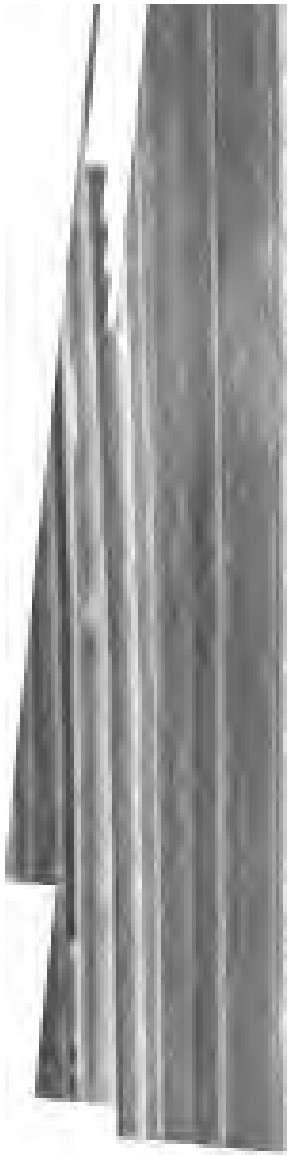
[illegible] not be; get thee hence,

save *one deed*—the last
greatest to all mortals; crowning act
that was—or is—or is to be—
nly thing common to all mankind,
ferent in their births, tongues, sexes, natures,
features, climes, times, feelings, intellects,
ut one point of union, save in this,
ich we tend, for which we're born, and thread
byrinth of mystery call'd life.

SARDANAPALUS.

w being well nigh wound out, let's be cheerful.
ho have nothing more to fear may well
a smile at that which once appall'd;
ren at discover'd bugbears.

Re-enter PANIA.



A time what late was [illegible]
The secret covert to which this will lead you;
'T is full of treasure; take it for yourself
And your companions: there 's enough to load ye
Though ye be many. Let the slaves be freed, too
And all the inmates of the palace, of
Whatever sex, now quit it in an hour.
Thence launch the regal barks, once form'd for plea
And now to serve for safety, and embark.
The river 's broad and swoln, and uncommanded
(More potent than a king) by these besiegers.
Fly! and be happy!

PANIA.

Under your protection!
So you accompany your faithful guard.

SARDANAPALUS.

No, Pania! that must not be; get thee hence,
And leave me to my fate.

PANIA.

HERALD.

They offer thee thy life, and freedom
to single out a residence
the further provinces,
nd watch'd, but not confined in person,
u shalt pass thy days in peace; but on
that the three young princes are
s hostages.

SARDANAPALUS (*ironically*).

The generous victors!

HERALD.

nswer.

SARDANAPALUS.

Answer, slave! How long
decided on the doom of kings?

HERALD.

ere free.

SARDANAPALUS.

Mouthpiece of mutiny!

My king, in going forth upon my duty,
This herald has been brought before me, craving
An audience.

SARDANAPALUS.

Let him speak.

HERALD.

The *King* Arbaces—

SARDANAPALUS.

What, crown'd already?—But, proceed.

HERALD.

Beleses,

The anointed high-priest——

SARDANAPALUS.

Of what god, or

With new kings rise new altars. But, proceed
You are sent to prate your master's will, and
Reply to mine.

HERALD.

Ofratanes——

Shall not be one of wrath. Here, fellow, take
[*Gives him a golden cup from a table near.*
This golden goblet, let it hold your wine,
And think of *me*; or melt it into ingots,
And think of nothing but their weight and value.

HERALD.

I thank you doubly for my life, and this
Most gorgeous gift, which renders it more precious.
But must I bear no answer?

SARDANAPALUS.

Yes,—I ask
An hour's truce to consider.

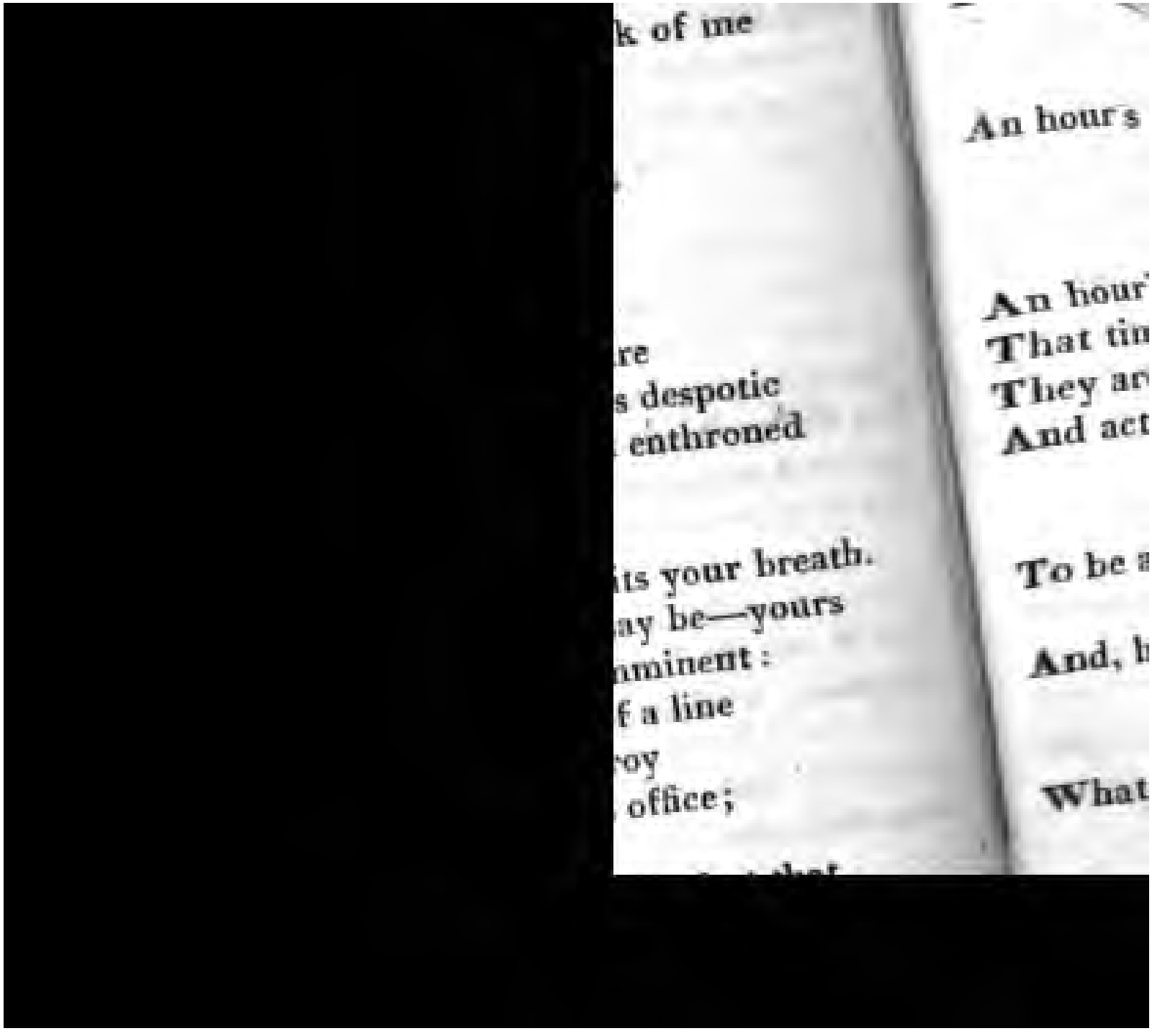
HERALD.

But an hour's?

SARDANAPALUS.

An hour's: if at the expiration of
That time your masters hear no further from me,
They are to deem that I reject their terms,
And act befittingly.

HERALD.


k of me
An hour's
re
s despotic
enthroned
its your breath.
ay be—yours
minent:
f a line
roy
office;
An hour
That tin
They ar
And act
To be
And, h
What

No—
the pile and share it with you.

MYRRHA.

's mine.

PANIA.

A woman's!

MYRRHA.

'T is the soldier's
for his sovereign, and why not
's with her lover?

PANIA.

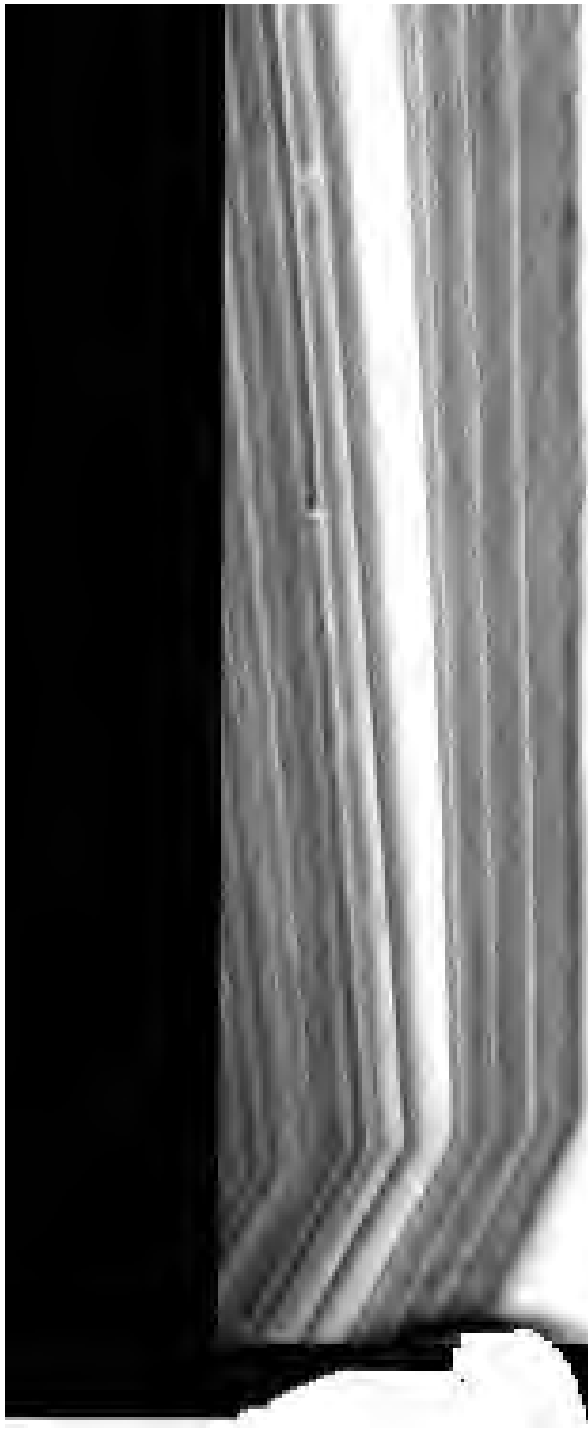
'T is most strange!

MYRRHA.

ure, my Pania, as thou think'st it.
time, live thou.—Farewell! the pile

PANIA.

uld shame to leave my sovereign
ingle female to partake



My lord,—the soldiers are already cha
And, see! they enter.

[*Soldiers enter, and form*
Throne, etc.

SARDANAPALUS.

Higher, my good
And thicker yet; and see that the foun
Be such as will not speedily exhaust
Its own too subtle flame; nor yet be q
With aught officious aid would bring
Let the throne form the *core* of it; I w
Leave that, save fraught with fire unq
To the new comers. Frame the whol
'T were to enkindle the strong tower
Inveterate enemies. Now it bears an
How say you, Pania, will this pile suff
For a king's obsequies?

PANIA.

Ay, for a kin

I understand you now.

... me!

PANIA.

No—

ne but fire the pile and share it with you.

MYRRHA.

duty's mine.

PANIA.

A woman's!

MYRRHA.

'T is the soldier's

o die *for* his sovereign, and why not

oman's with her lover?

PANIA.

'T is most strange!

MYRRHA.

so rare, my Pania, as thou think'st it.

ean time, live thou.—Fa...

At least from thence he will depart to r

HERALD.

I shall obey you to the letter.

SARDANAPALUS.

Pania!—

Now, my good Pania!—quick! with wh

PANIA.

My lord,—the soldiers are already char
And, see! they enter.

[*Soldiers enter, and form*
Throne, etc.

SARDANAPALUS.

Higher, my good
And thicker yet; and see that the found
Be such as will not speedily exhaust
Its own too subtle flame; nor yet be qu
With aught officious aid would bring t
Let the throne form the *core* of it; I w

MYRRHA.

T is my country's custom to
ation to the gods.

SARDANAPALUS.

And mine
bations amongst men. I 've not
custom; and although alone,
me draught in memory of many
quet past.

RDANAPALUS *takes the cup, and after drink-*
ng and tinkling the reversed cup, as a drop
falls, exclaims—

And this libation
ellent Beleses.

MYRRHA.

Why
nd rather upon that man's name
ate's in villany?

SARDANAPALUS.

At least from thence he will depart to meet me.

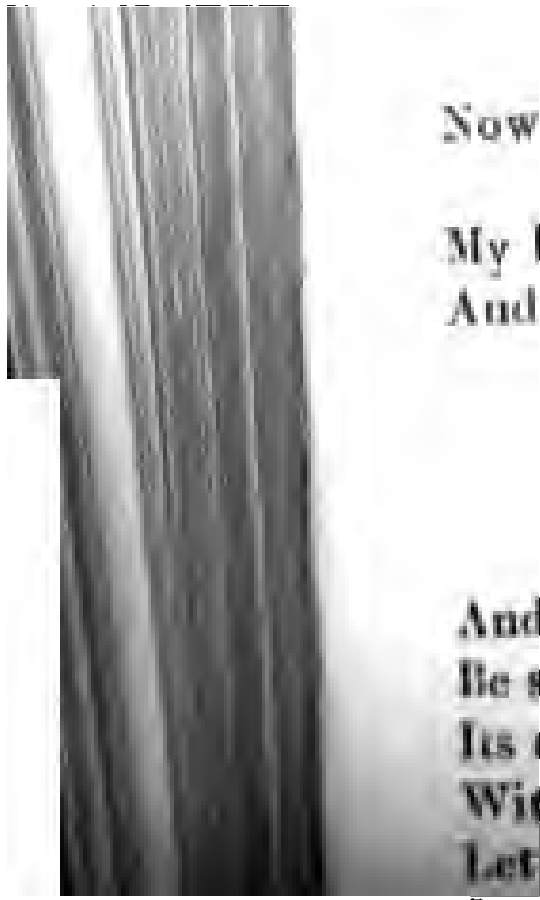
HERALD.

I shall obey you to the letter. [*Exit H*

SARDANAPALUS.

Pania!—

Now, my good Pania!—quick! with what I order



PANIA.

My lord,—the soldiers are already charged.
And, see! they enter.

[*Soldiers enter, and form a Pile al*
Throne, etc.

SARDANAPALUS.

Higher, my good soldiers,
And thicker yet; and see that the foundation
Be such as will not speedily exhaust
Its own too subtle flame; nor yet be quench'd
With aught officious aid would bring to quell it
Let the throne form the *core* of it; I would not
[illegible] have fraught with fire unquenchable

MYRRHA.

Is yours.

[*The trumpet of* PANIA *sounds without.*

SARDANAPALUS.

Hark!

MYRRHA.

Now!

SARDANAPALUS.

Adieu, Assyria!

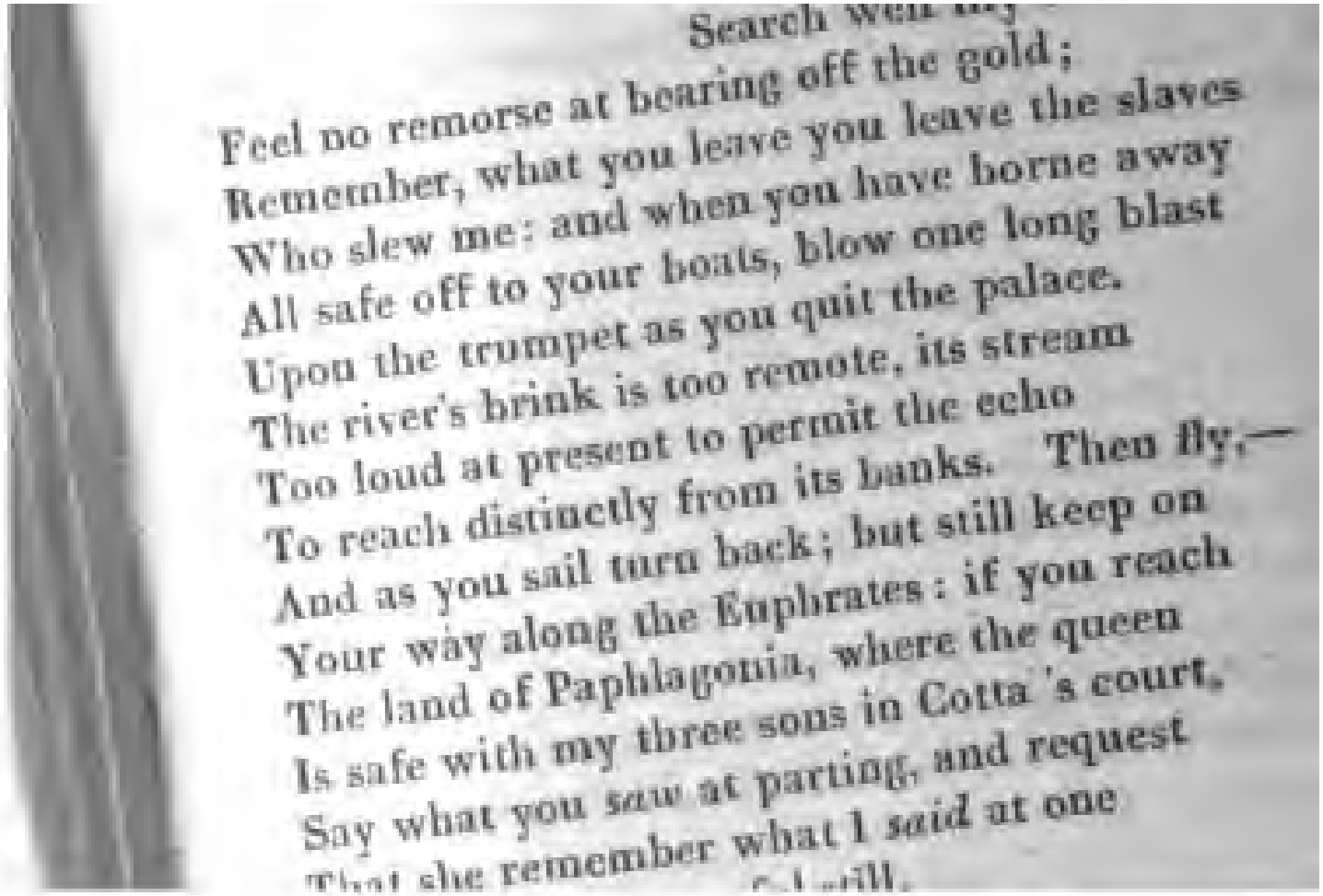
I loved thee well, my own, my fathers' land,
And better as my country than my kingdom.
I [illegible]ated thee with peace and joys; and this
[illegible]y reward! and now I owe thee nothing,
Not even a grave.

[*He mounts the pile.*

Now, Myrrha!

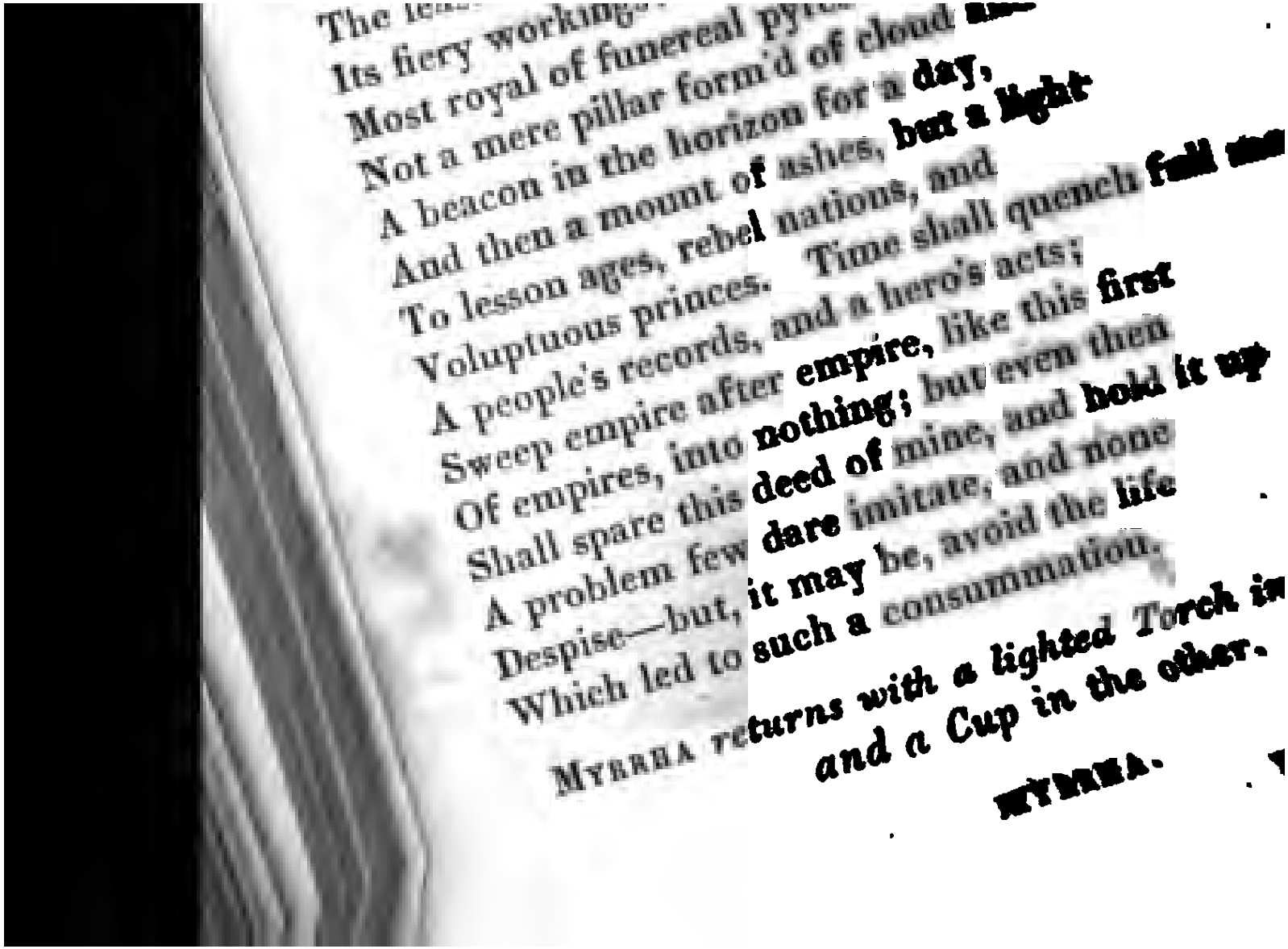
MYRRHA.

Art thou ready?



Search well my
Feel no remorse at bearing off the gold;
Remember, what you leave you leave the slaves
Who slew me: and when you have borne away
All safe off to your boats, blow one long blast
Upon the trumpet as you quit the palace.
The river's brink is too remote, its stream
Too loud at present to permit the echo
To reach distinctly from its banks. Then fly,—
And as you sail turn back; but still keep on
Your way along the Euphrates: if you reach
The land of Paphlagonia, where the queen
Is safe with my three sons in Cotta 's court,
Say what you saw at parting, and request
That she remember what I said at one
[illegible]

NOTES.
Note i. Page 9, line 1
And thou, my own Ionian My
«The Ionian name had been still
sive, having included the Achaians
who, together with those to whom
confined, would make nearly the
nation, and among the orientals it
the Greeks.»—Mit



The lea...
Its fiery working...
Most royal of funereal pyr...
Not a mere pillar form'd of cloud ...
A beacon in the horizon for a day,
And then a mount of ashes, but a light
To lesson ages, rebel nations, and
Voluptuous princes. Time shall quench full ...
A people's records, and a hero's acts;
Sweep empire after empire, like this first
Of empires, into nothing; but even then
Shall spare this deed of mine, and hold it up
A problem few dare imitate, and none
Despise—but, it may be, avoid the life
Which led to such a consummation.

MYRRHA returns with a lighted Torch in one hand and a Cup in the other.

MYRRHA.

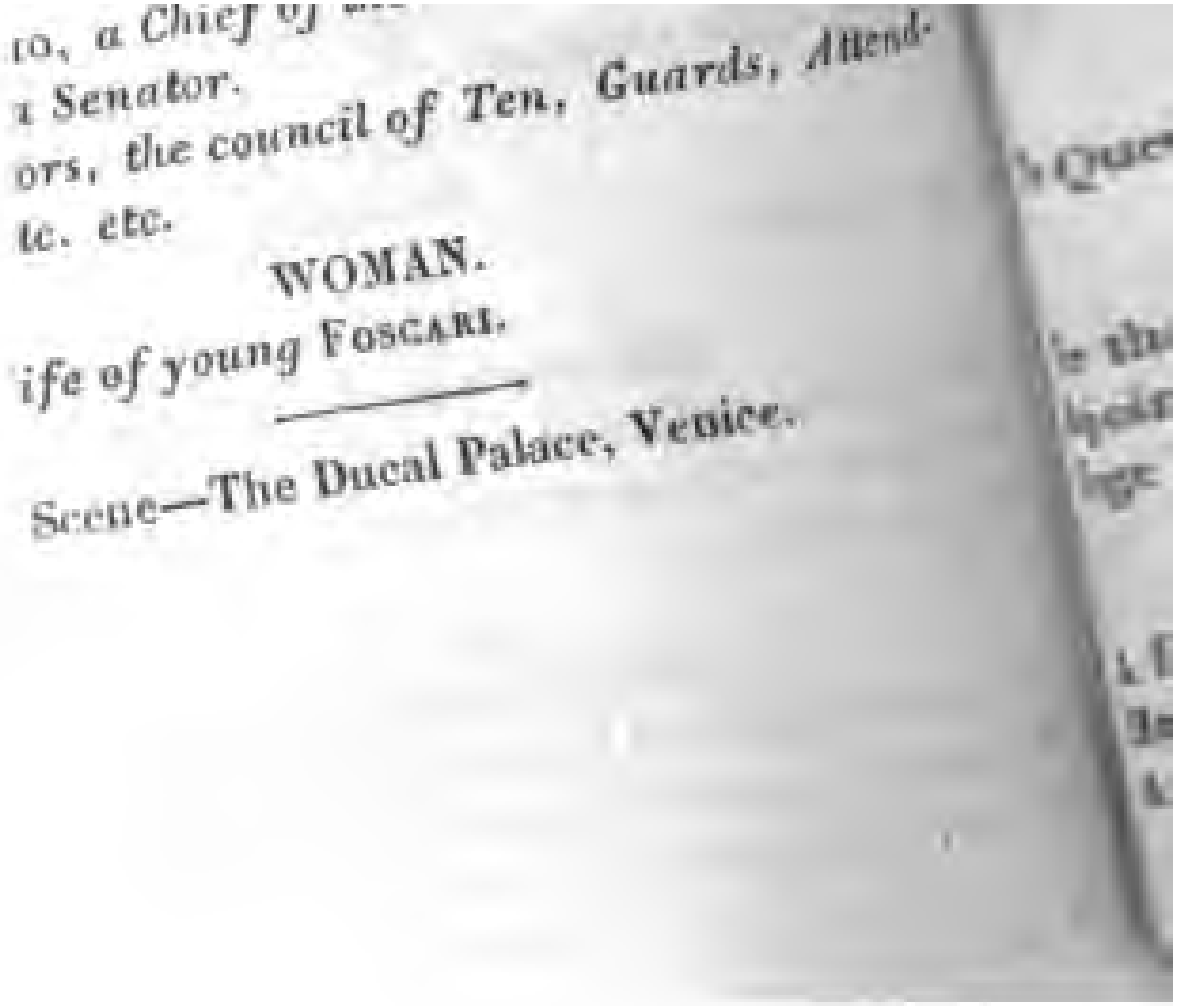
is striking in Diodorus's account of him.—
s *Greece*, vol. ix. pp. 311, 312, and 313.

THE TWO FOSCARI,

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

The *father* solicits, but the *governor's* resolved.

CRITIC.

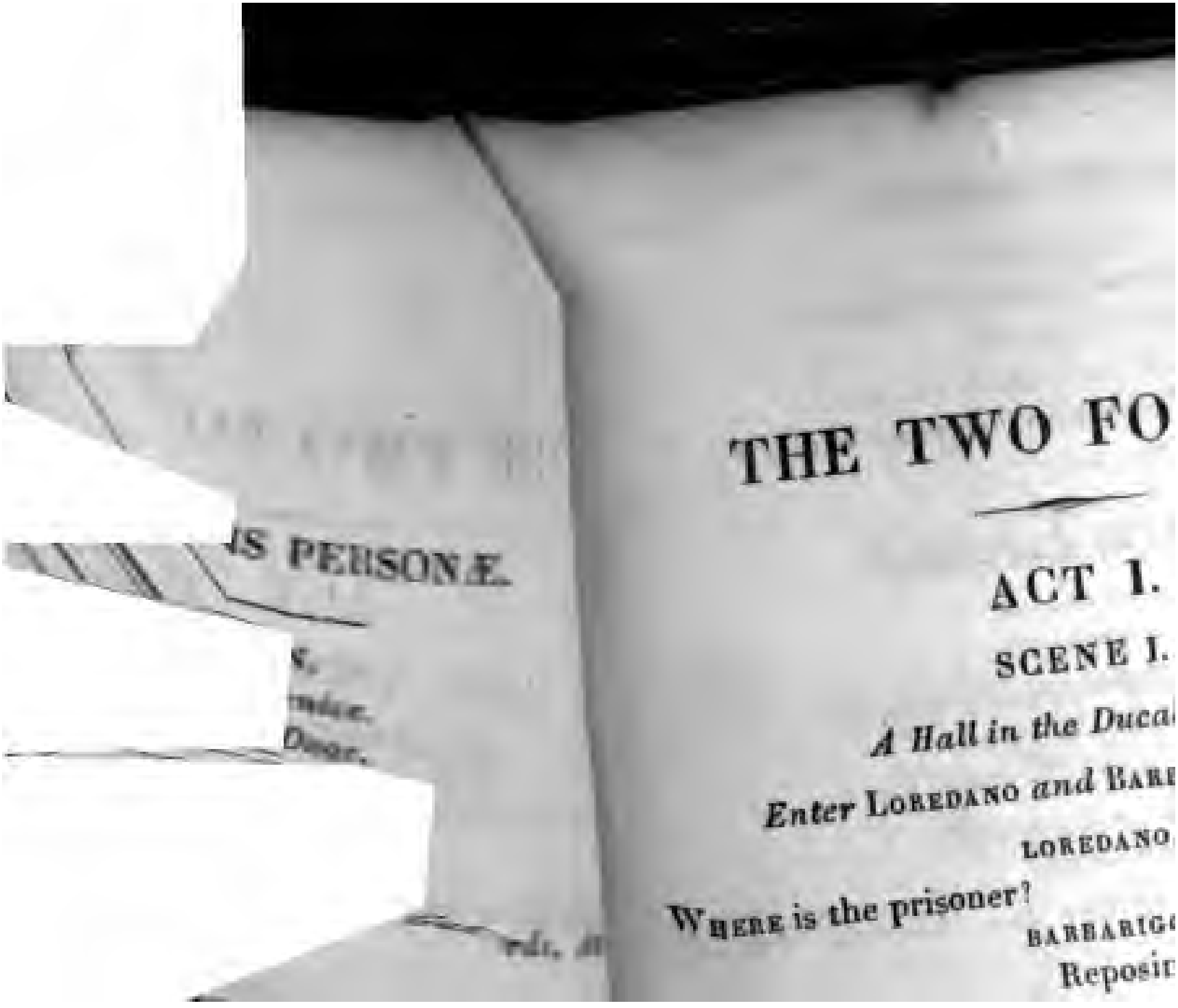


ro, a Chief of [illegible]
a Senator.
ors, the council of Ten, Guards, Attend-
ic. etc.

WOMAN.

ife of young FOSCARI.

Scene—The Ducal Palace, Venice.



IS PERSONÆ.

THE TWO FO

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duca

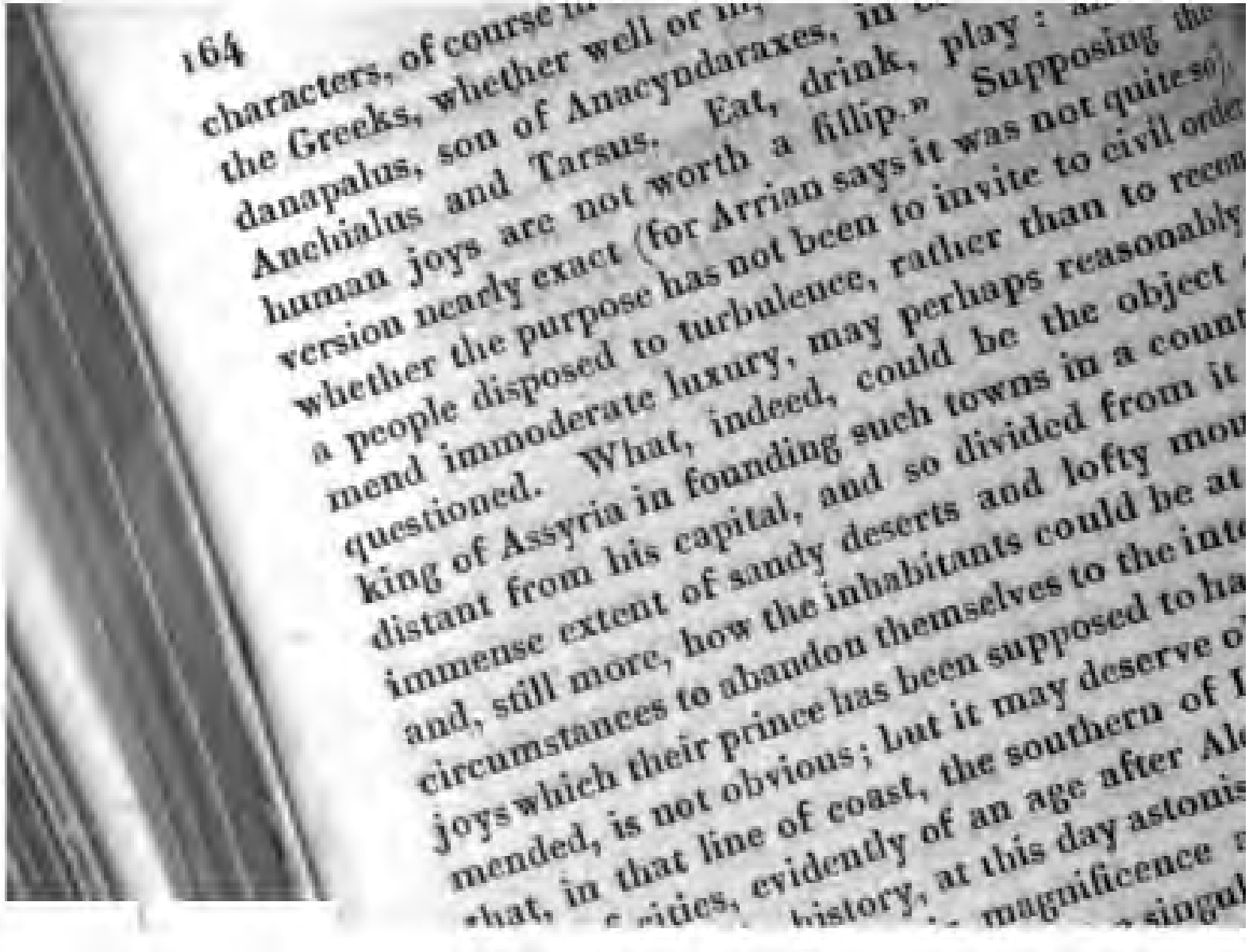
Enter LOREDANO *and* BARI

LOREDANO

WHERE is the prisoner?

BARBARIG

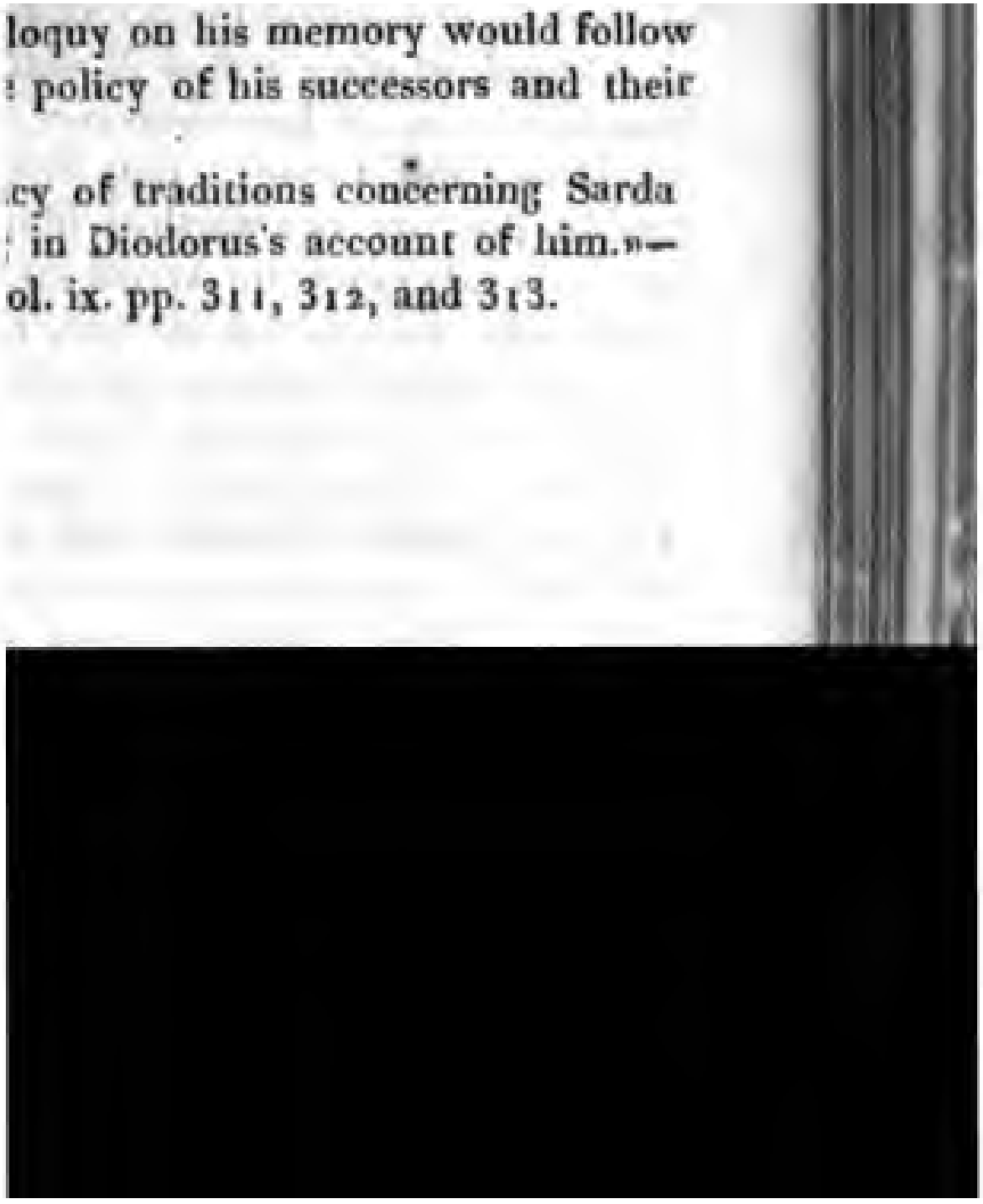
Reposi



characters, of course
the Greeks, whether well or
danapalus, son of Anacyndaraxes,
Anchialus and Tarsus. Eat, drink, play :
human joys are not worth a fillip.» Supposing the
version nearly exact (for Arrian says it was not quite so),
whether the purpose has not been to invite to civil order
a people disposed to turbulence, rather than to recon
mend immoderate luxury, may perhaps reasonably
questioned. What, indeed, could be the object
king of Assyria in founding such towns in a count
distant from his capital, and so divided from it
immense extent of sandy deserts and lofty mou
and, still more, how the inhabitants could be at
circumstances to abandon themselves to the inte
joys which their prince has been supposed to ha
mended, is not obvious; but it may deserve o
what, in that line of coast, the southern of
cities, evidently of an age after Al
history, at this day astonis
magnificence
singul

loquy on his memory would follow
: policy of his successors and their

.cy of traditions concerning Sarda
; in Diodorus's account of him.»—
ol. ix. pp. 311, 312, and 313.



MEN.

FRANCIS FOSCARI, *Doge of Venice.*
JACOPO FOSCARI, *Son of the Doge.*
JAMES LOREDANO, *a Patrician.*
MARCO MEMMO, *a Chief of the For*
BARBARIGO, *a Senator.*
Other Senators, the council of Te
ants, etc. etc.

WOMAN.

MARINA, *Wife of young* FOSCARI.

Scene—The Ducal Palac

ISON.E.

THE TWO F

ACT I

SCENE I

A Hall in the Duca

Enter LOREDANO *and* BARB

LOREDANO.

WHERE is the prisoner?

BARBARIGO.

Reposing

I yield not to yo—
ıate of the ambitious Foscari,
her and son, and all their noxious race ;
t the poor wretch has suffer'd beyond nature's
)st stoical endurance.

LOREDANO.

Without owning

lis crime.

BARBARIGO.

Perhaps without committing any.
But he avow'd the letter to the Duke
Of Milan, and his sufferings half atone for
Such weakness.

LOREDANO.

He shows it not.

LOREDANO.

I have mark'd *that*—the wret

BARBARIGO.

But yesterday, I hear, on his return
To the ducal chambers, as he pass'd the thresh
The old man fainted.

LOREDANO.

It begins to work, then.

BARBARIGO.

The work is half your own.

LOREDANO.

And should be a

My father and my uncle are no more.

BARBARIGO.

I have read their epitaph, which says they di
By poison.

The brothers sicken'd shortly:—

BARBARIGO.

A wretched one.

LOREDANO.

What should t

Orphans?

BARBARIGO

But *did* the Doge mal

LOREDANO.

BARBARIGO

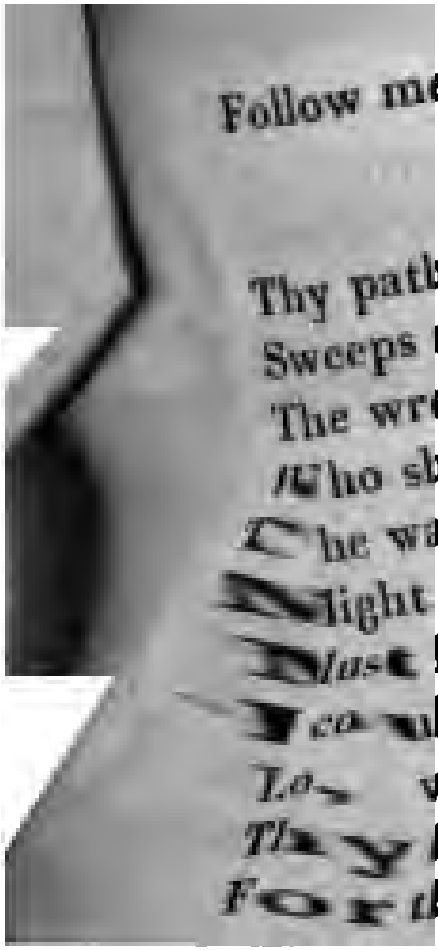
What solid proofs?

LOREDANO

When prin

To work in secret, proofs and pr
Alike made difficult; but I have
Of the first, as shall make the se

BARBARIG

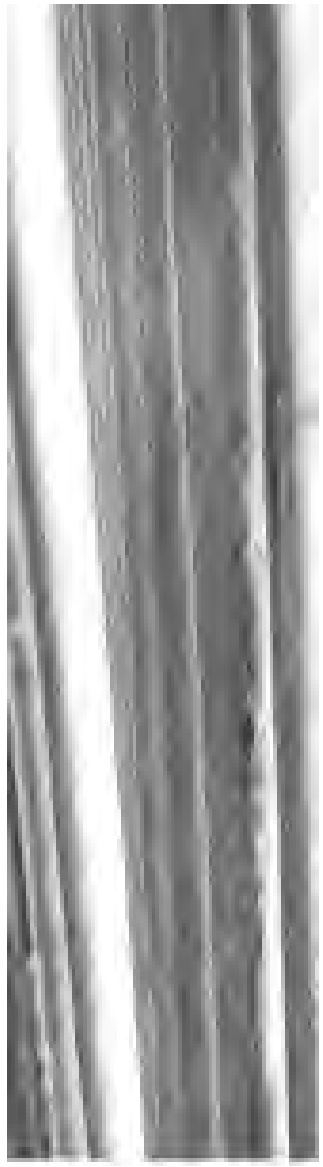


You se-

Follow me.

BARBARIGO (*solus*).

Follow *thee*! I have follow'd long
Thy path of desolation, as the wave
Sweeps after that before it, alike whelming
The wreck that creaks to the wild winds, and wretch
Who shrieks within its riven ribs, as gush
The waters through them; but this son and sire
Might move the elements to pause, and yet
Blast I on hardily like them—Oh! would
I could as blindly and remorselessly!—
Lo—where he comes!—Be still, my heart! they are
Thy foes, must be thy victims: wilt thou beat
For those who almost broke thee?



Signor, take time.

JACOPO FOSCARY.

I thank thee, friend, I

But thou may'st stand reproved.

GUARD.

I'll stand th

JACOPO FOSCARI.

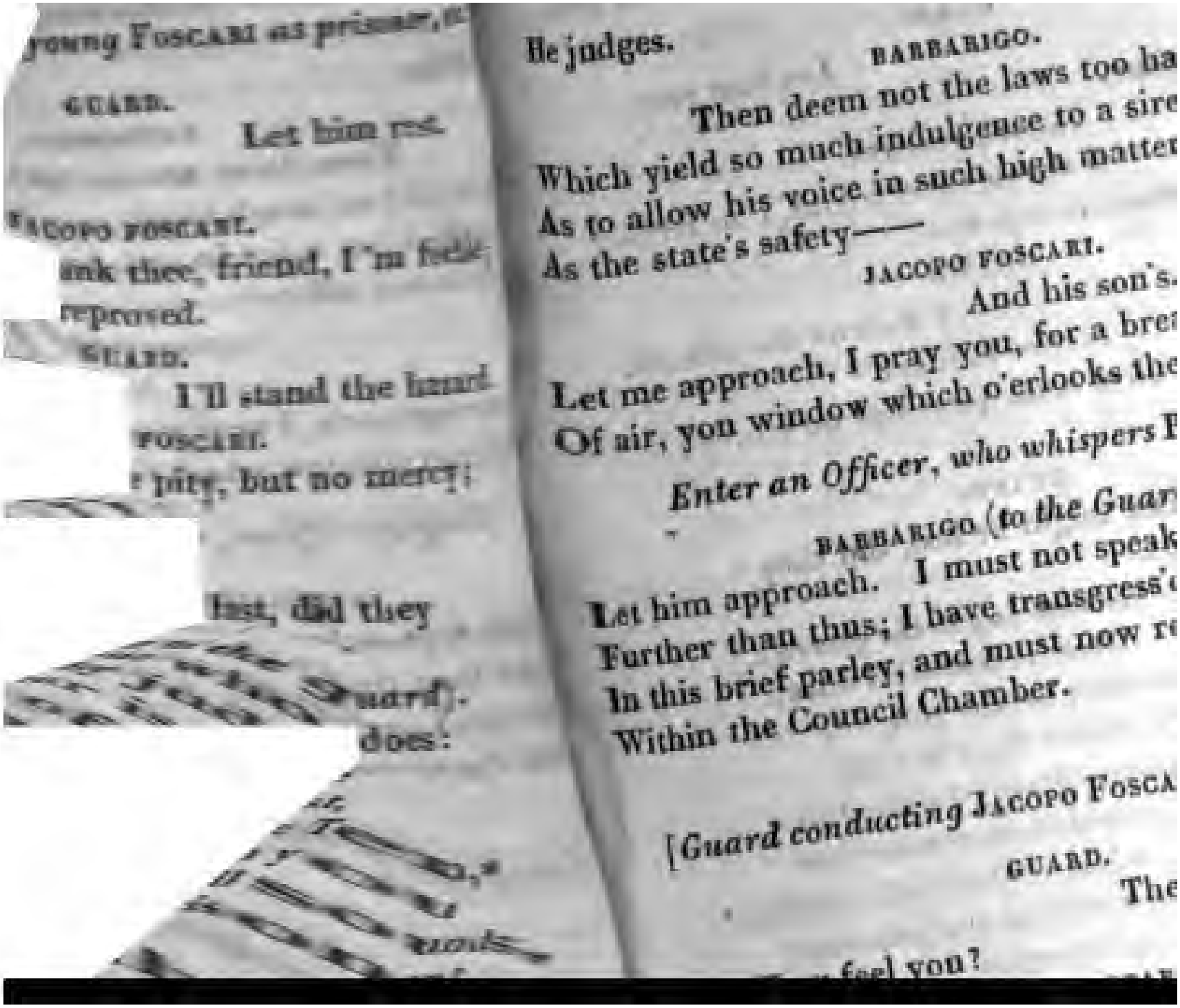
That 's kind:—I meet some pity, but no m
This is the first.

GUARD.

And might be last, did th
Who rule behold us.

BARBARIGO (*advancing to the gua*

There is one who do
Yet fear not; I will neither be thy judge
Nor thy accuser; though the hour is past,
Wait their last summons—I am of « the T
And waiting for that summons sanction y



young Foscari as prisoner, a

GUARD.

Let him re

JACOPO FOSCARI.

ank thee, friend, I'm feeb

reproved.

GUARD.

I'll stand the hazard

FOSCARI.

pity, but no mercy;

last, did they

Guard).

does:

He judges.

BARBARIGO.

Then deem not the laws too ha

Which yield so much indulgence to a sire

As to allow his voice in such high matter

As the state's safety——

JACOPO FOSCARI.

And his son's.

Let me approach, I pray you, for a brei

Of air, you window which o'erlooks the

Enter an Officer, who whispers F

BARBARIGO (*to the Guar*

Let him approach. I must not speak

Further than thus; I have transgress'

In this brief parley, and must now r

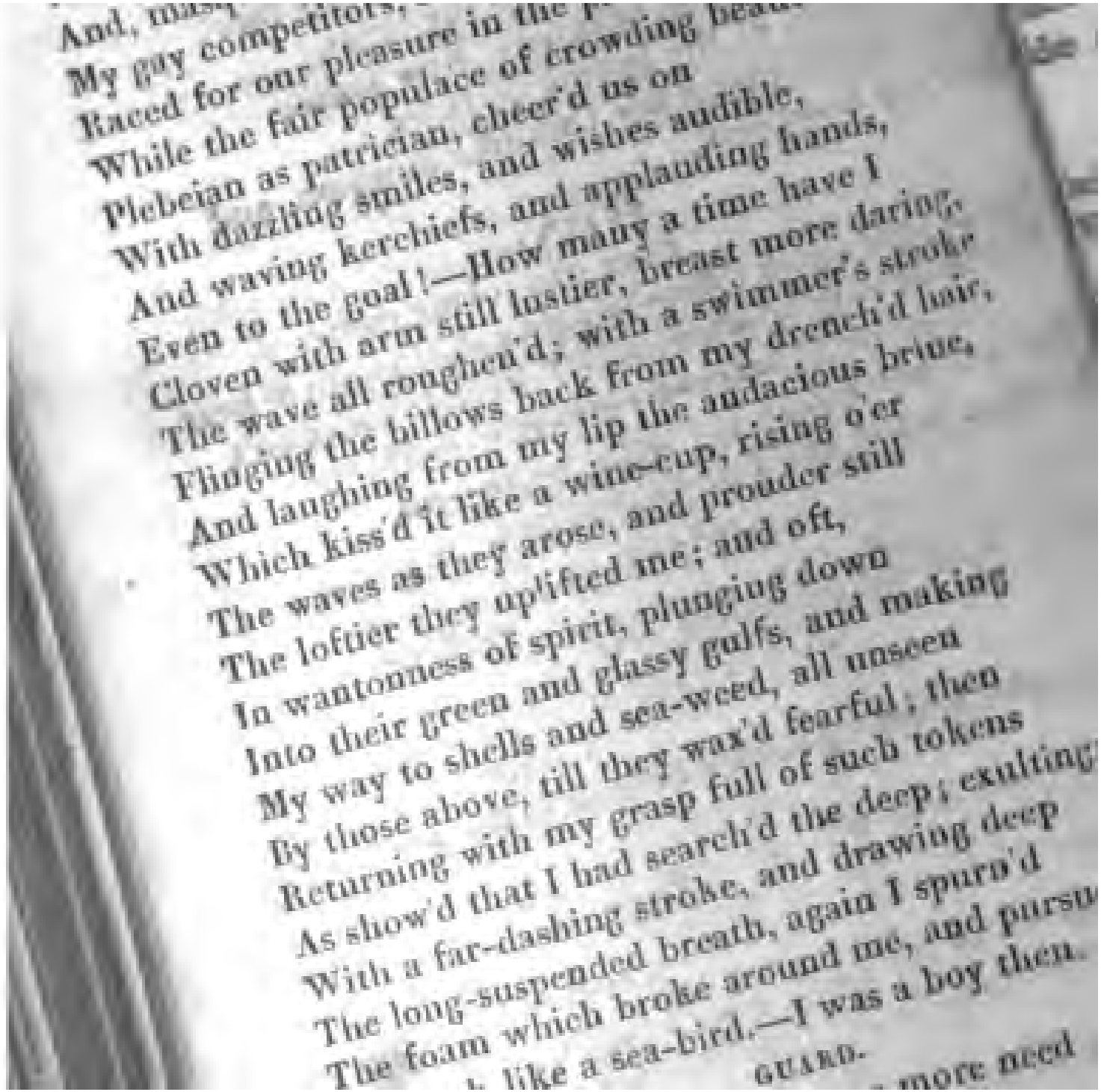
Within the Council Chamber.

[*Guard conducting* JACOPO FOSCA

GUARD.

The

feel you?



The hot gales of the horrid Cyclades,
Which howl'd about my Candiote dungeon, and
Made my heart sick.

GUARD.

I see the colour comes
Back to your cheek: Heaven send you strength to bear
What more may be imposed!—I dread to think on't.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

They will not banish me again?—No—no,
Let them wring on; I am strong yet.

GUARD.

Confess,
And the rack will be spared you.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

I confess'd
Once—twice before: both times they exiled me.

GUARD.

And the third time will slay you.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Will take me as a mother to her arms.
I ask no more than a Venetian grave.
A dungeon, what they will, so it be here.

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

Bring in the prisoner!

GUARD.

Signor, you hear the order.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Ay, I am used to such a summons; 't is
The third time they have tortured me:—then lend me
Thine arm. [*To the Guard.*

OFFICER.

Take mine, sir; 't is my duty to

And the cold drops strain through my brow as if——
But onward—I have borne it—I can bear it.—
How looks my father?

OFFICER.

With his wonted aspect.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

So does the earth, and sky, the blue of ocean,
The brightness of our city, and her domes,
The mirth of her Piazza, even now
Its merry hum of nations pierces here,
Even here, into these chambers of the unknown
Who govern, and the unknown and the unnumber'd
Judged and destroy'd in silence,—all things wear
The self-same aspect, to my very sire!
Nothing can sympathize with Foscari,
Not even a Foscari.—Sir, I attend you.

[*Exeunt* JACOPO FOSCARI, *Officer, etc.*

Enter MEMMO *and another Senator.*

SENATOR.

MEMMO.

not if I can avoid it.

SENATOR.

of the state, and may

; and lawfully

aspirants.

MEMMO.

To such

h born noble, my ambition

an unit

re senators.

MEMMO.

Most noble lady,

d us.

MARINA.

I command! Alas! my life

been one long entreaty, and a vain one.

MEMMO.

understand thee, but I must not answer.

MARINA (*fiercely*).

True—none dare answer here save on the rack,

Or question save those——

MEMMO (*interrupting her*).

High-born dame! bethink thee

Where thou now art.

MARINA.

Where I now am!—It was

My husband's father's palace.

MEMMO.

The Duke's palace.

MARINA.

not forgot it;

Speak not of that; you are a man
So is the Doge; he has a son at stal
Now, at this moment, and I have a
Or had: they are there within, or
An hour since, face to face, as judg
Will *he* condemn *him?*

MEMMO.

I trust not.

MARINA.

He does not, there are those will sc

MEMMO.

They can.

MARINA.

And with them power a
In wickedness:—my husband's lost

MEMMO.

Justice is judge in Venice.

[A faint

SENATOR.

MEMMO.

of—

MARINA.

No, no; not my husband's—

MEMMO.

he voice was—

MARINA.

Not his; no.

; that should be his father's part,

ais—he'll die in silence.

[A faint groan again within.

MEMMO. What!

now.

MARINA.

Perhaps all's over; but
eem it: he hath nerved himself,
efies them.

Enter an Officer hastily.

MEMMO.

How now, friend, what seek you?

OFFICER.

The prisoner has fainted.

[*Exit Office*

MEMMO.

Lady,

better to retire.

SENATOR (*offering to assist her*).

I pray thee do so.

MARINA.

will tend him.

MEMMO.

You! Remember, lady!

none within those chambers,

his entrance.

MEMMO.

Alas! this
yourself to harsh repulse,
me.

MARINA.

Who shall oppose me?

MEMMO.

They
to do so.

MARINA.

T' is *their* duty
l human feelings, all
man to man, to emulate
will one day requite them in
ing! Yet I 'll pass.

MEMMO.

MARINA.

More to exasperate his judges.

MARINA.

What

Are *judges* who give way to anger? they
Who do so are assassins. Give me way. [Exit Ma

SENATOR.

Poor lady!

MEMMO.

'T is mere desperation; she
Will not be admitted o'er the threshold.

SENATOR.

And

Even if she be so, cannot save her husband.
But, see, the officer returns.
[*The officer passes over the stage with another*

MEMMO.

I hardly

— — upon this touch of p

MEMMO.

Circumstance
nes, but he avows them not.

SENATOR.

tter, which he says was written,
an's duke, in the full knowledge
ll into the senate's hands,
uld be re-convey'd to Venice.

MEMMO.

SENATOR.

Yes, but to his country:
ll he sought, so he avouches.

MEMMO.

of the bribes was proved.

SENATOR.

d the charge of homicide
ll'd by the death-bed confession

LOREDANO.

nd so the Council must break up, and Justice
ause in her full career, because a woman
reaks in on our deliberations?

BARBARIGO.

No,

hat s not the cause: you saw the prisoner's stat

LOREDANO.

And had he not recover'd!

BARBARIGO.

To relapse

Upon the least renewal.

LOREDANO.

'T was not tried.

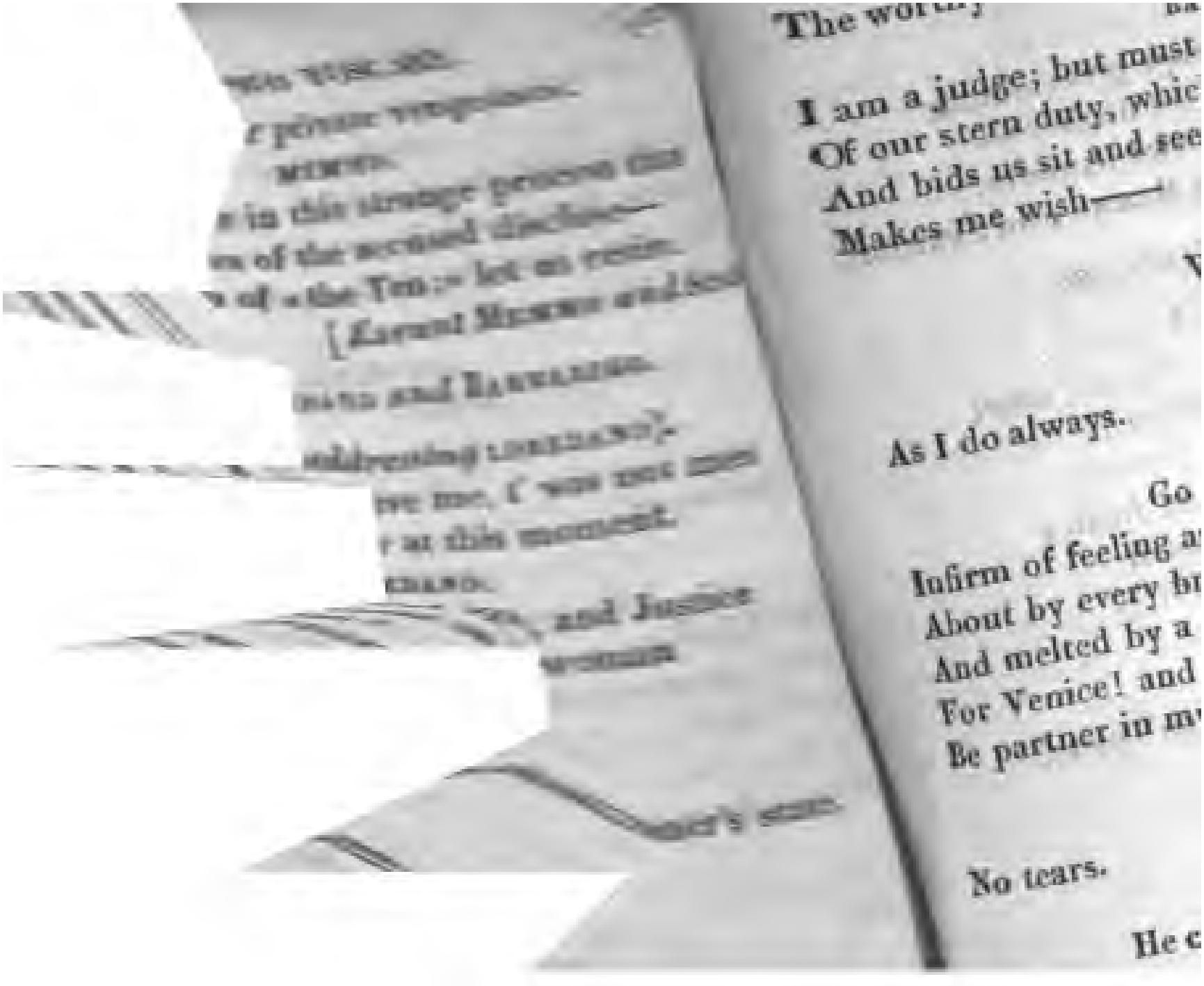
BARBARIGO.

'T is vain to murmur; the majority
In council were against you.

LOREDANO.

Thanks to you, s

And the old ducal dotard, who combined


The wor
I am a judge; but must
Of our stern duty, whic
And bids us sit and see
Makes me wish—
As I do always.
Go
Infirm of feeling a
About by every br
And melted by a
For Venice! and
Be partner in m
No tears.
He c

GO.

ard thee name
ar nearest wish?

ANO.

o say,
ll be lamented.

ARIGO.

s memory?

EDANO.

Wouldst thou have
hildren, as it must,

ABARIGO.

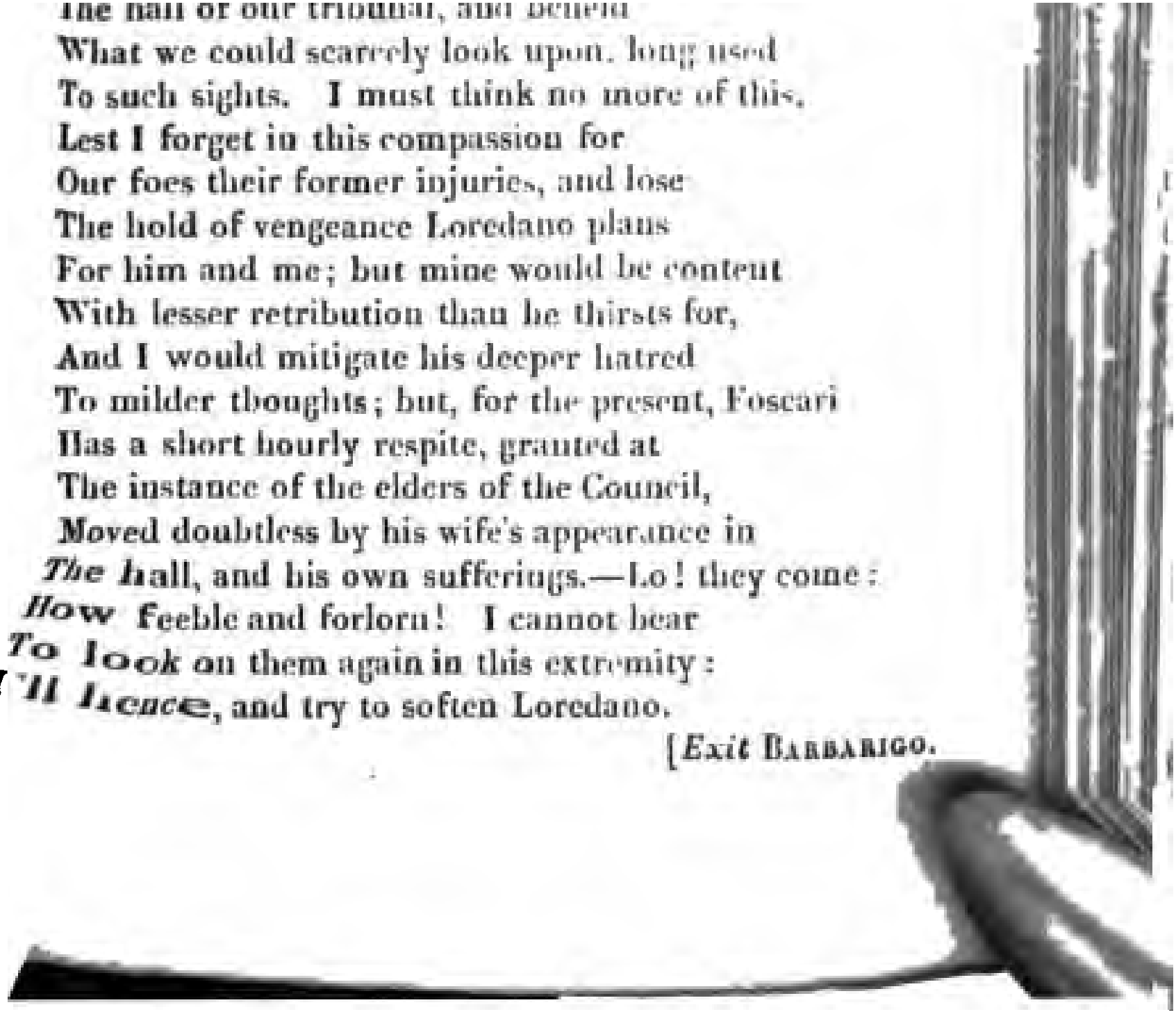
ar with them too?

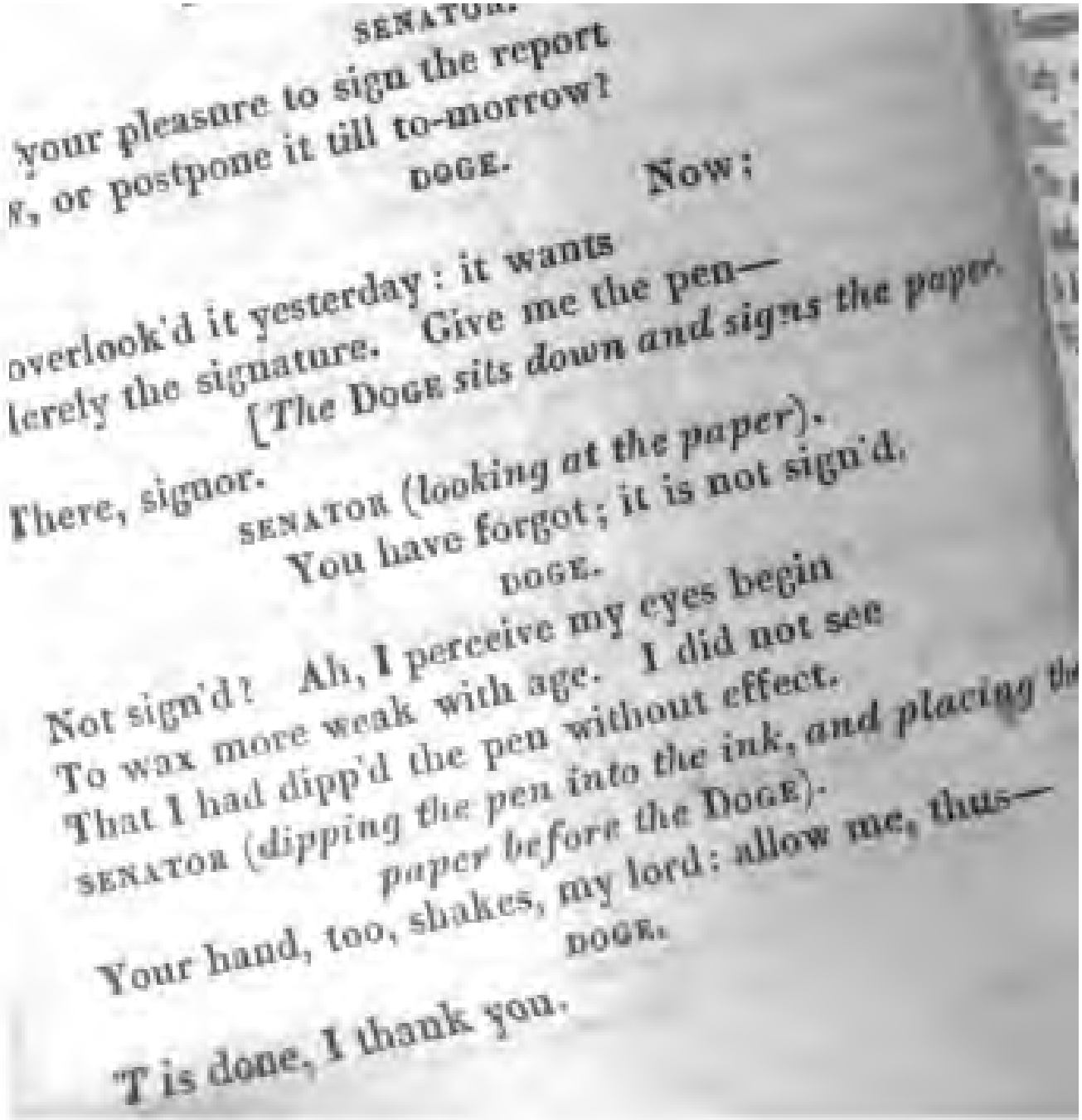
LOREDANO.

till theirs or mine are nothi

the hall of our tribunal, and beheld
What we could scarcely look upon, long used
To such sights. I must think no more of this,
Lest I forget in this compassion for
Our foes their former injuries, and lose
The hold of vengeance Loredano plans
For him and me; but mine would be content
With lesser retribution than he thirsts for,
And I would mitigate his deeper hatred
To milder thoughts; but, for the present, Foscari
Has a short hourly respite, granted at
The instance of the elders of the Council,
Moved doubtless by his wife's appearance in
The hall, and his own sufferings.—Lo! they come:
How feeble and forlorn! I cannot bear
To look on them again in this extremity:
I'll hence, and try to soften Loredano.

[*Exit* BARBARIGO.





SENATOR.

your pleasure to sign the report
s, or postpone it till to-morrow?

DOGE. Now;

overlook'd it yesterday: it wants
lerely the signature. Give me the pen—

[*The* DOGE *sits down and signs the paper.*

There, signor.

SENATOR (*looking at the paper*).
You have forgot; it is not sign'd.

DOGE.

Not sign'd? Ah, I perceive my eyes begin
To wax more weak with age. I did not see
That I had dipp'd the pen without effect.

SENATOR (*dipping the pen into the ink, and placing the paper before the* DOGE).

Your hand, too, shakes, my lord: allow me, thus—

DOGE.

'T is done, I thank you.

As long ere she resume her arms.

SENATOR.

'T is almost
'Thirty-four years of nearly ceaseless warfare
With the Turk, or the powers of Italy;
The state had need of some repose.

DOGE.

No doubt:
I found her queen of ocean, and I leave her
Lady of Lombardy: it is a comfort
That I have added to her diadem
The gems of Brescia and Ravenna; Crema
And Bergamo no less are hers; her realm
By land has grown by thus much in my reign,
While her sea-sway has not shrunk.

SENATOR.

'T is most true,
And merits all our country's gratitude.

DOGE.

GE.

IATOR.
s for you.
DOGE. For me, signor?

SENATOR.

DOGE.

!

SENATOR.
It must have way, my lord:
ties towards you
, for past and present kindness,
for your son.
DOGE. Was this

sion?
SENATOR.
[redacted], my lord?

SENATOR,

ıld accord some time for your repose.

DOGE.

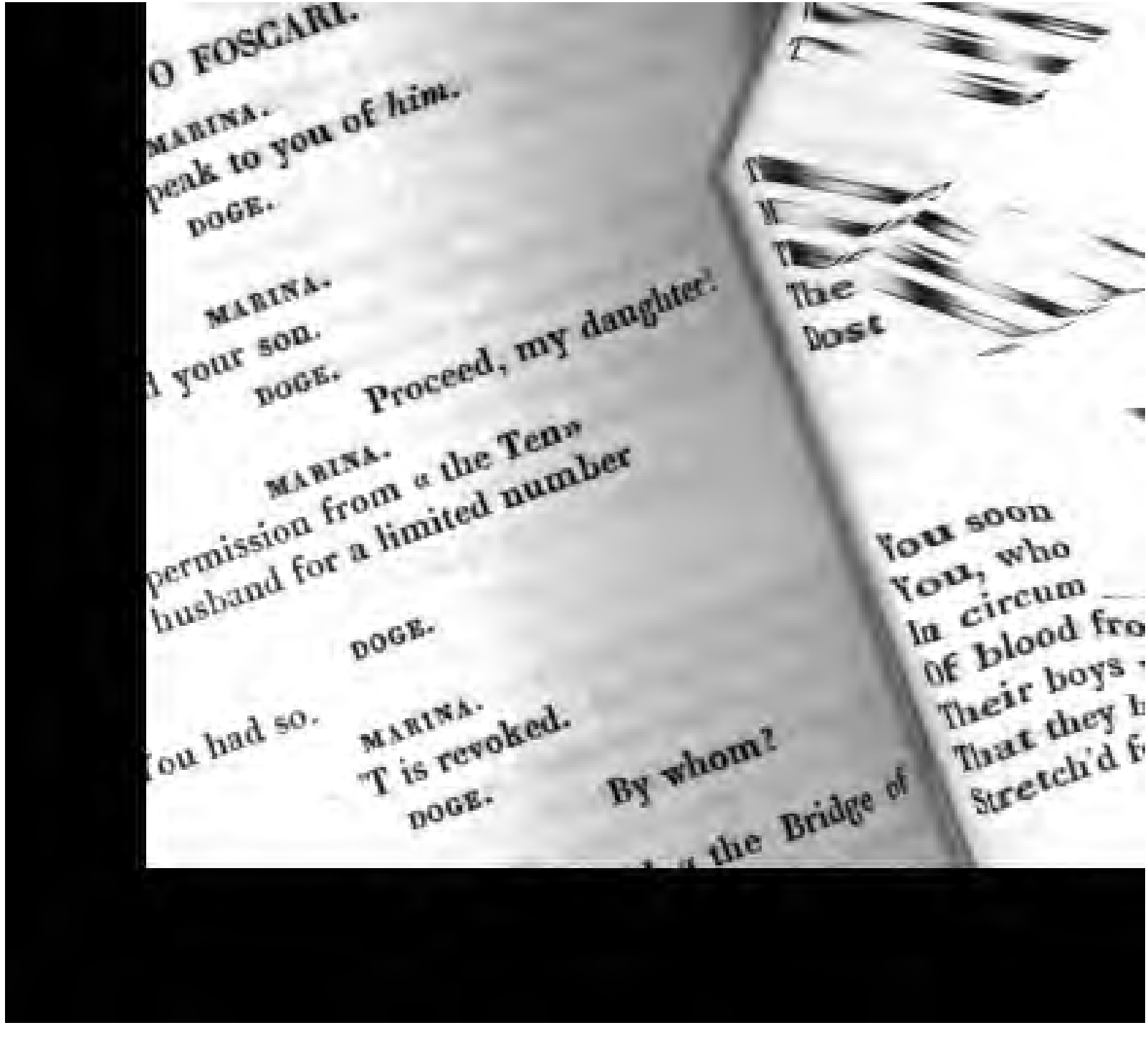
repose, that is, none which shall cause
)f an hour's time unto the state.
meet when they will, I shall be found
should be, and *what* I have been ever.

[*Exit* SENATOR.

[*The* DOGE *remains in silence.*

Enter an attendant.

ATTENDANT.


O FOSCARI.
MARINA.
peak to you of him.
DOGE.
MARINA.
d your son.
DOGE.
Proceed, my daughter!
MARINA.
permission from « the Ten»
husband for a limited number
DOGE.
ou had so.
MARINA.
'T is revoked.
DOGE.
By whom?
the Bridge of
You soon
You, who
la circum
Of blood fro
Their boys
That they
Stretch'd f

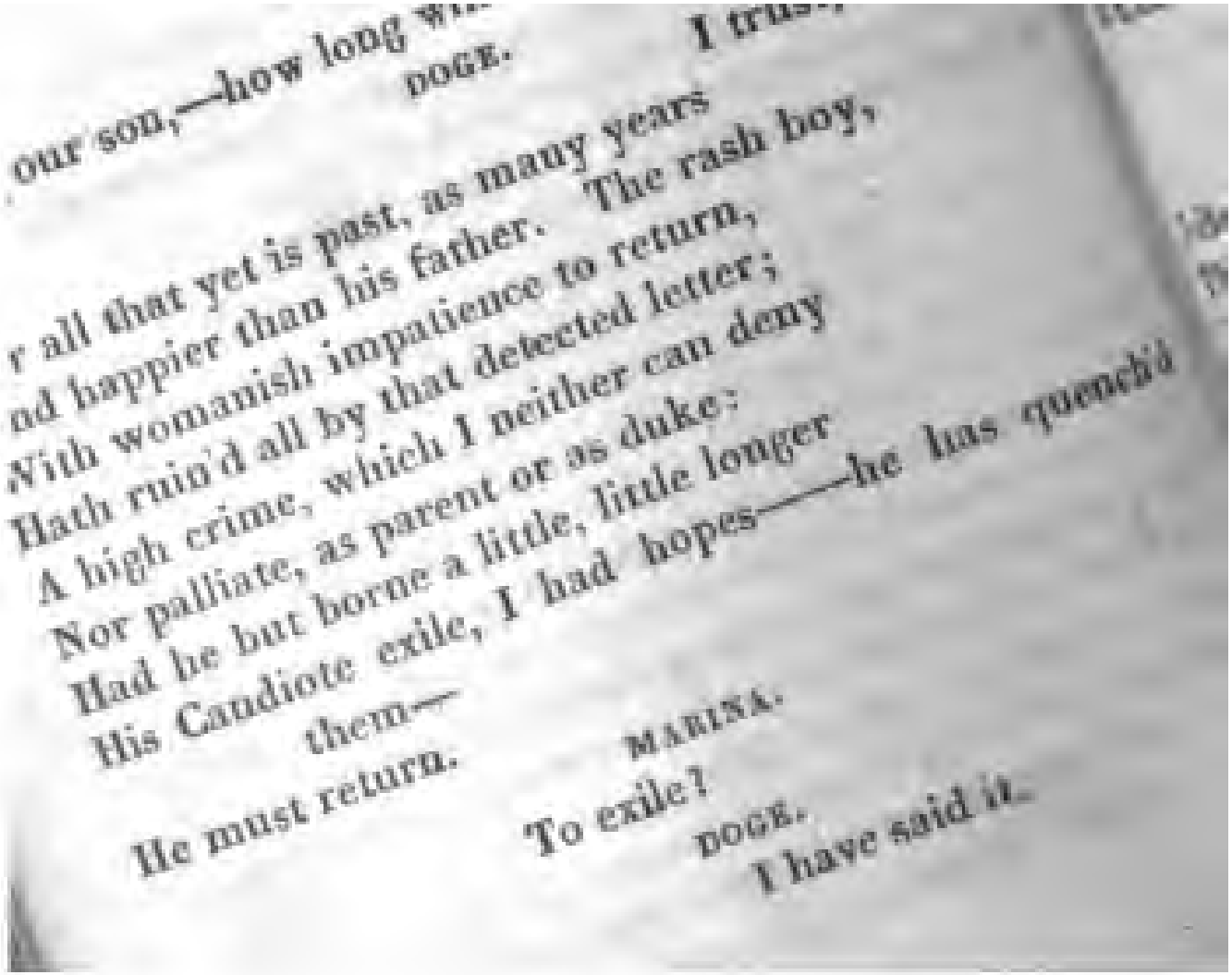
Their boys who died in battle, is it written
That they beheld them perish piecemeal, nor
Stretch'd forth a hand to save them!

DOGE.

You behold me:
I cannot weep—I would I could; but if
Each white hair on this head were a young life,
This ducal cap the diadem of earth,
This ducal ring with which I wed the waves
A talisman to still them—I 'd give all
For him.

MARINA.

With less he surely might be saved



our son,—how long wi
DOGE. I trus
r all that yet is past, as many years
od happier than his father. The rash boy,
With womanish impatience to return,
Hath ruin'd all by that detected letter;
A high crime, which I neither can deny
Nor palliate, as parent or as duke;
Had he but borne a little, little longer
His Candiote exile, I had hopes——he has quench'd
them—
He must return.
MARINA.
To exile?
DOGE.
I have said it.

MARINA.

And can I not go with him?

DOGE.

You well know
This prayer of yours was twice denied before
By the assembled « Ten,» and hardly now
Will be accorded to a third request,
Since aggravated errors on the part
Of your lord renders them still more austere.

MARINA.

Austere? Atrocious! The old human fiends,
With one foot in the grave, with dim eyes, strange
To tears save drops of dotage, with long white
And scanty hairs, and shaking hands, and heads
As palsied as their hearts are hard, they council,
Cabal, and put men's lives out, as if life
Were no more than the feelings long extinguish'd
In their accursed bosoms.

DOGE.

You know not——

I forgive

You know not what you say.

MARINA.

You know it well,

And feel it nothing.

DOGE.

I have borne so much,

That words have ceased to shake me.

MARINA.

Oh, no doubt!

You have seen your son's blood flow, and your flesh shook not;

And, after that, what are a woman's words?

No more than woman's tears, that they should sh you.

DOGE.

Woman, this clamorous grief of thine, I tell thee,

Is no more in the balance weigh'd with that

Which——but I pity thee, my poor Marina!

MARINA.

or I cast it from me;

is a word

lies

A with marble, than the thoughts which pre
, you will know me better.

MARINA.

Are you, then,

d, thus to be pitied?

DOGE.

Pitied! None
ever use that base word, with which men
: their soul's hoarded triumph, as a fit one
ingle with my name; that name shall be,
r as *I* have borne it, what it was
a I received it.

MARINA.

But for the poor children
m thou canst not, or thou wilt not save:
were the last to bear it.

band.
l, overwhelm'd,
n

-he dishonour'd!
shonour'd;
orst reproach,
at he did.
ant!—ye!
like this victim,
tortures, and
lian to exile,
e him, and implore
s guilt.

GE. He was

I better bore
is Heaven took from me

I shrank not [illegible]

I have other duties than a father's;
e state would not dispense me from those duties;
wice I demanded it, but was refused;
They must then be fulfill'd.

Enter an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.

A message from

«The Ten.»

DOGE.

Who bears it?

ATTENDANT.

Noble Loredano.

DOGE. [*Exit Attendant.*

He!—but admit him.

MARINA.

Must I then retire?

DOGE.

Perhaps it is not requisite, if this
Concerns your husband, and if not——Well, signor,
Your pleasure! [*To* LOREDANO *entering.*

LOREDANO.

[illegible] «the Ten.»

Have chosen we[illegible] LORE[illegible] T is [illegible]

Which leads me here.

DOGE.

It does their wisdom honour,
And no less to their courtesy.—Proceed.

LOREDANO.

We have decided.

DOGE.

We!

LOREDANO.

«The Ten» in council.

DOGE.

What! have they met again, and met without
Apprizing me?

LOREDANO.

They wish'd to spare your feelings
No less than age.

DOGE.

That 's new—when spared they
[illegible] them, notwithstanding.

LOREDANO.

You know we
[illegible]

LOREDANO.

ner's time; I have heard him and
is brother, say as much.
ss may remember them: they both
ly.

DOGE.

And if they did so, better
than live on lingeringly in pain.

LOREDANO.

doubt! yet most men like to live their days out

DOGE.

d did not they?

LOREDANO.

The grave knows best: they die
I said, suddenly.

DOGE.

Is that so strange
at you repeat the word emphatically?

Your [illegible]
Foul rumours were abroad, -
Their epitaph, attributing their deaths
To poison. 'T is perhaps as true as most
Inscriptions upon tombs, and yet no less
A fable.

LOREDANO.

Who dares say so?

DOGE.

I!—'T is true
Your fathers were mine enemies, as bitter
As their son e'er can be, and I no less
Was theirs; but I was *openly* their foe:
I never work'd by plot in council, nor
Cabal in commonwealth, nor secret mean
Of practice against life by steel or drug.
The proof is, your existence.

LOREDANO.

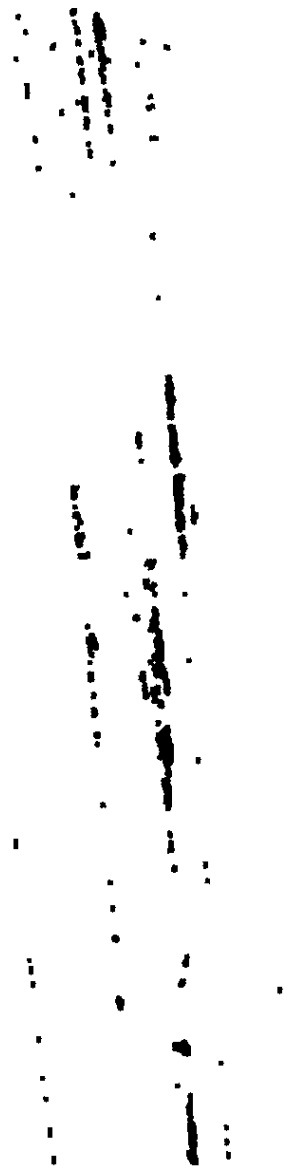
I fear not.

DOGE.

The sacrifice of my own blood and quiet,
Safety, and all save honour, the decrees,
The health, the pride, and welfare of the state.
And now, sir, to your business.

LOREDANO.

'Tis decreed,
That, without farther repetition of
The Question, or continuance of the trial,
Which only tends to show how stubborn guilt is
«The Ten,» dispensing with the stricter law
Which still prescribes the Question till a full
Confession, and the prisoner partly having
Avow'd his crime, in not denying that
The letter to the Duke of Milan 's his),
James Foscari return to banishment.



Before [illegible]
But think so, to my mind the happiest [illegible]
Not he alone, but all who dwell here, coul
Desire, were to escape from such a land.

DOGE.

That is not a Venetian thought, my daugl

MARINA.

No, 't was too human. May I share his e

LOREDANO.

Of this « the Ten» said nothing.

MARINA.

So I tho

That were too human, also. But it was
Inhibited?

LOREDANO.

It was not named.

MARINA (*to the* DOGE).

Then, fath

Surely you can obtain or grant me thu

MARINA.

Pleasure! what a word
To use for the decrees of——

DOGE.

Daughter, know you
In what a presence you pronounce these things?

MARINA.

A prince's and his subject's.

LOREDANO.

Subject!

MARINA.

Oh!
It galls you:—well, you are his equal, as
You think, but that you are not, nor would be,
Were he a peasant:—well, then, you 're a prince,
A princely noble; and what then am I?

LOREDANO.

The offspring of a noble house.

[redacted]

And mask'd nobility, your sbirri
Your spies, your galley and your
To whom your midnight carryi
Your dungeons next the palace
The water's level; your mysteric
And unknown dooms, and sudd
Your « Bridge of Sighs,» your st
Your torturing instruments, ha
The beings of another and wors
Keep such for them: I fear ye n
Have known and proved your w
Process of my poor husband! T
Ye treated him:—you did so, in
With him. Then what have I t
Even if I were of fearful nature.
I trust I am not!

DOGE.

You hear, she

may be also from a parent.

LOREDANO.

ere is to the *Doge*.

DOGE.

Then say
ll choose his own ambassador,
erson what is meet; and for
—

LOREDANO.

I remember *mine*.—Farewell!
nds of the illustrious lady,
to the Duke.

[*Exit* LOREDANO.

MARINA.

Are you content?

DOGE.

ou behold.

And when we cry out against fate, 'twere well
We should remember fortune can take nought
Save what she *gave*—the rest was nakedness,
And lusts, and appetites, and vanities,
The universal heritage, to battle
With as we may, and least in humblest stations,
Where hunger swallows all in one low want,
And the original ordinance, that man
Must sweat for his poor pittance, keeps all passions
Aloof, save fear of famine! All is low,
And false, and hollow—clay from first to last;
The prince's urn no less than potter's vessel.
Our fame is in men's breath, our lives upon

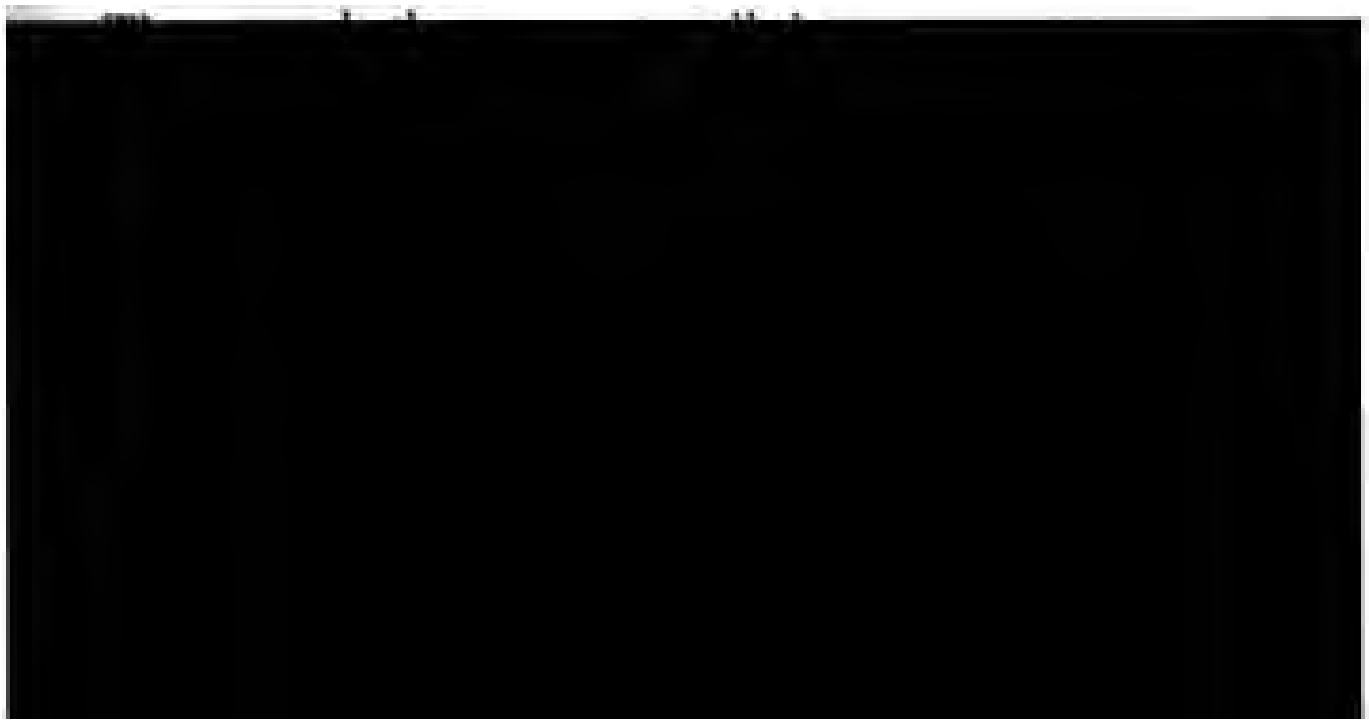
To judge my son? I have administer'd
My country faithfully—victoriously—
I dare them to the proof, the *chart* of what
She was and is: my reign has doubled realms;
And, in reward, the gratitude of Venice
Has left, or is about to leave, *me* single.

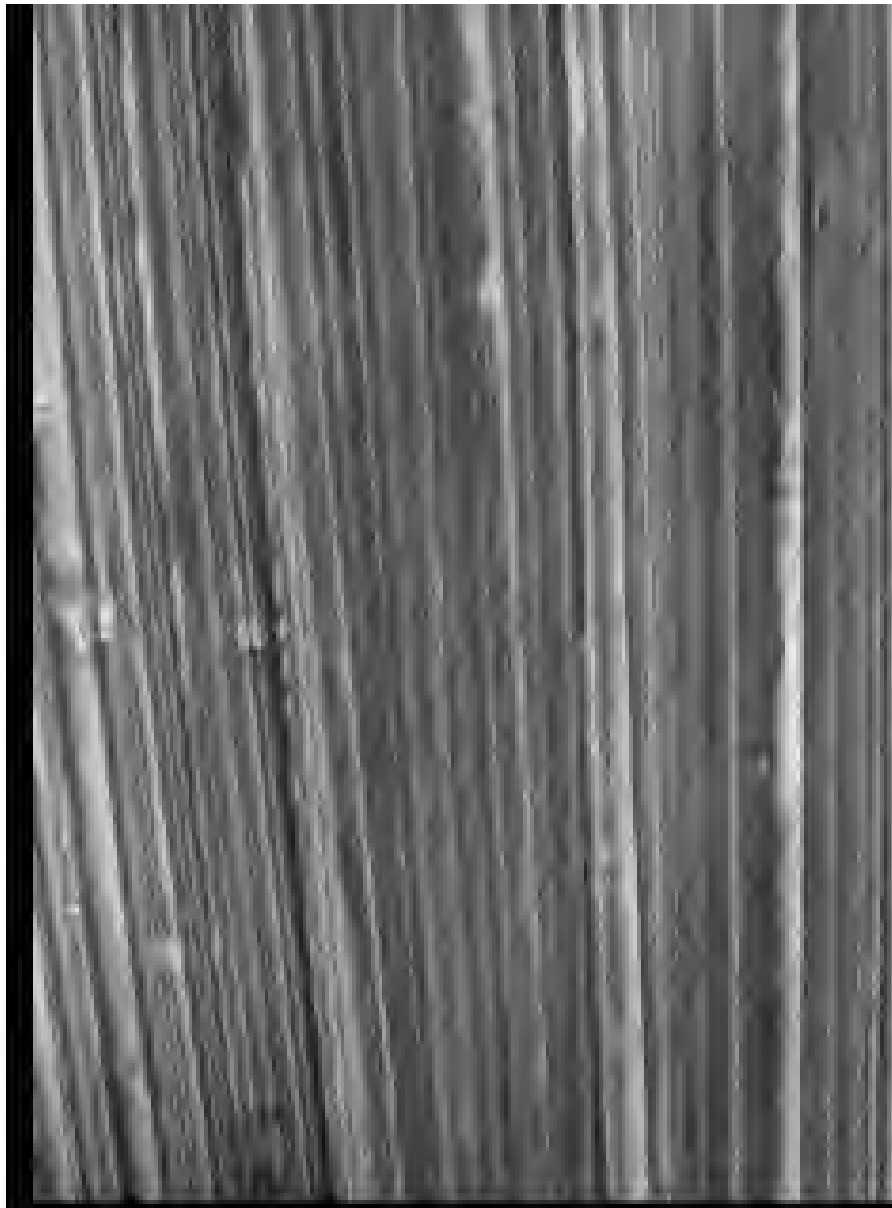
MARINA.

And Foscari? I do not think of such things,
So I be left with him.

DOGE.

You shall be so;





Observ'st, obey'st, such l
A code of mercy by com

I found the law; I did n
A subject, still I might f
Fit for amendment; but
Would change, for the s
Left by our fathers.

Did
The ruin of their childr

Has risen to what she is
In deeds, and days, and
In glory (for we have ha
Amongst us), all that his

DOGE.

Perhaps so;
But yet subdued the world: in such a state
An individual, be he richest of
Such rank as is permitted, or the meanest,
Without a name, is alike nothing, when
The policy, irrevocably tending
To one great end, must be maintain'd in vigour.

MARINA.

This means that you are more a Doge than father.

DOGE.

It means, I am more citizen than either.

With all its jeal[illegible]
So far with a weak woman as deny me
A moment's access to his dungeon.

DOGE.

I'll
So far take on myself, as order that
You may be admitted.

MARINA.

And what shall I say
To Foscari from his father?

DOGE.

That he obey
The laws.

MARINA.

And nothing more? Will you not see him
Ere he depart? It may be the last time.

DOGE.

The last!—my boy!—the last time I shall see
My last of children! Tell him I will come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Prison of JACOPO FOSCARI.

JACOPO FOSCARI (*solus*).

it, save yon faint gleam, which shows me walls
never echo'd but to sorrow's sounds,
h of long imprisonment, the step
on which the iron clank'd, the groan
, the imprecation of despair!
for this I have return'd to Venice,
ne faint hope, 't is true, that time, which wears
ble down, had worn away the hate
hearts: but I knew them not, and here
nsume my own, which never beat
:e but with such a yearning as

I bring you food.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

I pray you set it down;
I am past hunger; but my lips are parch'd—
The water!

FAMILIAR.

There.

JACOPO FOSCARI (*after drinking*).

I thank you: I am better.

FAMILIAR.

I am commanded to inform you that
Your further trial is postponed.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Till when?

FAMILIAR.

I know not.—It is also in my orders
That your illustrious lady be admitted.

MARINA.

We 'll part

No more.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

How! wouldst thou share a dungeon?

MARINA.

Ay,

The rack, the grave, all—any thing with thee,
But the tomb last of all, for there we shall
Be ignorant of each other: yet I will
Share that—all things except new separation;
It is too much to have survived the first.
How dost thou? How are those worn limbs? Alas!
Why do I ask? Thy paleness——

JACOPO FOSCARI.

'T is the joy

Of seeing thee again so soon, and so
Without expectancy, has sent the blood
Back to my heart, and left my cheeks like thine,
For thou art pale too, my Marina!

The gloom of this eternal [illegible]
Knew sunbeam, and the sallow sullen glare
Of the familiar's torch, which seems akin
To darkness more than light, by lending to
The dungeon vapours its bituminous smoke,
Which cloud whate'er we gaze on, even thine eyes—
No, not thine eyes—they sparkle—how they sparkle!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

And thine!—but I am blinded by the torch.

MARINA.

As I had been without it. Couldst thou see here?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Nothing at first; but use and time had taught me
Familiarity with what was darkness;
And the gray twilight of such glimmerings as
Glide through the crevices made by the winds
Was kinder to mine eyes than the full sun,
When gorgeously o'ergilding any towers
[illegible] of Venice: but a moment ere
[illegible] writing.

— — save o er the dead,
ho soon must be so.—*What of him?*
st.—What of me? may soon be ask'd,
ike answer—doubt and dreadful surmise—
u tell'st my tale.

MARINA.

I speak of thee!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

fore not? All then shall speak of me:
y of silence is not lasting,
h events be hidden, just men's groans
all cerement, even a living grave's!
ibt my memory, but my life;
do I fear.

MARINA.

Thy life is safe.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

MARINA.

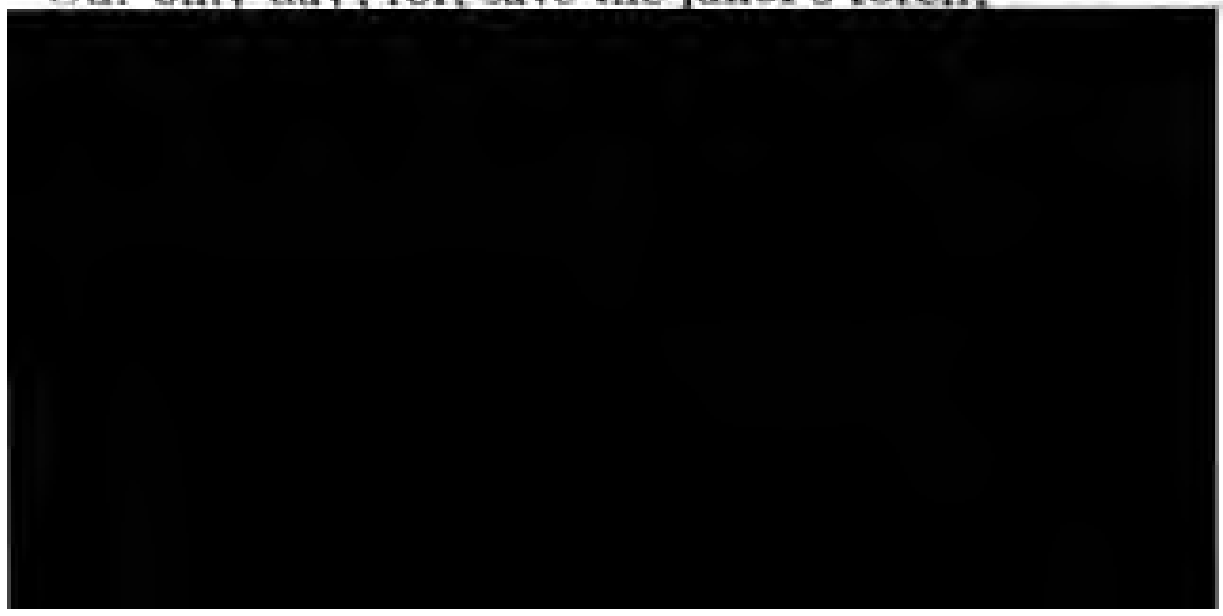
I may breathe many years.

MARINA.

Alas! and this
Small dungeon is all that belongs to thee
Of this wide realm, of which thy sire is prince.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

That thought would scarcely aid me to endure it.
My doom is common, many are in dungeons,
But none like mine, so near their father's palace;
But then my heart is sometimes high, and hope
Will stream along those moted rays of light
Peopled with dusty atoms, which afford
Our only day; for, save the jailor's torch,



MARINA.

That you

Return to Candia.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Then my last hope 's gone.

I could endure my dungeon, for 't was Venice;

I could support the torture, there was something

In my native air that buoy'd my spirits up,

Like a ship on the ocean toss'd by storms,

But proudly still bestriding the high waves,

And holding on its course; but *there*, afar,

In that accursed isle of slaves, and captives,

And unbelievers, like a stranded wreck,

My very soul seem'd mouldering in my bosom,

What! wou
As well as home
I have sued to accompany thee he
And not so hopelessly. This love of th
For an ungrateful and tyrannic soil
Is passion, and not patriotism: for me,
So I could see thee with a quiet aspect,
And the sweet freedom of the earth and air,
I would not cavil about climes or regions.
This crowd of palaces and prisons is not
A paradise; its first inhabitants
Were wretched exiles.
JACOPO FOSCARI.
Well I know how wrete
MARINA.
And yet you see how from their banishmen
Before the Tartar into these salt isles,
Their antique energy of mind, all that
Remain'd of Rome for their inheritance
Created by degrees an ocean-Rome;
And shall an evil, which so often lea
God, depress thee thus?
JACOPO FOSCA

Ay—we but hear
Of the survivors' toil in their new lands,
Their numbers and success; but who can number
The hearts which broke in silence of that parting,
Or after their departure; of that malady[1]
Which calls up green and native fields to view
From the rough deep, with such identity
To the poor exile's fever'd eye, that he
Can scarcely be restrain'd from treading them?
That melody,[2] which out of tones and tunes
Collects such pasture for the longing sorrow
Of the sad mountaineer, when far away
From his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,

[1] The calenture.

[2] *Alluding* to the Swiss air and its effects.

so no more—

JACOPO FOSCARI.

rina!—and our children?

MARINA.

They,

the prevention of the state's
t policy (which holds all ties
s, which may be broken at her pleasure),
be suffer'd to proceed with us.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

ast thou leave them?

MARINA.

Yes. With many a pang.

can leave them, children as they are,
ch you to be less a child. From this
you to sway your feelings, when exacted
ties paramount; and 't is our first
rth to bear.

And after d
Of them and

I will divide
Of our depar
(Since you n
Chamber of
Our children
And by my

That 's sudd

You will.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Have I not borne?

MARINA.

Too much
From tyrannous injustice, and enough
To teach you not to shrink now from a lot
Which, as compared with what you have undergone
Of late, is mercy.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Ah! you never yet
Were far away from Venice, never saw
Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,
While every furrow of the vessel's track
Seem'd ploughing deep into your heart; you never
Saw day go down upon your native spires
So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,
And after dreaming a disturbed vision

He said not which. I would that you could bear
Your exile as he bears it.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Blame him not.
I sometimes murmur for a moment; but
He could not now act otherwise. A show
Of feeling or compassion on his part
Would have but drawn upon his aged head
Suspicion from « the Ten,» and upon mine
Accumulated ills.

MARINA.

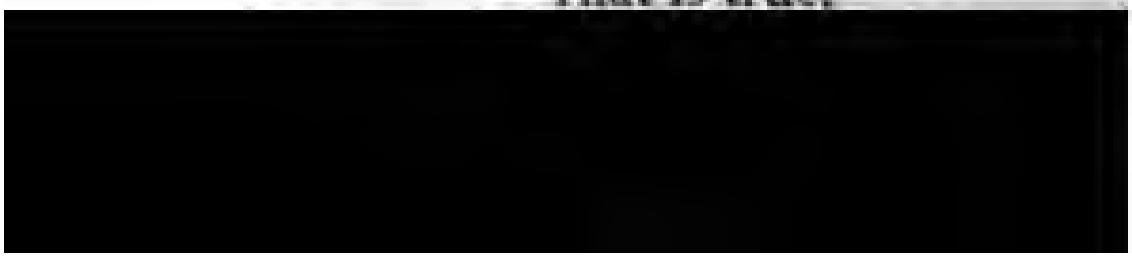
Accumulated!
What pangs are those they have spared you?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

That of l
Venice without beholding him or you,
Which might have been forbidden now, as 't wa
Upon my former exile.

MARINA.

That is true.



The groans of slaves in chains, that men in dungeons,
Mothers, and wives, and sons, and sires, and subjects,
Held in the bondage of ten bald-heads; and
Though last, not least, *thy silence*. *Couldst thou* say
Aught in its favour, who would praise like *thee?*

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Let us address us then, since so it must be,
To our departure. Who comes here?

Enter LOREDANO, *attended by Familiars.*

LOREDANO (*to the Familiars*).

Retire,
But leave the torch. [*Exeunt the two Familiars.*

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Most welcome, noble signor.
I did not deem this poor place could have drawn
Such presence hither.

LOREDANO.

'T is not the first time

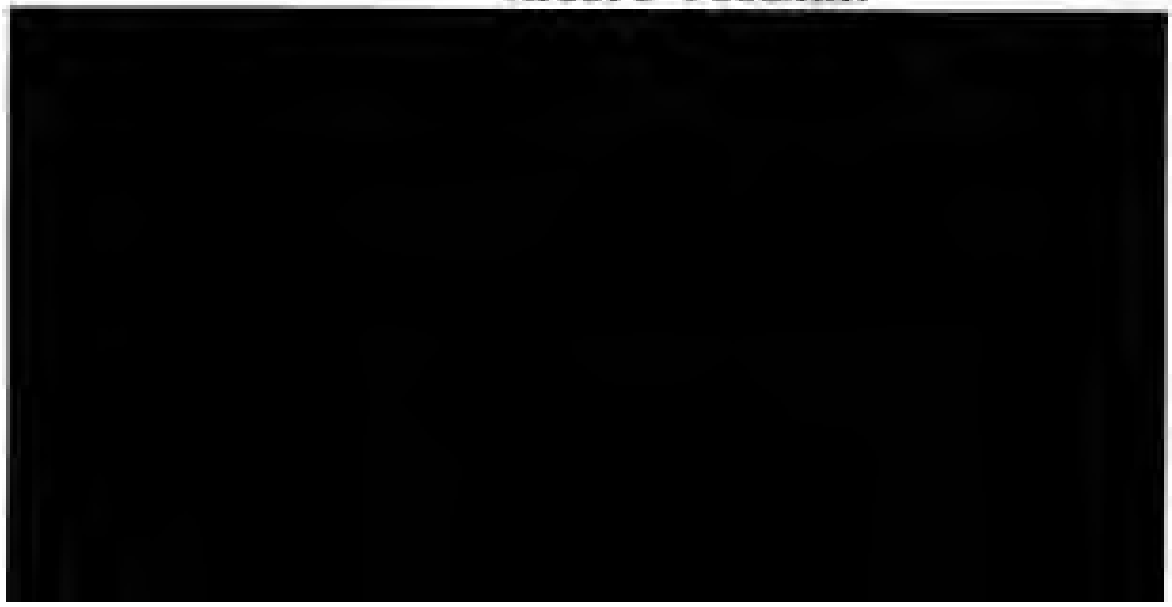
That tenderness
Has been anticipated: it is known.

LOREDANO.

As how?

MARINA.

I have inform'd him, not so gently,
Doubtless, as your nice feelings would prescribe,
The indulgence of your colleagues; but he knew
If you come for our thanks, take them, and hen
The dungeon gloom is deep enough without you
And full of reptiles, not less loathsome, though
Their sting is honester.



True—

life.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Not long.

LOREDANO.

I said—for *life*.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

And I

at—not long.

LOREDANO.

A year's imprisonment

nea—afterwards the freedom of

hole isle.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Both the same to me: the after

m as is the first imprisonment.

e my wife accompanies me?

LOREDANO.

MARINA.

Nobler!

LOREDANO.

How nobler?

MARINA.

As more gener
We say the «generous steed» to exp
Of his high blood. Thus much I'
Venetian (who see few steeds save
From those Venetians who have sk
Of Egypt, and her neighbour Arab
And why not say as soon « the *gen*
If race be aught, it is in qualities
More than in years; and mine, whi
As yours, is better in its product,
Look not so stern—but get you ba
Upon your genealogic trees most g
Of leaves and most mature of fruit
Blush to find ancestors, who would

For such a son—thou cold inveterate hater!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Again, Marina!

MARINA.

Again! *still*, Marina.
See you not, he comes here to glut his hate
With a last look upon our misery?
Let him partake it!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

That were difficult.

MARINA.

Nothing more easy. He partakes it now—
Ay, he may veil beneath a marble brow
And sneering lip the pang, but he partakes it.
A few brief words of truth shame the devil's servai
No less than master; I have probed his soul
A moment, as the eternal fire, ere long,
Will reach it always. See how he shrinks from m
With death, and chains, and exile in his hand,
To scatter o'er his kind as he thinks fit:
They are his weapons, not his armour, for
I have pierced him to the core of his cold heart.

...last or meetings?

DOGE.

You behol

These white hairs!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

And I feel, besides, t

Will never be so white. Embrace me,

I loved you ever—never more than now

Look to my children—to your last chil

Let them be all to you which he was on

And never be to you what I am now.

May I not see *them* also?

MARINA.

No—not *here*.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

They might behold their parent any wh

MARINA.

I would that they beheld their father in

A place which would not mingle fear —

To f...

However you—and you—and, most of all,
As worthiest—*you*, sir, noble Loredano!
They breathe it without prejudice.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

I had not
Reflected upon this, but acquiesce.
I shall depart, then, without meeting them?

DOGE.

Not so: they shall await you in my chamber.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

And must I leave them *all?*

LOREDANO.

You must.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Not one?

LOREDANO.

Behold the state's care for its sons and mothers!

LOREDANO.

The hour approaches, and the wind is fair.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

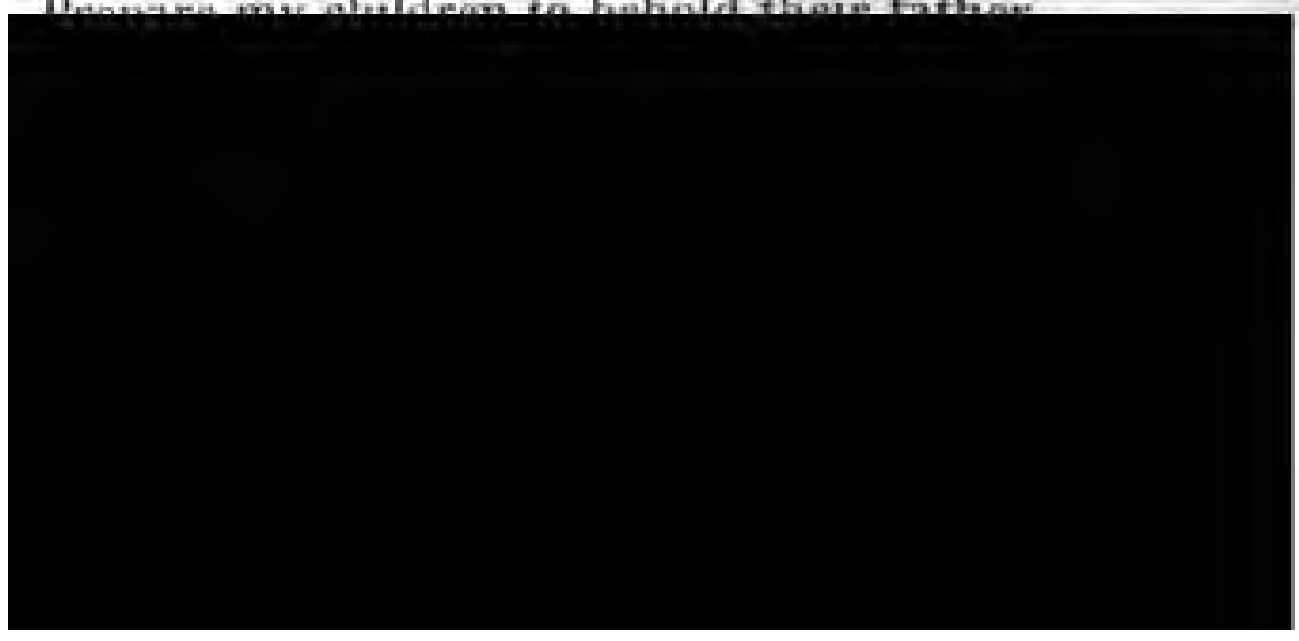
How know you that here, where the genial wind
Ne'er blows in all its blustering freedom?

LOREDANO.

'T was so
When I came here. The galley floats within
A bow-shot of the « Riva di Schiavoni.»

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Father! I pray you to precede me, and



The time narrows, signor.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Alas! I little thought so lingeringly
To leave abodes like this: but when I feel
That every step I take, even from this cell,
Is one away from Venice, I look back
Even on these dull damp walls, and——

DOGE.

Boy! no tears.

MARINA.

Let them flow on: he wept not on the rack
To shame him, and they cannot shame him now.
They will relieve his heart—that too kind heart—
And I will find an hour to wipe away
Those tears, or add my own. I could weep now,
But would not gratify you wretch so far.
Let us proceed. Doge, lead the way.

[redacted]

Foscari;

e sure that if a grasp

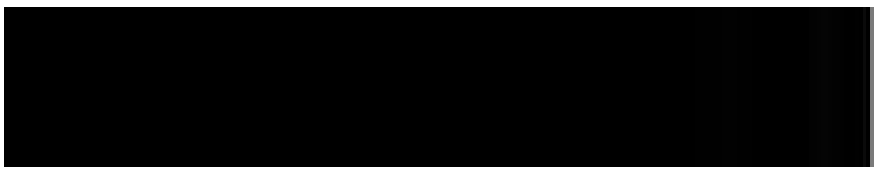
us from the gulf wherein we

f ours would stretch itself to meet it.

scari, take the hand the altar gave you;

not save, but will support you ever.

[



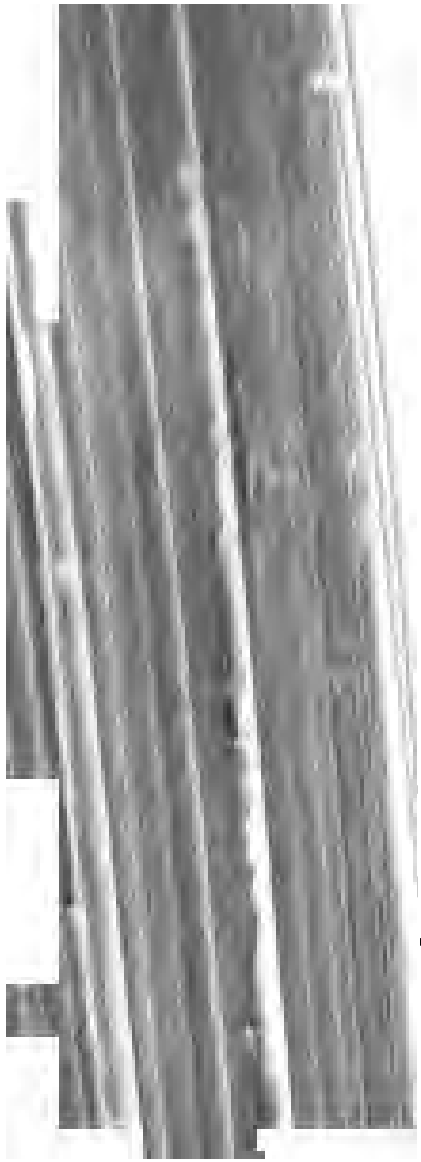
ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Ducal Palace.

Enter LOREDANO *and* BARBARIGO.

BARBARIGO.



Bidding farewell.

LOREDANO.

A last. As soon he shall

Bid to his dukedom.

BARBARIGO.

When embarks the so

LOREDANO.

Forthwith—when this long leave is taken.
Time to admonish them again.

BARBARIGO.

Forbear;

Retrench not from their moments.

LOREDANO.

Not I,

We have higher business for our own. Th
Shall be the last of the old Doge's reign,
As the first of his son's last banishment,
And that is vengeance.

BARBARIGO.

BARBARIGO.

But if this deposition should take place
By our united influence in the council,
It must be done with all the deference
Due to his years, his station, and his deeds.

LOREDANO.

As much of ceremony as you will,
So that the thing be done. You may, for aught
I care, depute the Council on their knees
(Like Barbarossa to the Pope), to beg him
To have the courtesy to abdicate.

BARBARIGO.

What, if he will not?

LOREDANO.

We 'll elect another;
And make him null.

The impression of h
If they were from his heart, h
If not, 't will punish his hypocrisy.
Come, they are met by this time: let us join the
And be *thou* fix'd in purpose for this once.
I have prepared such arguments as will not
Fail to move them, and to remove him: since
Their thoughts, their objects, have been sounded, do no
You, with your wonted scruples, teach us pause,
And all will prosper.

BARBARIGO.
Could I but be certain
This is no prelude to such persecution
Of the sire as has fallen upon the son,
I would support you.

LORENZO.
He is safe. I tell you:
His fourscore years and five may linger on
As he can drag them—'tis his three

And men of eighty

lom still.

BARBARIGO.

And why not wait these few years?

LOREDANO.

we have waited long enough, and he
ager than enough. Hence! In to council!

[*Exeunt* LOREDANO *and* BARBARIGO.

Enter MEMMO *and a Senator.*

SENATOR.

ons to « the Ten!» Why so?

MEMMO.

« The Ten»

n answer: they are rarely wont
eir thoughts anticipate their purpose
ous proclamation. We are summon'd—
nough.

SENATOR.

For them, but not for us;

To oppose them, *but*——

MEMMO.

In Venice « *But*

But me no «*buts*,» unless you would pass
The Bridge which few repass.

SENATOR.

I am silent.

MEMMO.

Thus hesitate?—« The Ten» have call'd in
Of their deliberation five and twenty
Patricians of the senate—you are one,
And I another; and it seems to me

All are not met, but [illegible]
So far—let 's in.

MEMMO.

The earliest are most welcome
In earnest councils—we will not be least so.

[*Exeunt.*

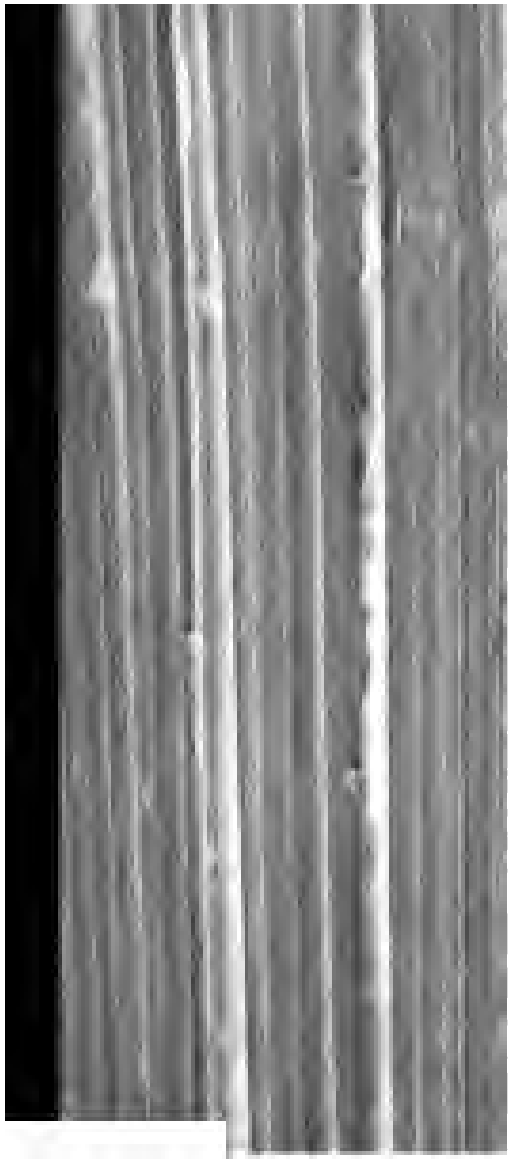
Enter the DOGE, JACOPO FOSCARI, *and* MARINA.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Ah, father! though I must and will depart,
Yet—yet—I pray you to obtain for me
That I once more return unto my home,
*How*e'er remote the period. Let there be
A point of time as beacon to my heart,
*W*ith any penalty annex'd they please,
But let me still return.

DOGE.

Son Jacopo,



They were more numerous, nor can be le
Now you are last; but did the state dema
The exile of the disinterred ashes
Of your three goodly brothers, now in ea
And their desponding shades came flittin
To impede the act, I must no less obey
A duty paramount to every duty.

MARINA.

My husband! let us on: this but prolongs
Our sorrow.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

But we are not summon'd y
The galley's sails are not unfurl'd:—who
The wind may change.

MARINA.

And if it do, it will
Change *their* hearts, or your lot; the gall
Will quickly clear the harbour.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

The land I love, and never shall see more!

MARINA.

And wish you this with *me* beside you?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

No—

No—not for thee, too good, too kind! May'st thou
Live long to be a mother to those children
Thy fond fidelity for a time deprives
Of such support! But for myself alone,
May all the winds of heaven howl down the Gulf,
And tear the vessel, till the mariners,
Appall'd, turn their despairing eyes on me,
As the Phenicians did on Jonah, then
Cast me out from amongst them, as an offering
To appease the waves. The billow which destroys me
Will be more merciful than man, and bear me,
Dead, but *still bear* me to a native grave,
From fisher's hands upon the desolate strand,
Which, of its thousand wrecks, hath ne'er received

MARINA.

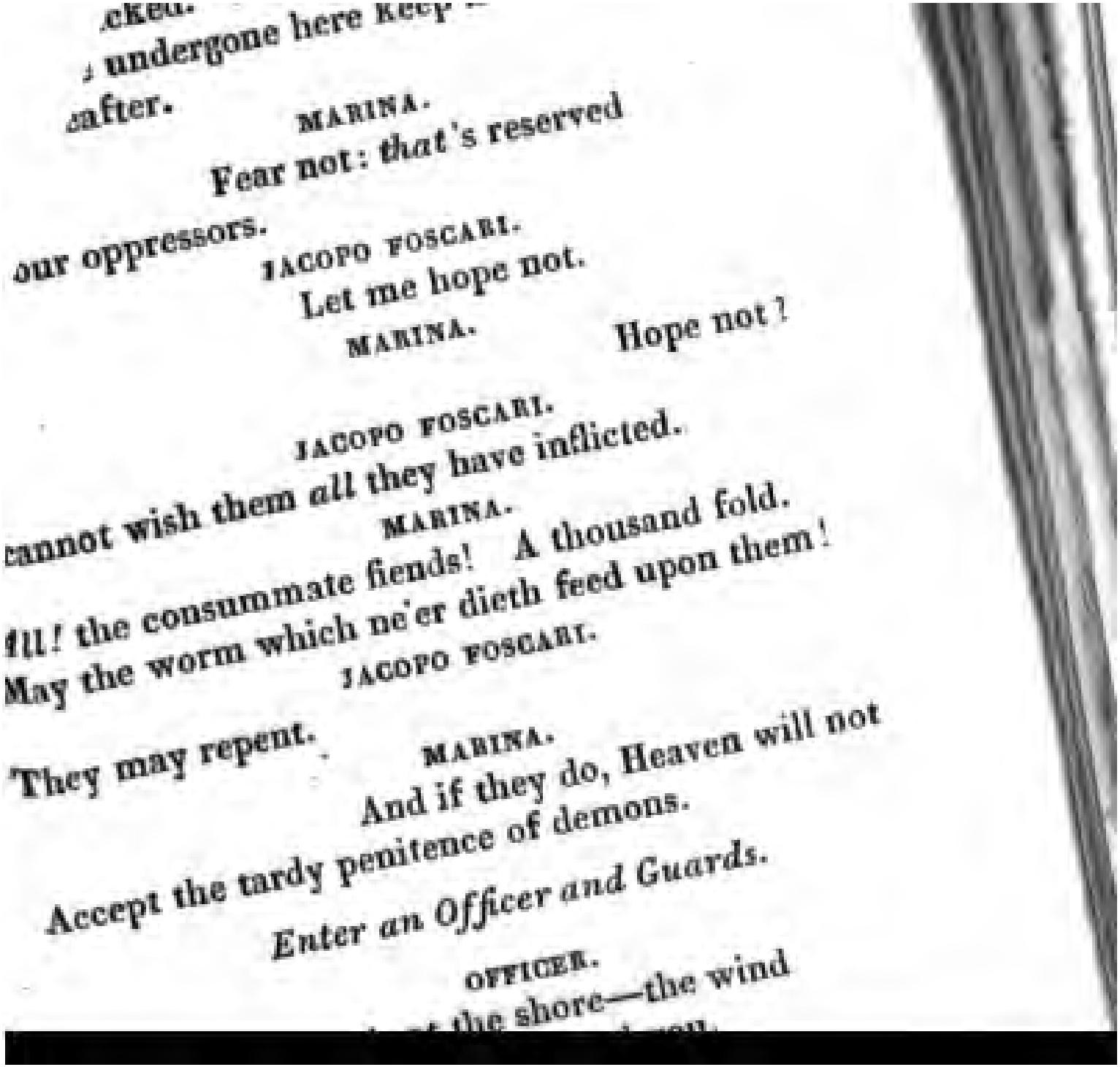
To man thyself, I trust, with time, to master
Such useless passion. Until now thou wert
A sufferer, but not a loud one: why,
What is this to the things thou hast borne i
Imprisonment and actual torture?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Double,
Triple, and tenfold torture! But you are ri
It must be borne. Father, your blessing.

DOGE.

W
It could avail thee! but no less thou hast it



...cken.
...undergone here keep ...
...after.

MARINA.

Fear not: that's reserved
...our oppressors.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Let me hope not.

MARINA. Hope not?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

...cannot wish them all they have inflicted.

MARINA.

...ll! the consummate fiends! A thousand fold.
May the worm which ne'er dieth feed upon them!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

They may repent.

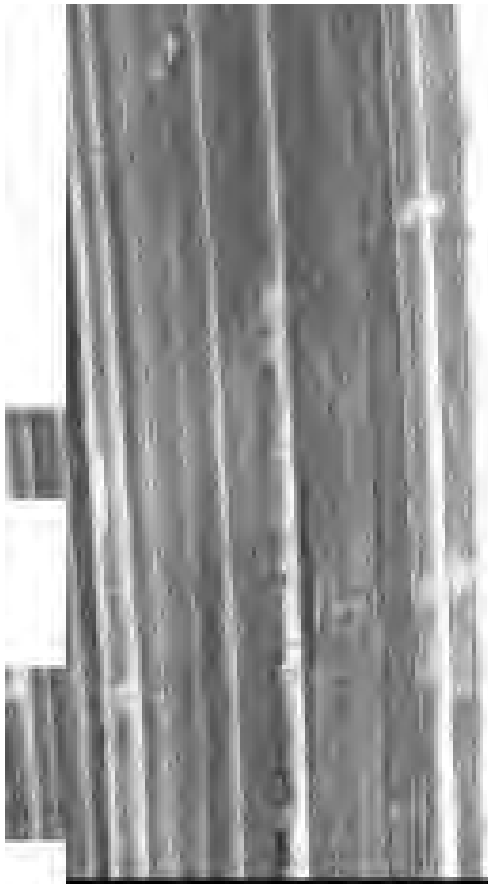
MARINA.

And if they do, Heaven will not
Accept the tardy penitence of demons.

Enter an Officer and Guards.

OFFICER.

...t the shore—the wind



Farewell!

DOGE.

Farewell! Is there aught else?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

N

[*To*

Lend me your arm, good signor.

OFFICER.

You turn

Let me support you—paler—ho! some aid

Some water!

MARINA.

Ah, he is dying!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

[*He dies.*

OFFICER.

ıe.

DOGE.

He 's free.

MARINA.

No—no, he is not dead;
ust be life yet in that heart—he could not
ve me.

DOGE.

Daughter!

MARINA.

Hold thy peace, old man!
daughter now—thou hast no son.
ari!

OFFICER.

We must remove the body.

MARINA.

not, dungeon miscreants! your base office

MARINA.

My children! true—they live, and
To bring them up to serve the stat
As died their father. Oh! what b
Were barrenness in Venice! Wou
Had been so!

DOGE.

My unhappy childre

MARINA.

You feel it then at last—*you!*—W
The stoic of the state?

DOGE (*throwing himself dow*

Here!

MARINA.

Ay, v
I thought you had no tears—you l
Until they are useless; but weep c
Shall weep more—never, never r

I come to insult the dead! Avaunt!
cifer! 't is holy ground.
shes now lie there, which make it
et thee back to thy place of torment!

BARBARIGO.

ew not of this sad event,
re merely on our path from council.

MARINA.

LOREDANO.

sought the Doge.
ting to the DOGE, *who is still on the ground*
by his son's body).
He 's busy, look,
siness *you* provided for him.
nt?

BARBARIGO.

We will not interrupt

Only repeat—I am ready.

BARBARIGO.

It shall not b

Just now, though Venice totter'd o'er t
Like a frail vessel. I respect your grie

DOGE.

I thank you. If the tidings which you
Are evil, you may say them; nothing f
Can touch me more than him thou loo
If they be good, say on; you need not
That they can *comfort* me.

BARBARIGO.

I would the

DOGE.

I spoke not to *you*, but to Loredano.

DOGE.

My child! this is a phantasy of grief.
Hear hence the body [*To his attendants*]. Sign
it please you,
Within an hour I 'll hear you.
[*Exeunt* DOGE, MARINA, *and attendan*
the body]
[*Manent* LOREDANO *and* BAR
BARBARIGO.
He must not
Be troubled now.
LOREDANO.
He said himself that nought
Could give him trouble farther.
BARBARIGO.

BA-

LOREDANO.

Because his son is dead?

BARBARIGO.

unburied.

LOREDANO.

Had we known this when
act was passing, it might have suspended
passage, but impedes it not—once past.

BARBARIGO.

'll not consent.

LOREDANO.

You have consented to
All that's essential—leave the rest to me.

BARBARIGO.

Why press his abdication now?

LOREDANO.

The feelings
Of private passion may not interrupt
The public benefit; and what the state
Decides to-day must not give way before
orrow for a natural accident.

BARBARIGO.

—and *had* a fath
go.

An atom of their ancestors from earth.
The victims are not equal: he has seen
His sons expire by natural deaths, and I
My sires by violent and mysterious maladies.
I used no poison, bribed no subtle master
Of the destructive art of healing, to
Shorten the path to the eternal cure.
His sons, and he had four, are dead, without
My dabbling in vile drugs.

BARBARIGO.

And art thou sure
He dealt in such?

LOREDANO.

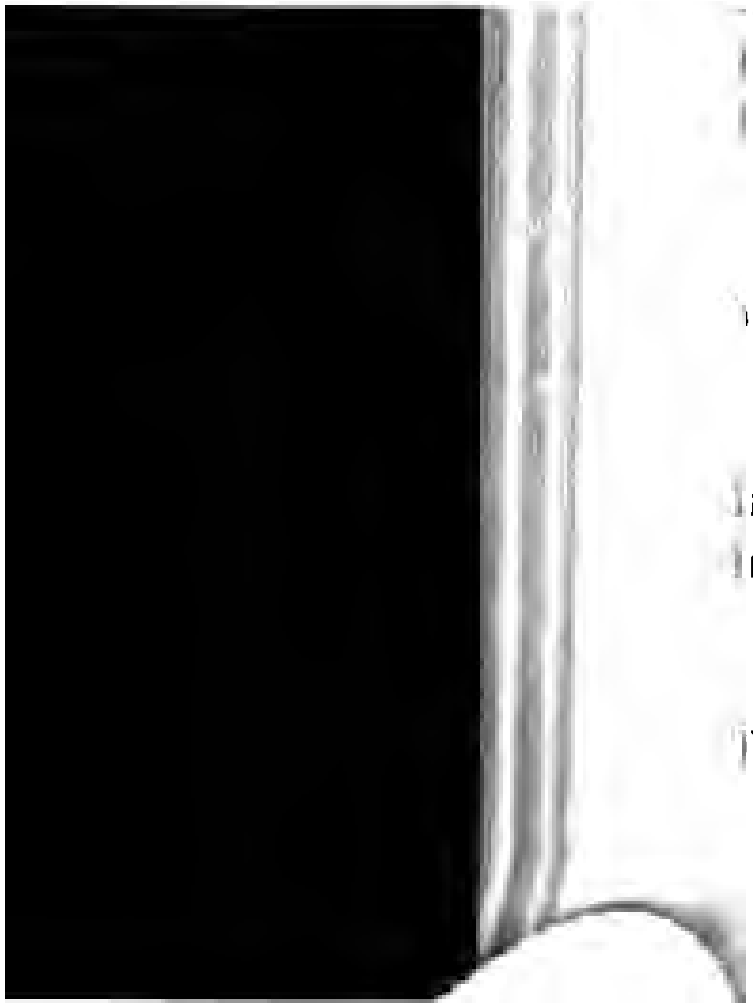
Most sure.

BARBARIGO.

And yet he seems
All openness.

LOREDANO.

And so he seem'd not long
*Ago to Carm*agnuola.



s dead: so are young Foscari and his
never *smiled* on *them*.

BARBARIGO.

Was Carmag

your friend?

LOREDANO.

He was the safeguard o
n early life its foe, but, in his manho
its saviour first, then victim.

BARBARIGO.

Ah! tha
The penalty of saving cities. He

' An historical fa

BARBARIGO.

Are you then thus fix'd?

LOREDANO.

Why, what should change me?

BARBARIGO

That which changes me:
But you, I know, are marble to retain
A feud. But when all is accomplish'd, when
The old man is deposed, his name degraded,
His sons all dead, his family depress'd,
And you and yours triumphant, shall you sleep?

LOREDANO.

More soundly.

BARBARIGO.

That 's an error, and you 'll find it
*Ere y*ou sleep with your fathers.

LOREDANO.

They sleep not

In their accele[illegible] Each night [illegible]
Till Foscari fills his. [illegible]
Stalk frowning round my couch, and, pointing towar[illegible]
The ducal palace, marshal me to vengeance.

BARBARIGO.

Fancy's distemperature! There is no passion
More spectral or fantastical than hate;
Not even its opposite, love, so peoples air
With phantoms, as this madness of the heart.

Enter an Officer.

LOREDANO.

Where go you, sirrah?

OFFICER.

By the ducal order
To forward the preparatory rites
For the late Foscari's interment.

BARBARIGO.

Their
[illegible]often open'd of late years.

another he says little,
his lips move now and then;
or twice I heard him, from the adjoining
nt, mutter forth the words—«My son!»
audibly. I must proceed.

[*Exit Officer.*

BARBARIGO.

This stroke
l move all Venice in his favour.

LOREDANO.

Right!
We must be speedy: let us call together

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The DOGE'S *Apartment.*

The DOGE *and Attendants.*

ATTENDANT.

My lord, the deputation is in waiting;
But add, that if another hour would better
Accord with your will, they will make it theirs.

Enter the Deputation, consisting of six of the Signory, and the Chief of the Ten.

Noble men, your pleasure!

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

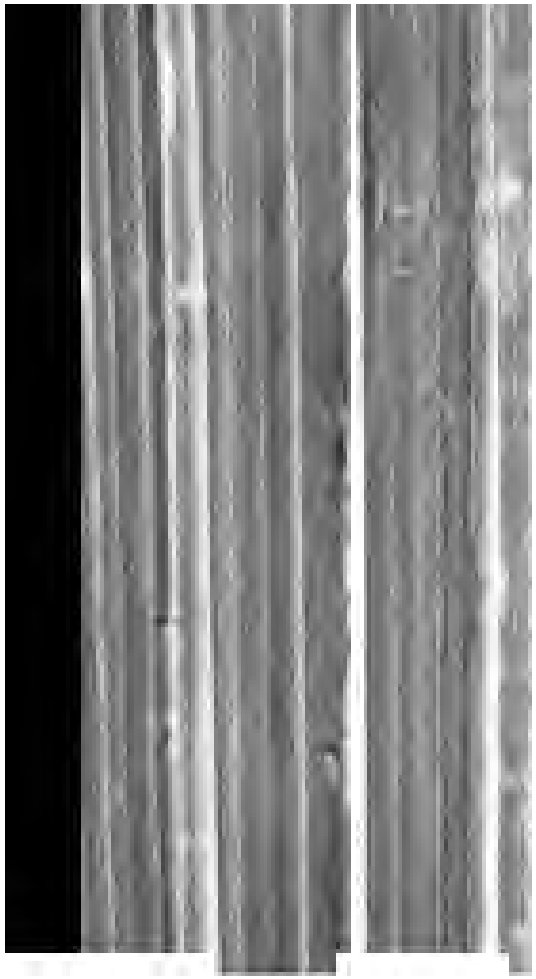
In the first place, the Council doth condole
With the Doge on his late and private grief.

DOGE.

No more—no more of that.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

Will not the Duke
Accept the homage of respect?



CHIEF OF THE TEN.

I have spoken.

Hours are accorded you to give an answ

DOGE.

I shall not need so many seconds.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

Will now retire.

DOGE.

Stay! Four and twen

Will alter nothing which I have to say.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

Speak!

DOGE.

When I twice before reiterated

Avail you aught.

DOGE.

I can submit to all things,
But nothing will advance; no, not a moment.
What you decree—decree.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

With this, then, must we
Return to those who sent us?

DOGE.

You have heard me.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

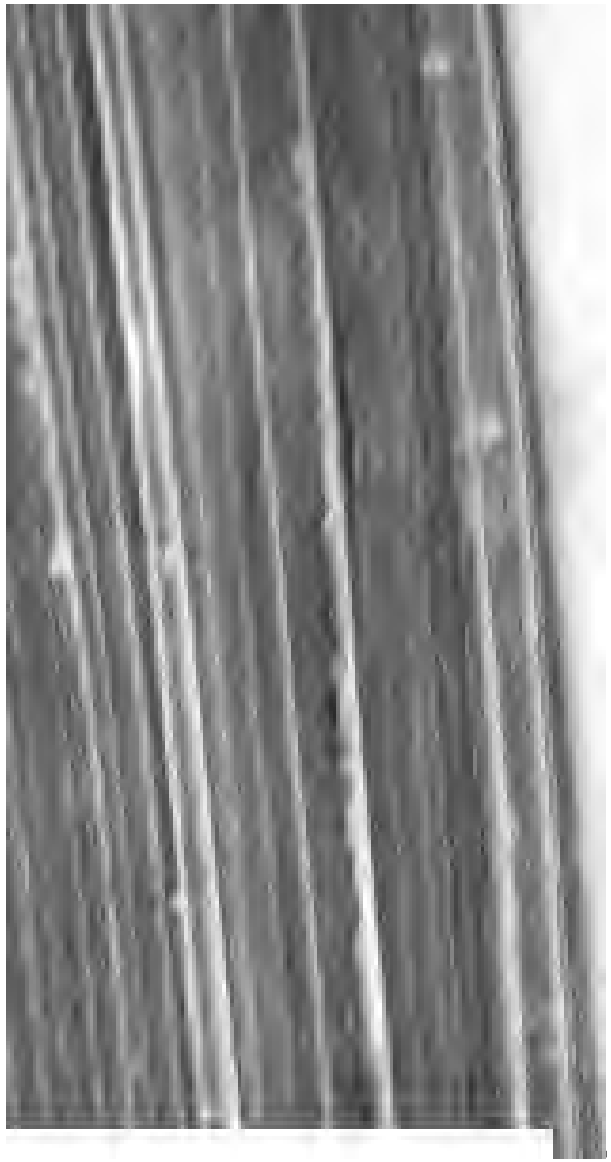
With all due reverence we retire.

[*Exeunt the Deputation, etc.*

Enter an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.

My lord,



MARINA.

My lord, if I in

Perhaps you fain would be alon

DOGE.

Alone, come all the world arou

Am now and evermore. But

MARINA

We will; and for the sake of t

Endeavour——Oh my husban

DOGE

I cannot comfort thee.

MARIN

He mi

So form'd for gentle privacy

So loving, so beloved; the na

Another land, and who so bl

Nothi

an such an hour too!

DOGE.

'T is the fittest time:
An hour ago I should have felt it.

MARINA.

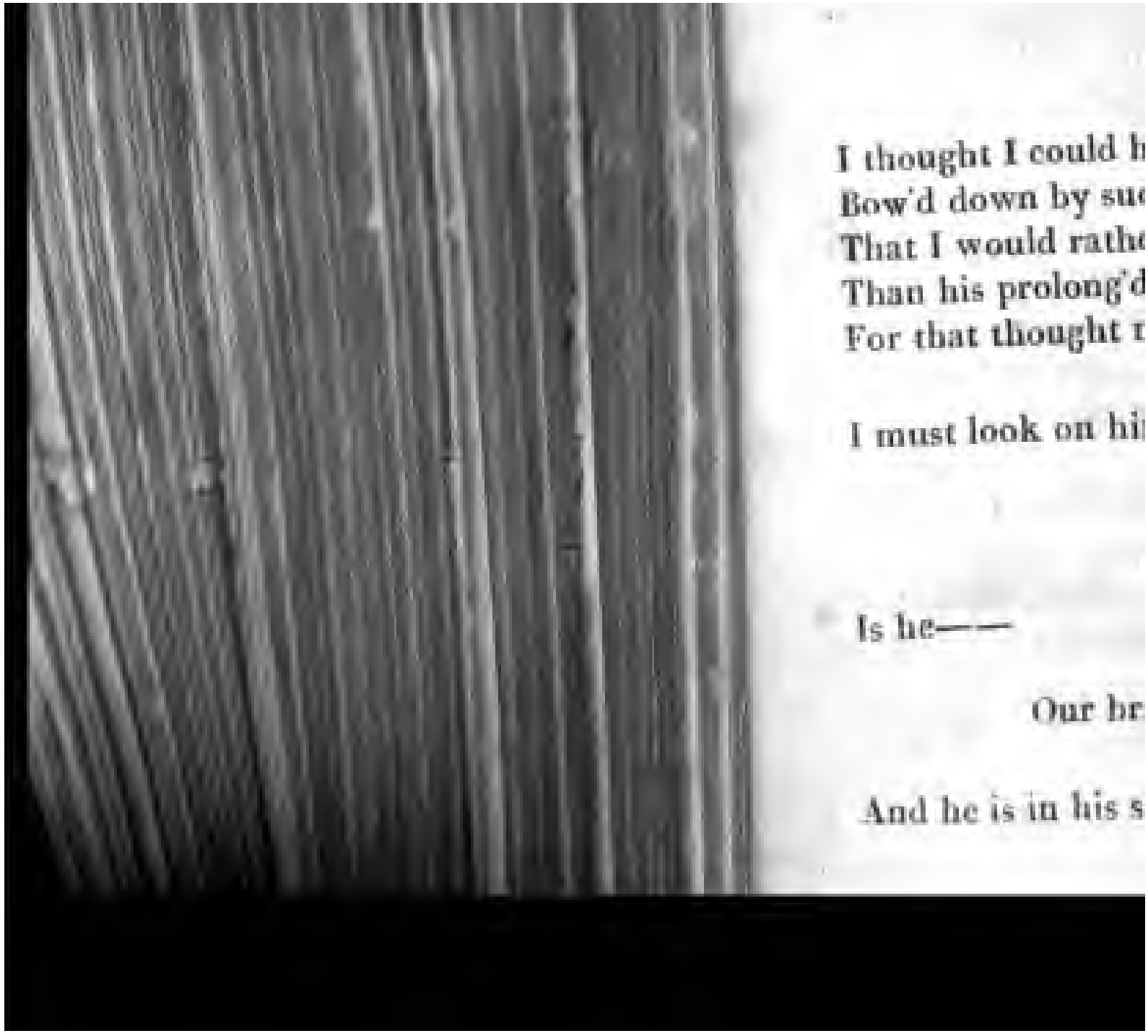
And
Will you not now resent it?—Oh for vengeance!
But he, who, had he been enough protected,
Might have repaid protection in this moment,
Cannot assist his father.

DOGE.

Nor should do so
Against his country, had he a thousand lives
Instead of that——

MARINA.

They tortured from him. This
May be pure patriotism. I am a woman:



I thought I could h
Bow'd down by suc
That I would rathe
Than his prolong'd
For that thought r

I must look on hi

Is he——

Our br

And he is in his s

Let us return then.

LOREDANO.

You forget, you cannot.
We have the implicit order of the giunta
To await their coming here, and join them in
Their office: they 'll be here soon after us.

BARBARIGO.

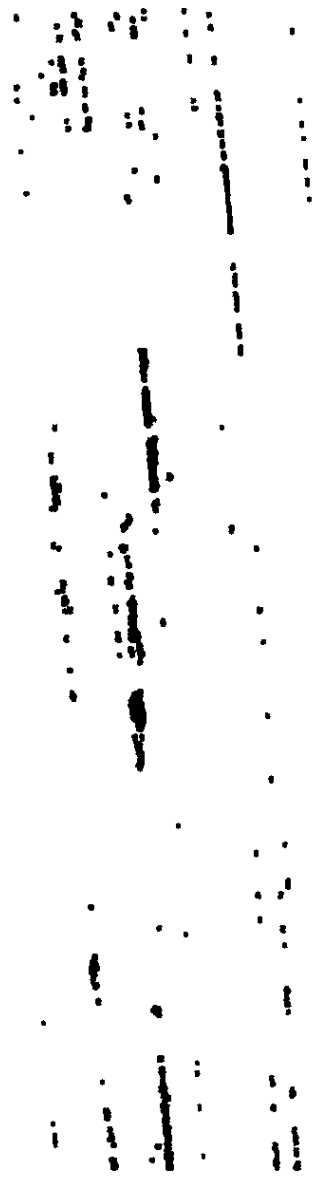
And will they press their answer on the Doge?

LOREDANO.

'T was his own wish that all should be done promptly.
He answer'd quickly, and must so be answer'd;
His dignity is look'd to, his estate
Cared for—what would he more?

BARBARIGO.

Die in his robes.
He could not have lived long; but I have done
My best to save his honours, and opposed
This proposition to the last, though vainly.
Why would the general vote compel me hither?



Dreaded to have ..

BARBARIGO.

And not less, I must needs think, for the s
Of humbling me for my vain opposition.
You are ingenious, Loredano, in
Your modes of vengeance, nay, poetical.
A very Ovid in the art of *hating;*
It is thus although a secondary object,
Yet hate has microscopic eyes) to you
Love, by way of foil to the more zealous
Undesired association in
Your giunta's duties.

LOREDANO.

How!—*my* giunta

BARBARIGO.

Then speak your language, watch your
Your place and do your work. Are t

LOREDANO.

.. r were best they

LOREDANO.

You talk but idly.

BARBARIGO.

That remains for proof.
Here come our colleagues.

Enter the Deputation as before.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

Is the Duke aware
We seek his presence?

ATTENDANT.

He shall be inform'd.

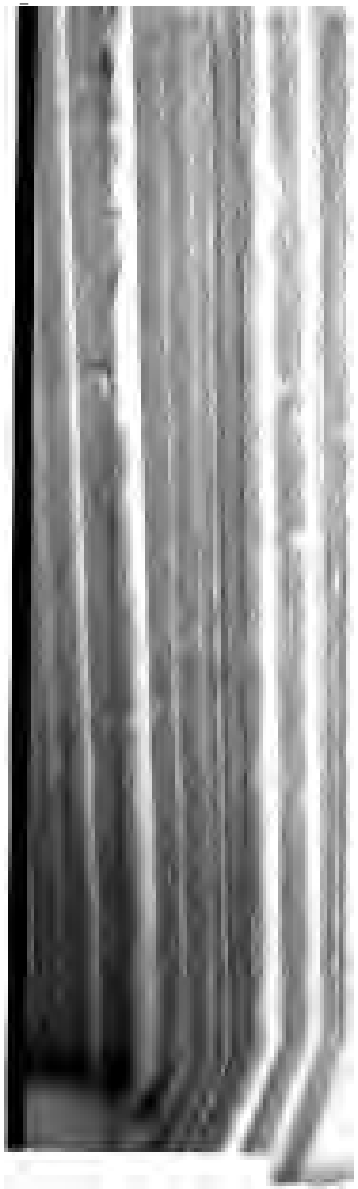
[*Exit Atten*

BARBARIGO.

The Duke is with his son.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

If it be so,
We will remit him till the rites are over.
Let us return. 'T is time enough to-morrow.



Definitive and absolute!

DOGE.

To the point—

To the point! I know of old the forms of offic
And gentle preludes to strong acts—Go on!

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

You are no longer Doge; you are released
From your imperial oath as sovereign;
Your ducal robes must be put off; but for
Your services, the state allots the appanage
Already mention'd in our former congress.
Three days are left you to remove from hence,
Under the penalty to see confiscated
All your own private fortune.

DOGE.

That last clause.

nswer, Duke!

LOREDANO.

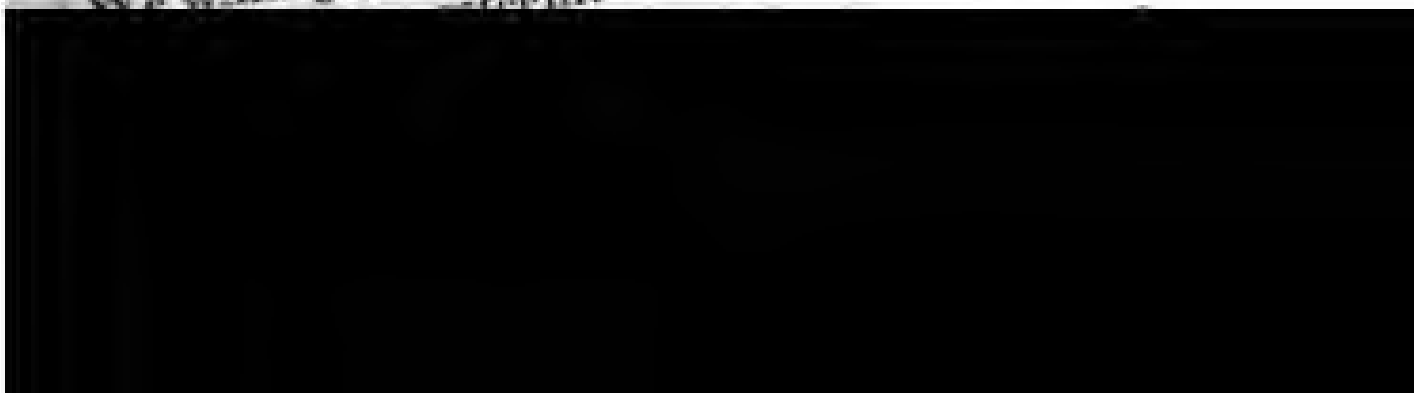
Your answer, Francis Foscari!

DOGE.

I could have foreseen that my old age
Was prejudicial to the state, the chief
Of the republic never would have shown
Himself so far ungrateful as to place
His own high dignity before his country;
But this *life* having been so many years
Not useless to that country, I would fain
Have consecrated my last moments to her.
But the decree being render'd, I obey.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

If you would have the three days named extended.
We willingly will lengthen them to eight,



ou, by your garb, [illegible]

MEMMO. Signor,

I am the son of Marco Memmo.

DOGE.

Ah!

Your father was my friend.—But sons and *fathers*

What, ho! my servants there!

ATTENDANT.

My prince!

DOGE. No prince

There are the princes of the prince!

[*Pointing to the Ten's Deputies*

Prepare

here.

MARINA.

And every where.

DOGE.

True; but in freedom,
Without these jealous spies upon the great.
Signors, you may depart: what would you more?
We are going: do you fear that we shall bear
The palace with us? Its *old* walls ten times
As *old* as I am, and I 'm very old,
Have served you, so have I, and I and they
Could tell a tale; but I invoke them not
To fall upon you! else they would, as erst
The pillars of stone Dagon's temple on
The Israelite and his Philistine foes.
Such power I do believe there might exist
In such a curse as mine, provoked by such
As you; but I curse not. Adieu, good signors!
May the next duke be better than the present!

LOREDANO.

The *present* duke is Paschal Malipiero.

DOGE.

Not till I pass the threshold of these doors.

LOREDANO.

great bell is soon about to
guration.

DOGE.

Earth and heaven!
reverberate this peal; and I
hear this!—the first doge who e'er heard
sound for his successor! Happier he,
ttainted predecessor, stern Faliero—
s insult at the least was spared him.

LOREDANO.

What!
Do you regret a traitor?

DOGE.

No—I merely
Envy the dead.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

My lord, if you indeed
Are bent upon this rash abandonment
Of the state's palace, at the least retire
By the private staircase which conduce
[illegible]nding-place of the canal.

DOGE.

No.
[illegible]airs by wh
[illegible]air

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

, thus in public?

DOGE.

I was publicly

ed, and so will I be deposed.

ıa! art thou willing?

MARINA.

Here 's my arm!

DOGE.

here my *staff*: thus propp'd will I go forth.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

ıst not be—the people will perceive it.

DOGE.

people!—There 's no people, you well know it,

you dare not deal thus by them or me.

: is a *populace*, perhaps, whose looks

shame you; but they dare not groan nor curse you,

with their hearts and eyes.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

You speak in passion,

An escort fitting past and present rank.
We will accompany, with due respect,
The Doge unto his private palace. Say,
My brethren, will we not?

DIFFERENT VOICES.

Ay!—Ay!

DOGE.

Yo

Sir—in my train, at least. I enter'd h
As sovereign—I go out as citizen
By the same portals, but as citizen.
All these vain ceremonies are base insu
Which only ulcerate the heart the mo
Applying poisons there as antidotes.
Pomp is for princes—I am *none!*—Th
I *am*, but only to these gates.—Ah!

LOREDANO.

Ha

[*The great bell of S*

'T is the knell of my poor boy!
My heart aches bitterly.

BARBARIGO.

I pray you sit.

DOGE.

No; my seat here has been a throne till now.
Marina! let us go.

MARINA.

Most readily.

DOGE (*walks a few steps, then stops*).

I feel a thirst—will no one bring me here
A cup of water?

BARBARIGO.

I——

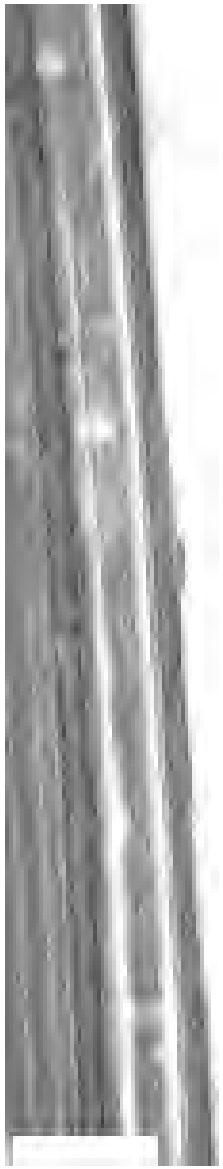
MARINA.

And I——

LOREDANO.

And I——

[redacted]



You bore ... o

LOREDANO.

Well, sir!

DOGE.

Then it is false, or you are true.
For my own part, I credit neither; 't is
An idle legend.

MARINA.

You talk wildly, and
Had better now be seated, nor as yet
Depart. Ah! now you look as look'd my h

BARBARIGO.

He sinks!—support him!—quick—a chair—

DOGE.

The bell tolls on!—let 's hence—my brain

BARBARIGO.

I do beseech you, lean upon us!

DOGE.

No!

... should die standing. My poo

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

Is there then

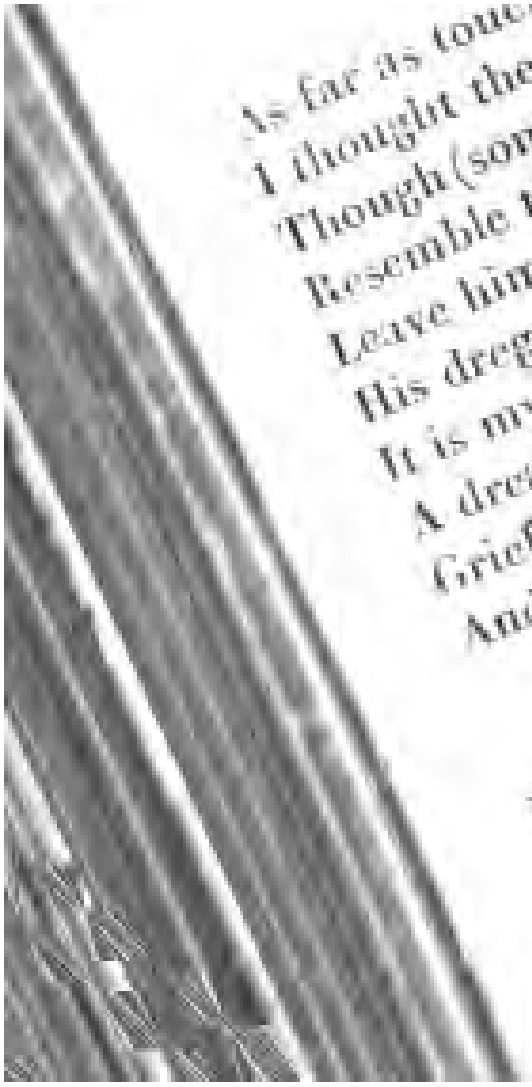
Call in assistance!

ATTENDANT.

'T is all over.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

If it be so, at least his obsequies
Shall be such as befits his name and nation,
His rank and his devotion to the duties
Of the realm, while his age permitted him
To do himself and them full justice. Brethren,
Say, shall it not be so?



As far as touc
I thought the dead
Though (some, no doubt),
Resemble that you exercise on
Leave him to me
His dregs of life, which you have kindly sho
It is my last of duties, and may prove
A dreary comfort in my desolation.
Grief is fantastical, and loves the dead,
And the apparel of the grave.

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

Do you
Pretend still to this office?

MARINA.

I do, signor.
Though his possessions have been all consumed
In the state's service, I have still my dowry,
Which shall be consecrated to his rites,
[She stops with agit
of——

Alas! I have shed some—always thanks to you!
I never heard of *heirs* in sables—you have left none
To the deceased, so you would act the part
Of such. Well, sirs, your will be done! as one day,
At last, Heaven's will be done too!

CHIEF OF THE TEN.

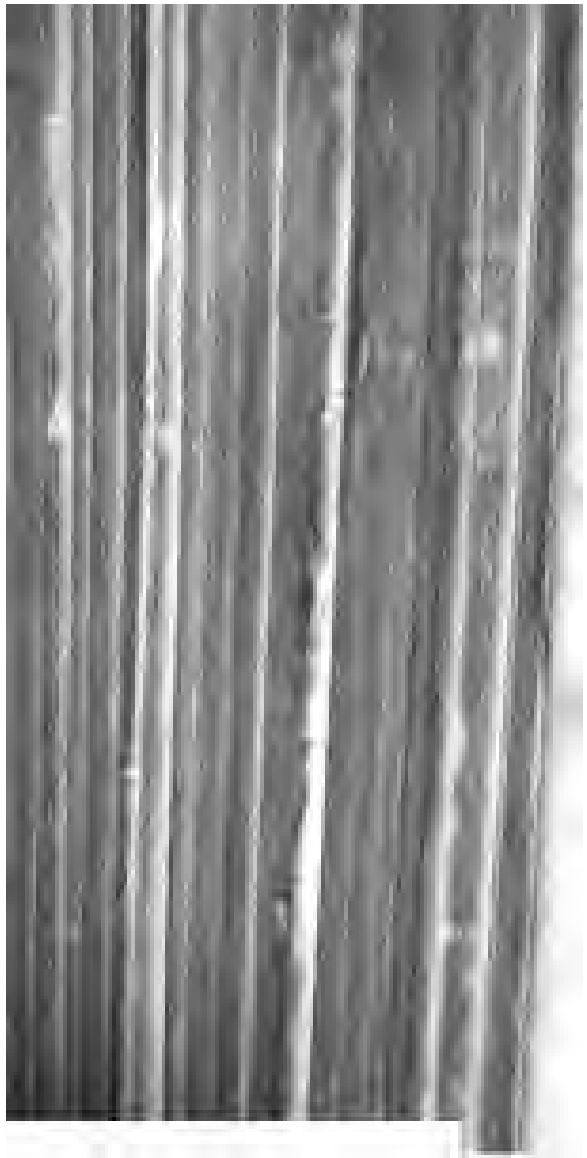
Know you, lady,
To whom ye speak, and perils of such speech?

MARINA.

I know the former better than yourselves;
The latter—like yourselves; and can face both.
Wish you more funerals?

BARBARIGO.

Heed not her rash words,
Her circumstances must excuse her bearing



With such an earnest brow, upon th

LOREDANO (*pointing to the* DO

That *he* has paid me![1]

CHIEF OF THE TEN

What debt did

LOREDANO.

A long and just one; nature's debt al

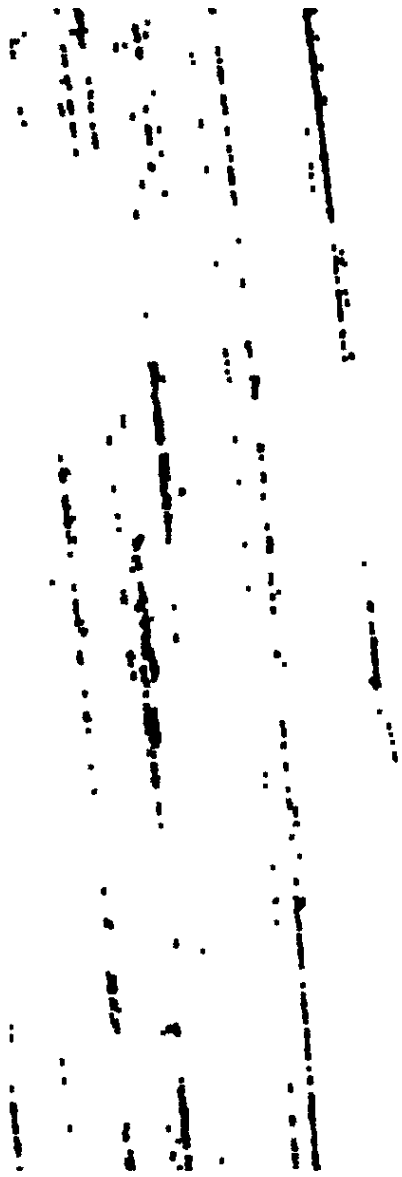
[1] «*L'ha pagata.*» An historical fact. See the P. Daru, page 411, vol. ii.

APPENDIX.

Extrait de l'Histoire de la République de Venise, par P. Daru, de l'Académie française. Tom. 2.

Depuis trente ans, la république n'avait pas déposé les armes. Elle avait acquis les provinces de Brescia, de Bergame, de Crême, et la principauté de Ravenne.

Mais ces guerres continuelles faisaient beaucoup de malheureux et de mécontents. Le doge François Foscari, à qui on ne pouvait pardonner d'en avoir été le promoteur, manifesta une seconde fois, en 1442, et probablement avec plus de sincérité que la première, l'intention d'abdiquer sa dignité. Le conseil s'y refusa encore. On

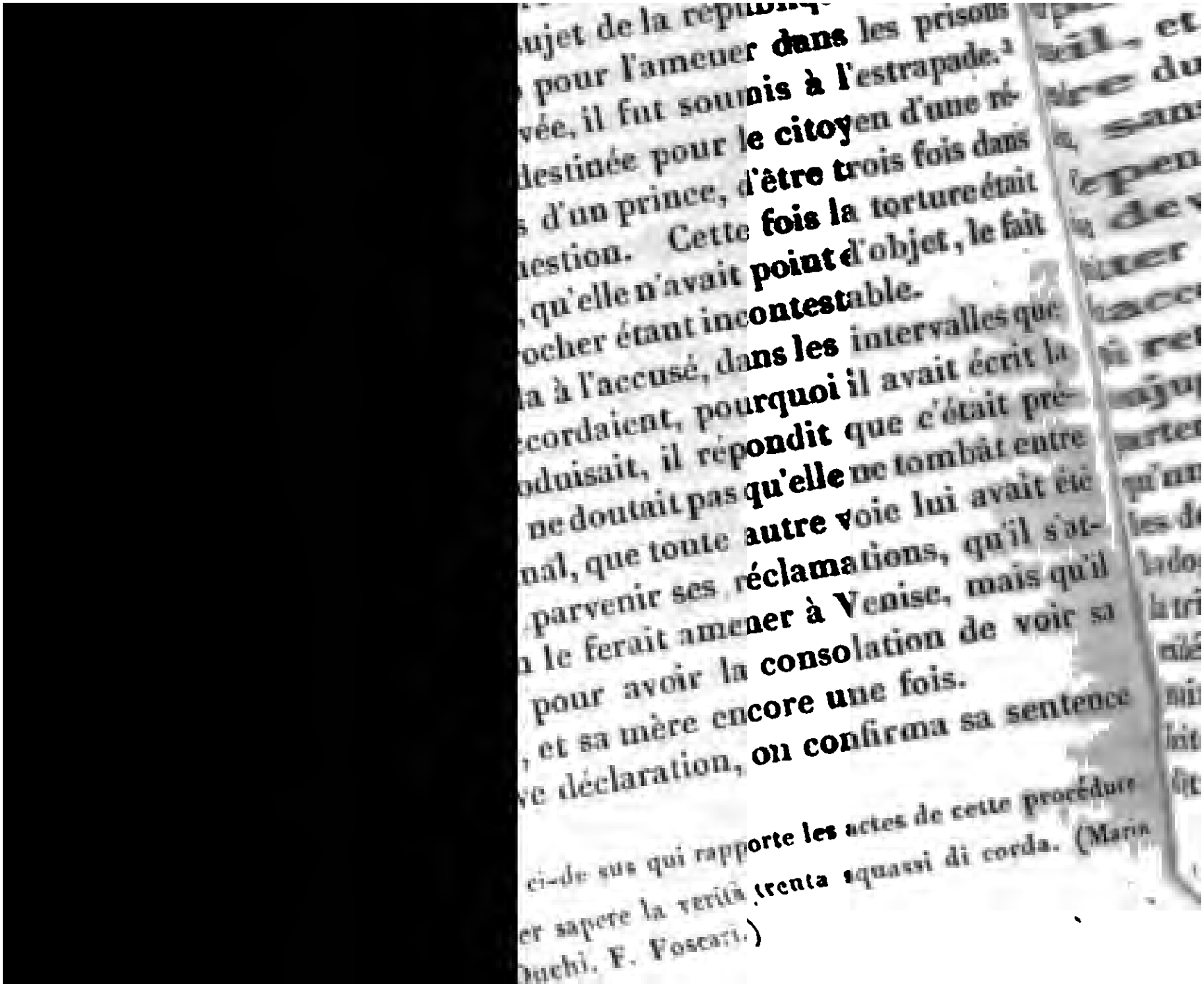


agi d'un [illegible]
cusé fut amené devant ses juges, devant [illegible]
crut pas pouvoir s'abstenir de présider le
il fut interrogé, appliqué à la question, [illegible] dé
et il entendit, de la bouche de son père
condamnait à un bannissement perpétuel
à Naples de Romanie, pour y finir ses j
Embarqué sur une galère pour se rend
exil, il tomba malade à Trieste. Les s
doge obtinrent, non sans difficulté, qu'on
autre résidence. Enfin le conseil des d
se retirer à Trévise, en lui imposant l'ob
ter sous peine de mort, et de se présen
devant le gouverneur.
Il y était depuis cinq ans, lorsqu'un de
des dix fut assassiné. Les soupçons se
un de ses domestiques qu'on avait vu à
et subit la torture. Les bourreaux ne p
aucun aveu. Ce terrible tribunal se fit
[illegible] · il résis

, ne cessait d'écrire à son père, à ses amis, pour enir quelque adoucissement à sa déportation. N'obnant rien, et sachant que la terreur qu'inspirait le conéil des dix ne lui permettait pas d'espérer de trouver dans Venise une seule voix qui s'élevât en sa faveur, il fit une lettre pour le nouveau duc de Milan, par laquelle, au nom des bons offices que Sforce avait reçus du chef de la république, il implorait son intervention en faveur d'un innocent, du fils du doge.

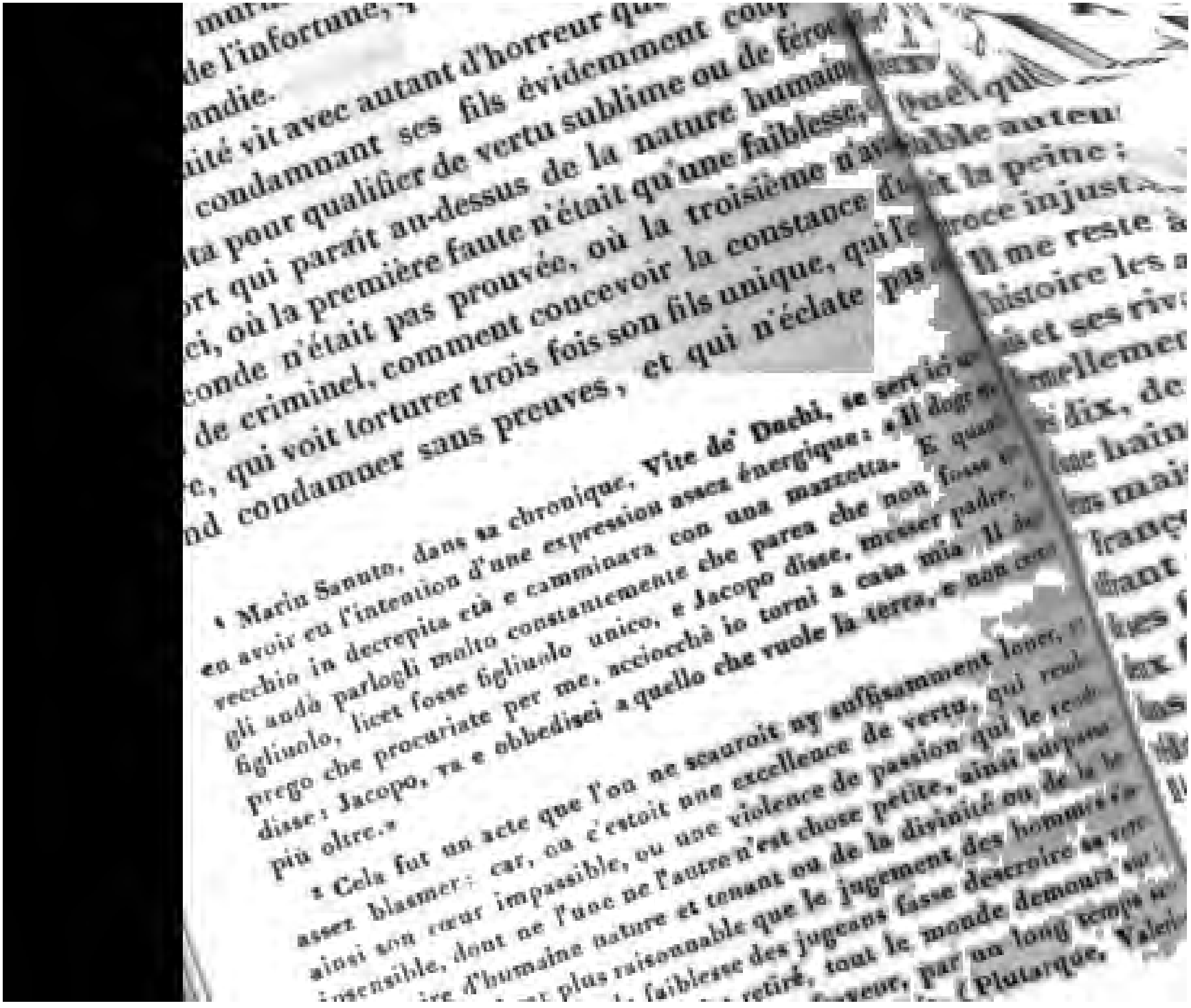
Cette lettre, selon quelques historiens, fut confiée à un marchand qui avait promis de la faire parvenir au duc,

jugement; «Cum Jacobus Foscari per occasionem percussionis et mortis Hermolai Donati fuit retentus et examinatus, et propter significationes, testificationes, et scripturas quæ habentur contra eum, clare apparet ipsum esse reum criminis prælicti, sed propter incantationes et verba quæ sibi reperta sunt, de quibus existit indicia manifesta, videtur



envers un malheureux était sans doute odieuse; mais cette politique, qui défendait à tous les citoyens de faire intervenir les étrangers dans les affaires intérieures de la république, était sage. Elle était chez eux une maxime de gouvernement et une maxime inflexible. L'historien Paul Morosini [1] a conté que l'empereur Frédéric III, pendant qu'il était l'hôte des Vénitiens, demanda comme une faveur particulière, l'admission d'un citoyen dans le grand conseil, et la grace d'un ancien gouverneur de Candie, gendre du doge, et banni pour sa mauvaise administration, sans pouvoir obtenir ni l'une ni l'autre.

Cependant on ne put refuser au condamné la permission de voir sa femme, ses enfants, ses parents, qu'il allait quitter pour toujours. Cette dernière entrevue même fut accompagnée de cruauté, par la sévère circonspection, qui retenait les épanchements de la douleur paternelle et conjugale. Ce ne fut point dans l'intérieur de leur ap-



leurs maisons.[1]

François Foscari avait essayé de la faire cesser, en offrant sa fille à l'illustre amiral Pierre Loredan, pour un de ses fils. L'alliance avait été rejetée, et l'inimitié des deux familles s'en était accrue. Dans tous les conseils, dans toutes les affaires, le doge trouvait toujours les Lorédans prêts à combattre ses propositions ou ses intérêts. Il lui échappa un jour de dire qu'il ne se croirait réelle-

[1] Je suis principalement dans ce récit une relation manuscrite de *la déposition* de François Foscari qui est dans le volume intitulé : *Raccolta di* memorie storiche e annedote, per formar la Storia dell' *excellentissimo* consiglio di X. (Archives de Venise.)

uit que trop d'exemples domestiques d
seil des dix prenait d'humilier le chef d

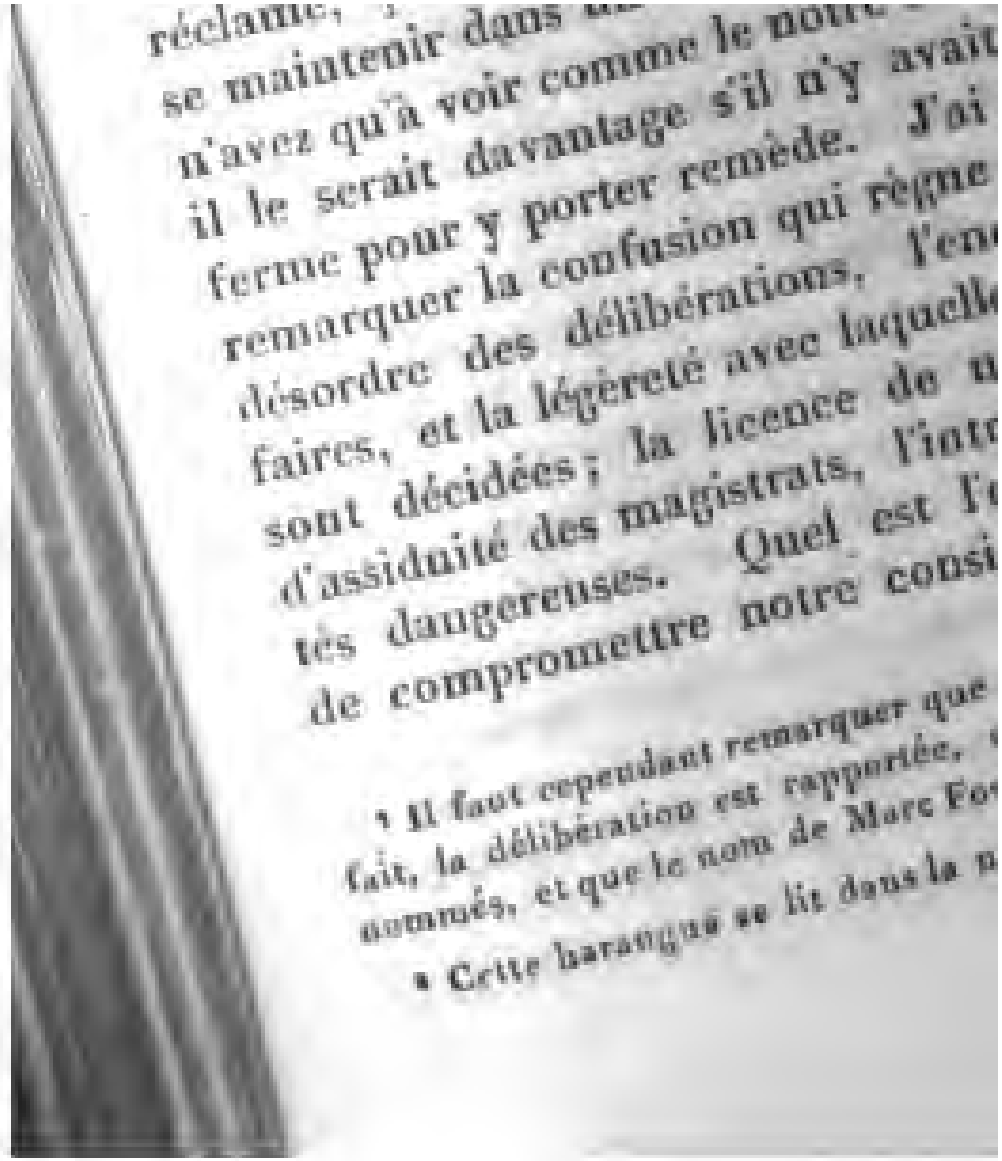
endant, Jacques Loredan, fils de Pierre,
it de croire avoir à venger les pertes de s
es livres de comptes (car il faisait le
cette époque presque tous les patricie
de sa propre main le doge au nombre d
pour la mort, y était-il dit, de mon père

e tamen injurias quamvis imaginarias non tam
rat Jacobus Lauredanus defunctorum nepos, qu
vindicta opportuna. (Palazzi Fasti ducales.)

voir un murmure contre leurs arrêts.

Loredan commença par se plaindre devant ses collègues du tort que les infirmités du doge, son absence des conseils, apportaient à l'expédition des affaires; il finit par hasarder et réussit à faire agréer la proposition de le déposer. Ce n'était pas la première fois que Venise avait pour prince un homme dans la caducité: l'usage et les lois y avaient pourvu; dans ces circonstances le doge était suppléé par le plus ancien du conseil. Ici, cela ne suffisait pas aux ennemis de Foscari. Pour donner plus de solennité à la délibération, le conseil des dix demanda une adjonction de vingt-cinq sénateurs; mais comme on n'en énonçait pas l'objet, et que le grand conseil était

[1] *Ibid.* et l'Histoire Vénitienne de Vianolo.

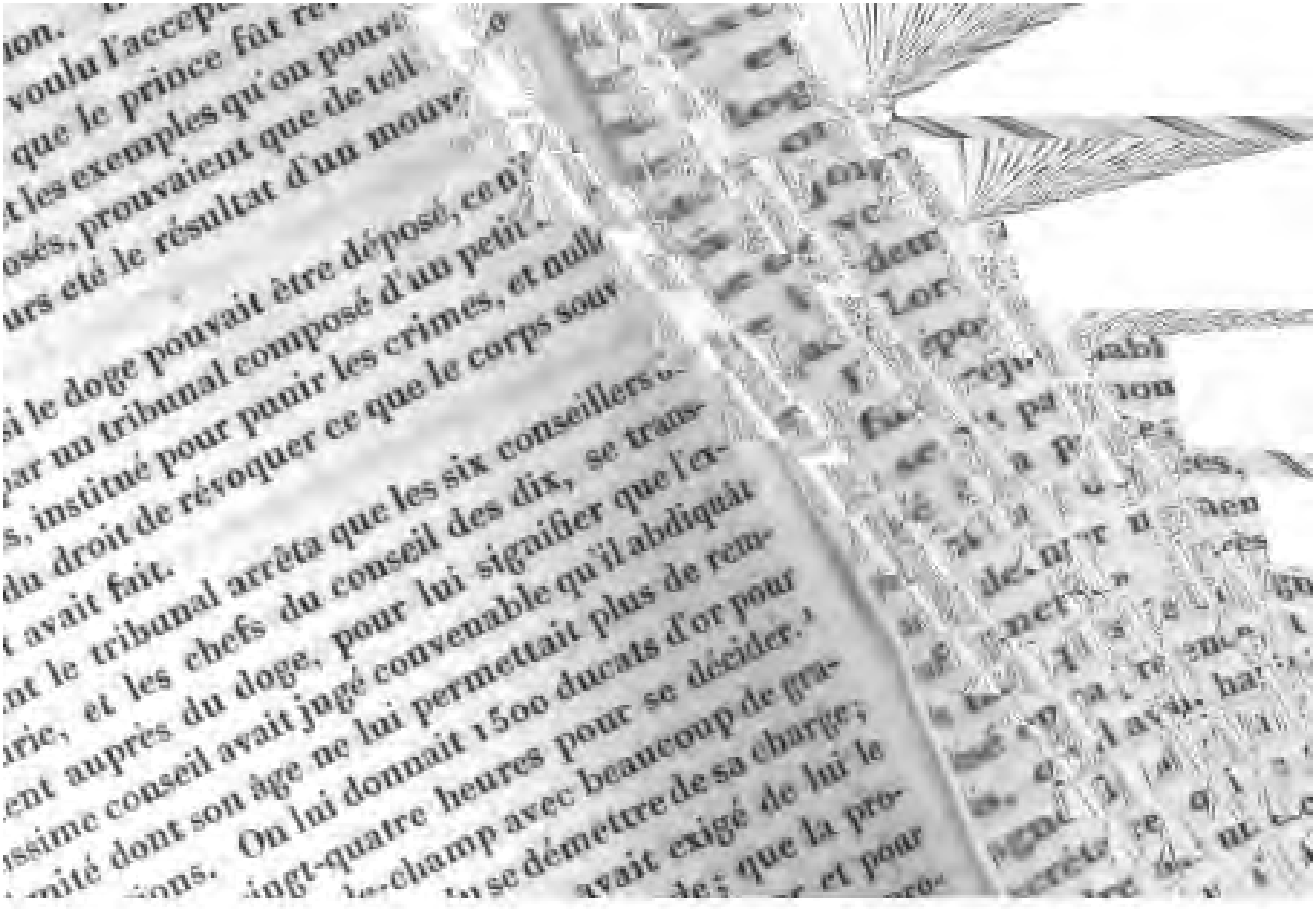


réclame,
se maintenir dans
n'avez qu'à voir comme le notre
il le serait davantage s'il n'y avait
ferme pour y porter remède. J'ai
remarquer la confusion qui règne
désordre des délibérations, l'en
faires, et la légèreté avec laquelle
sont décidées; la licence de n
d'assiduité des magistrats, l'int
tès dangereuses. Quel est l'
de compromettre notre consi

» Il faut cependant remarquer que
fait, la délibération est rapportée,
nommés, et que le nom de Marc Fo
» Cette harangue se lit dans la

« Je ne vous [illegible]
leurs suites déplorables, pour[illegible]
effrayer, mais pour vous faire souvenir q[illegible]
les maîtres, les conservateurs de cet état fondé par vos
pères, et de la liberté que nous devons à leurs travaux,
à leurs institutions. Ici, le mal indique le remède.
Nous n'avons point de chef, il nous en faut un. Notre
prince est notre ouvrage, nous avons donc le droit de
juger son mérite quand il s'agit de l'élire, et son inca-
pacité quand elle se manifeste. J'ajouterai que le
peuple, encore bien qu'il n'ait pas le droit de pronon-
cer sur les actions de ses maîtres, apprendra ce chan-
gement avec transport. C'est la providence, je n'en
doute pas, qui lui inspire elle-même ces dispositions,
pour vous avertir que la république réclame cette réso-
lution, et que le sort de l'état est en vos mains. »

Ce discours n'éprouva que de timides contradictions;
cependant, la délibération dura huit jours. L'assemblée,
ne se jugeant pas aussi sûre de l'approbation universelle
que l'orateur voulait le lui faire croire, desirait que le do[illegible]



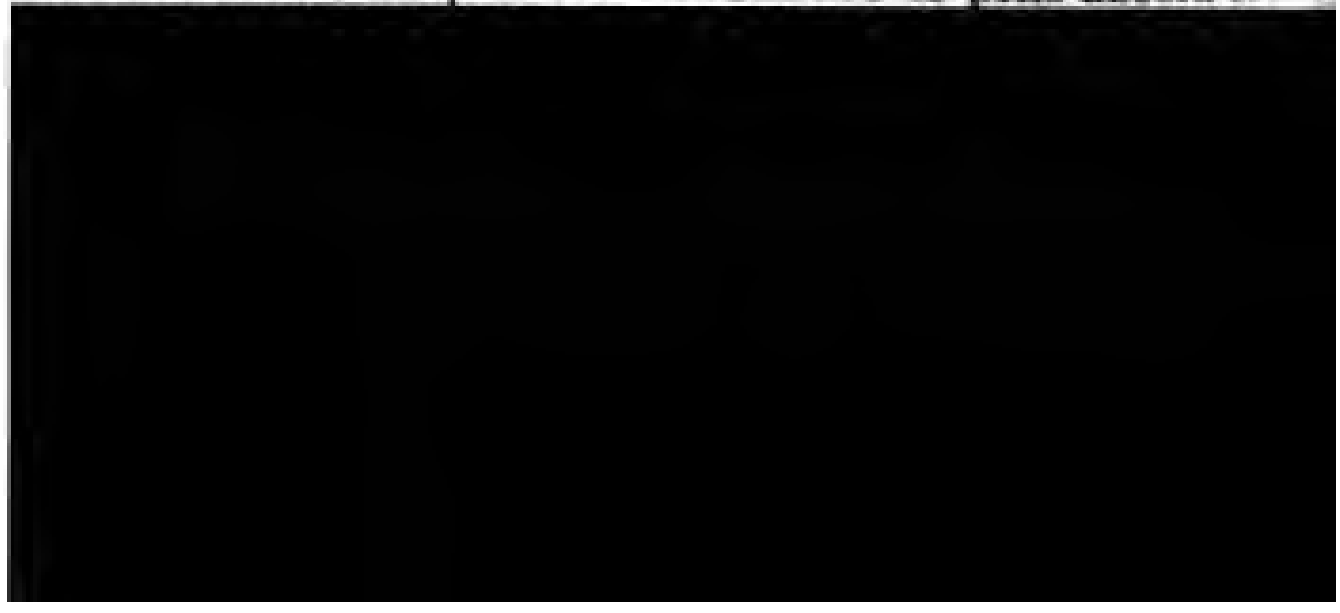
l'autre réponse. Le conseil s'assembla sur-le-champ, envoya demander encore une fois sa résolution, séance aante, et, la réponse ayant été la même, on prononça ue le doge était relevé de son serment et déposé de sa dignité : on lui assigna une pension de 1500 ducats d'or, en lui enjoignant de sortir du palais dans huit jours, sous peine de voir tous ses biens confisqués. [1]

Le lendemain, ce décret fut porté au doge, et ce fut Jacques Loredan qui eut la cruelle joie de le lui présenter. Il répondit : « Si j'avais pu prévoir que ma vieillesse fût préjudiciable à l'état, le chef de la république ne se serait pas montré assez ingrat, pour préférer sa dignité à la patrie ; mais cette vie lui ayant été utile pendant tant d'années, je voulais lui en consacrer jusqu'au dernier moment. Le décret est rendu, je m'y conformerai. » Après avoir parlé ainsi, il se dépouilla

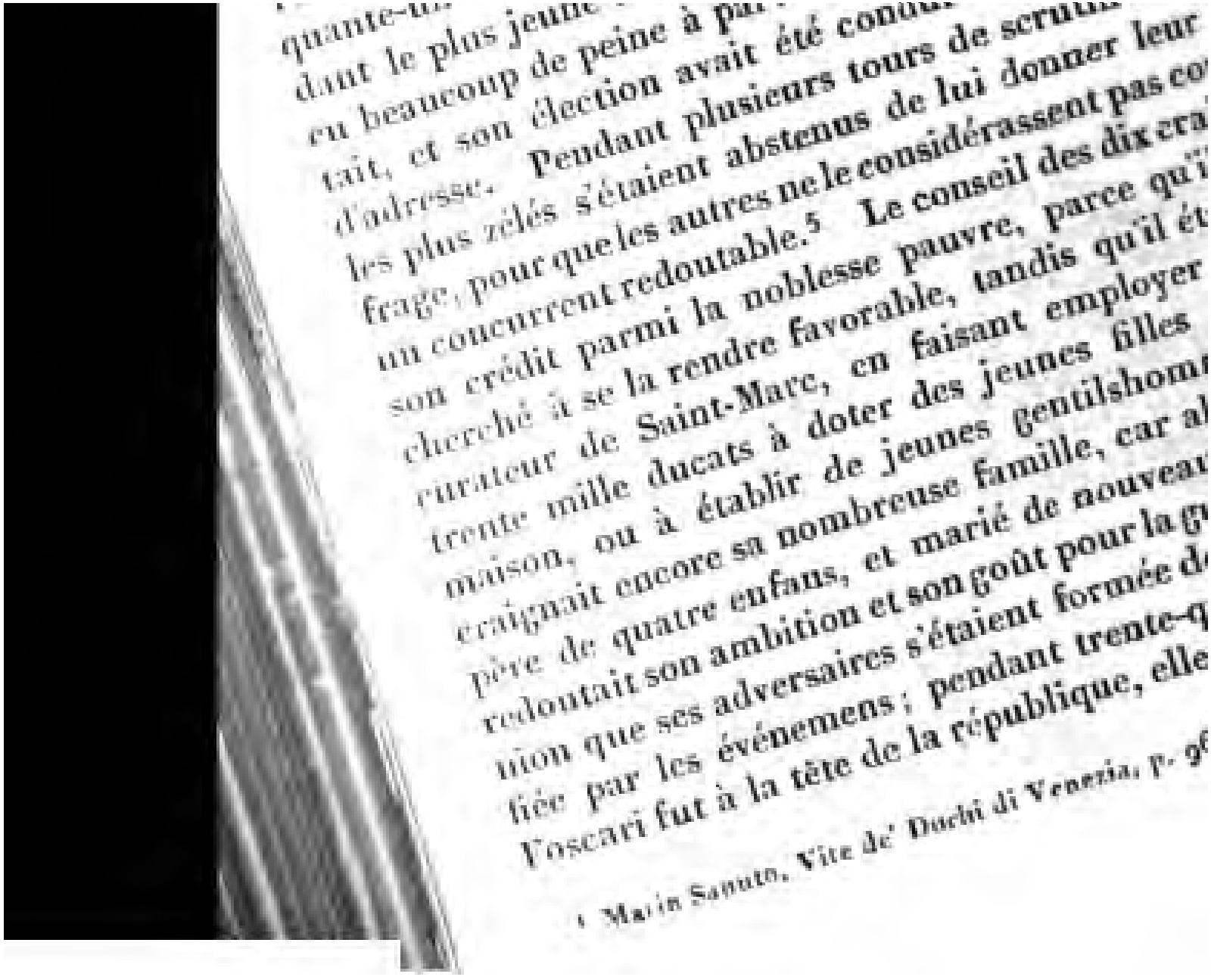
[redacted]

tourna, appuyé sur sa béquille, vers le palais, en proférant ces paroles: « Mes services m'y avaient appelé, la malice de mes ennemis m'en fait sortir. »

La foule qui s'ouvrait sur son passage, et qui avait peut-être desiré sa mort, était émue de respect et d'attendrissement.[1] Rentré dans sa maison, il recommanda à sa famille d'oublier les injures de ses ennemis. Personne dans les divers corps de l'état ne se crut en droit de s'étonner, qu'un prince inamovible eût été déposé sans qu'on lui reprochât rien; que l'état eût perdu son chef, à l'insu du sénat et du corps souverain lui-même. Le peuple seul laissa échapper quelques regrets: une proclamation du conseil des dix prescrivit le silence le plus absolu sur



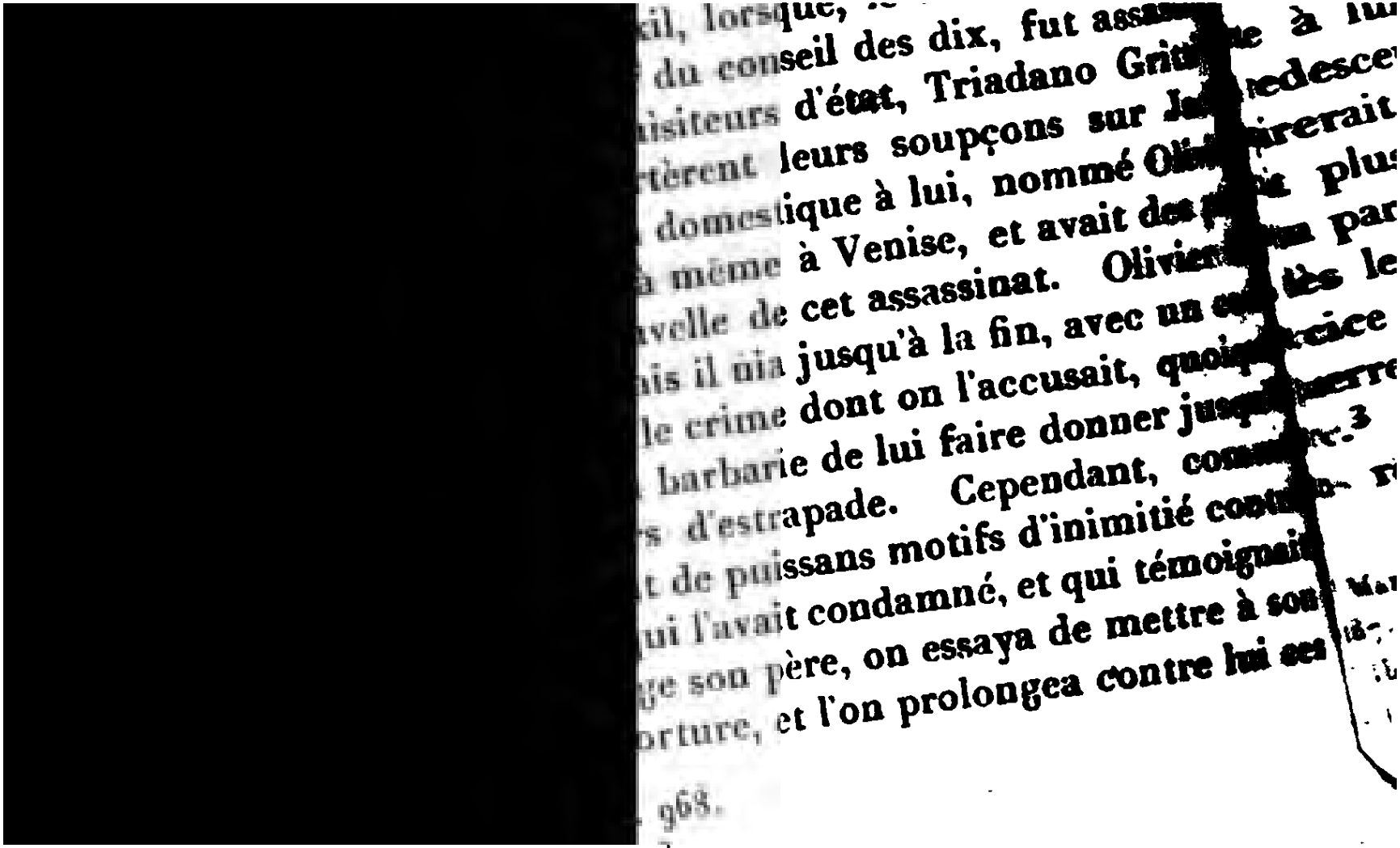
La république arrêta qu'on lui rendrait les mêmes honneurs funèbres que s'il fût mort dans l'exercice de sa dignité ; mais lorsqu'on se présenta pour enlever ses restes, sa veuve, qui de son nom était Marine Nani, déclara qu'elle ne le souffrirait point ; qu'on ne devait pas traiter en prince après sa mort celui que vivant on avait dépouillé de la couronne, et que, puisqu'il avait consumé ses biens au service de l'état, elle saurait consacrer sa dot à lui faire rendre les derniers honneurs. [1] On ne tint aucun compte de cette résistance, et malgré les protestations de l'ancienne dogaresse, le corps fut enlevé, revêtu des ornements ducaux, exposé en public, et les obsèques



quante-u
dant le plus jeune
eu beaucoup de peine à pa
tait, et son élection avait été conda
d'adresse. Pendant plusieurs tours de scrut
les plus zélés s'étaient abstenus de lui donner leur
frage; pour que les autres ne le considérassent pas co
un concurrent redoutable.[5] Le conseil des dix era
son crédit parmi la noblesse pauvre, parce qu'
cherché à se la rendre favorable, tandis qu'il ét
rateur de Saint-Marc, en faisant employer
trente mille ducats à doter des jeunes filles
maison, ou à établir de jeunes gentilshom
craignait encore sa nombreuse famille, car a
père de quatre enfans, et marié de nouveau
redoutait son ambition et son goût pour la g
tion que ses adversaires s'étaient formée d
fiée par les événemens; pendant trente-q
Foscari fut à la tête de la république, elle

[5] Marin Sanuto, Vite de' Duchi di Venezia, p. 9

à consens son propre caractère, et ses talens
tenir plus d'influence sur la république, qu
ercé la plupart de ses prédécesseurs. Mais
:ion avait eu pour but l'agrandissement de
e fut cruellement trompée : trois de ses fils
ns les huit années qui suivirent son électio
ème, Jacob, par lequel la maison Foscari
tuée, fut victime de la jalousie du conseil
ipoisonna par ses malheurs les jours de son
En effet, le conseil des dix, redoublant d
vers le chef de l'état, lorsqu'il le voyait plu
; talens et sa popularité, veillait sans cesse s
ur le punir de son crédit et de sa gloire. A
rier 1445, Michel Bevilacqua, Florentin, e
se, accusa en secret Jacques Foscari auprès
eurs d'état, d'avoir reçu du duc Philippe Vi
ésens d'argent et de joyaux, par les mains d
maison. Telle était l'odieuse procédure
uise, que sur cette accusation secrète, le fil
représentant de la majesté de la républiq



kil, lorsque, [illegible]
du conseil des dix, fut assa[illegible]e à lu
isiteurs d'état, Triadano Grit[illegible] redesce
tèrent leurs soupçons sur Je[illegible]irerait
domestique à lui, nommé Oli[illegible] plus
à même à Venise, et avait des [illegible] par
velle de cet assassinat. Olivier[illegible]ès le
ais il nia jusqu'à la fin, avec un [illegible]ace
le crime dont on l'accusait, quoi[illegible]erre
barbarie de lui faire donner jusq[illegible]c.3
s d'estrapade. Cependant, com[illegible] ri
t de puissans motifs d'inimitié cont[illegible]
ui l'avait condamné, et qui témoigna[illegible]
ge son père, on essaya de mettre à so[illegible]
orture, et l'on prolongea contre lui ses

968.

3.

clamna à être transporté à la Canée, et accorda une mpeuse à son délateur. Mais les horribles douleurs Jacob Foscari avait éprouvées, avaient troublé sa son; ses persécuteurs, touchés de ce dernier malheur, mirent qu'on le ramenât à Venise le 26 mai 1451. mbrassa son père, il puisa dans ses exhortations elque courage et quelque calme, et il fut reconduit médiatement à la Canée.[1] Sur ces entrefaites, Nico- Erizzo, homme déjà noté pour un précédent crime, fessa, en mourant, que c'était lui qui avoit tué Al- ro Donato.[2]

Le malheureux doge, François Foscari, avait déjà rché, à plusieurs reprises, à abdiquer une dignité si este à lui-même et à sa famille. Il lui semblait redescendu au rang de simple citoyen, comme il spirerait plus de crainte ou de jalousie, ou n'acca-

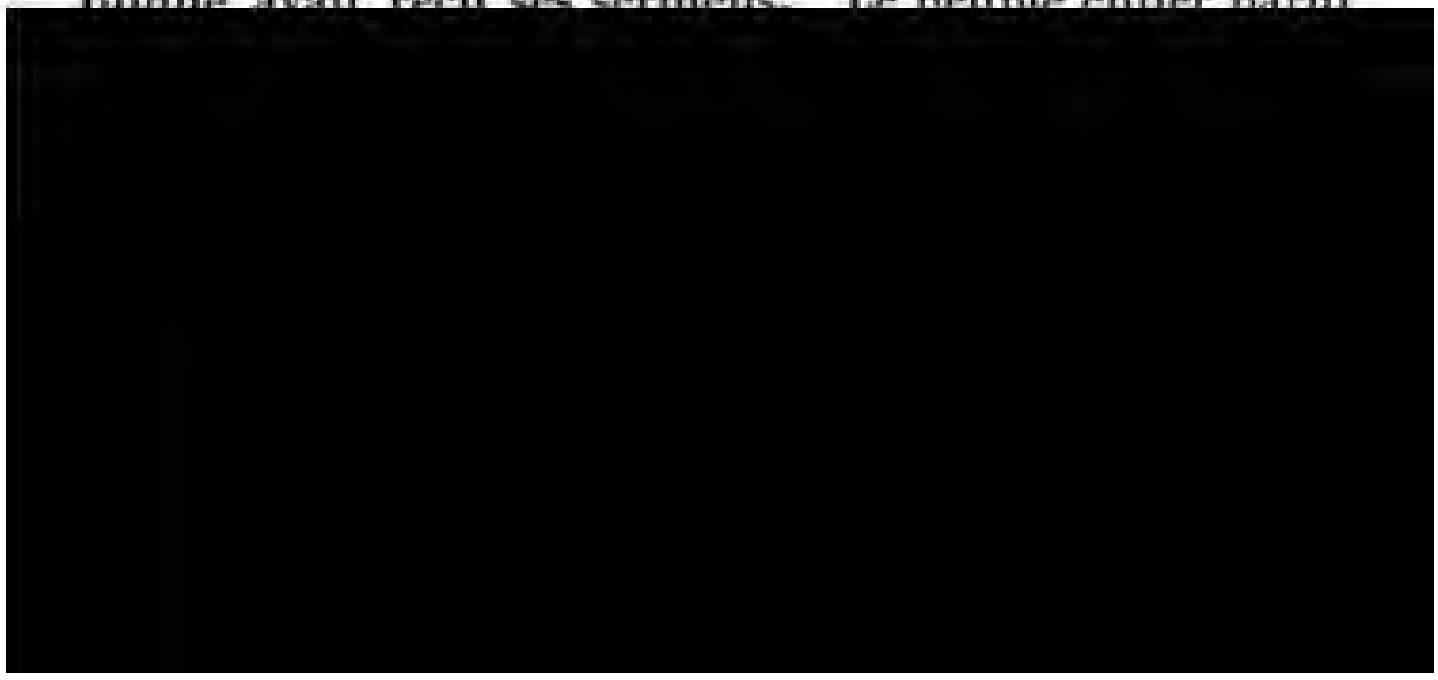
elle
a lui-même
sie par les espions qu
étant déférée au conseil des
aussitôt, et il fut reconduit à Venis
46.
scari ne nia point sa lettre, il raconta ce
ps dans quel but il l'avait écrite, et comment
ait tomber entre les mains de son délateur
s aveux, Foscari fut remis à la torture, et
a trente tours d'estrapade, pour voir s'il confir-
ensuite ses dépositions. Quand on le détacha
corde, on le trouva déchiré par ces horribles s

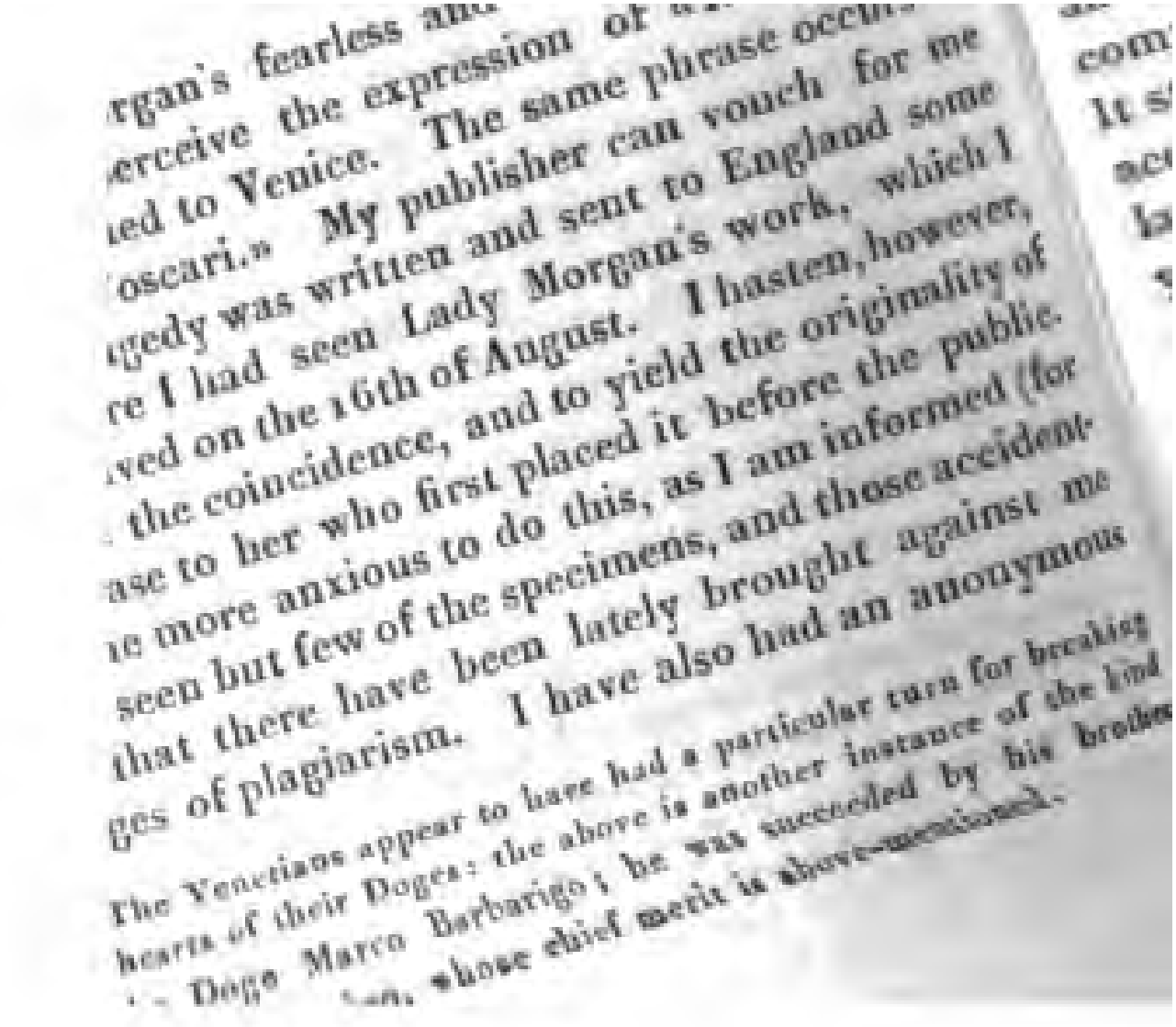
ia Sanuto, p. 1162.

ses. Les juges permirent alors à son père, à sa
, à sa femme, et à ses fils, d'aller le voir dans sa
on. Le vieux Foscari, appuyé sur un bâton, ne se
a qu'avec peine dans la chambre où son fils unique
pansé de ses blessures. Ce fils demandait encore
ace de mourir dans sa maison.—« Retourne à ton
mon fils, puisque ta patrie l'ordonne, lui dit le
, et soumets-toi à sa volonté.» Mais en rentrant
son palais, ce malheureux vieillard s'évanouit,
é par la violence qu'il s'était faite. Jacob devait
re passer une année en prison à la Canée, avant
n lui rendît la même liberté limitée à laquelle il

cette vieille rancune n'était pas encore
nstigation de Loredano, Jérôme Barbe
ur d'état, proposa au conseil des dix,
obre 1457, de soumettre Foscari à une n
iation. Dès que ce magistrat ne pouva
ses fonctions, Barbarigo demanda qu'o
autre doge. Le conseil, qui avait refus
l'abdication de Foscari, parce que la
pouvait la permettre, hésita avant de s
tradiction avec ses propres décrets.
dans le conseil et la junte se prolongè
jours, jusque fort avant dans la nui
fit entrer dans l'assemblée Marco Fo
de Saint-Marc, et frère du doge, po
le redoutable serment du secret, et
les mesures de ses ennemis. Enfin,
auprès du doge, et lui demanda d'
ment un emploi qu'il ne pouvait
juré,» répondit le vieillard, « de
selon mon honneur et ma
teie m'a a

palais, et de déposer les ornemens de sa dignité. Le doge ayant remarqué parmi les conseillers qui lui portèrent cet ordre, un chef de la quarantie qu'il ne connaissait pas, demanda son nom : « Je suis le fils de Marco Memmo, » lui dit le conseiller. — « Ah ! ton père était mon ami, » lui dit le vieux doge, en soupirant. Il donna aussitôt des ordres pour qu'on transportât ses effets dans une maison à lui ; et le lendemain, 23 octobre, on le vit, se soutenant à peine, et appuyé sur son vieux frère, redescendre ces mêmes escaliers sur lesquels, trente-quatre ans auparavant, on l'avait vu installé avec tant de pompe, et traverser ces mêmes salles où la république avait reçu ses sermens. Le peuple entier parut

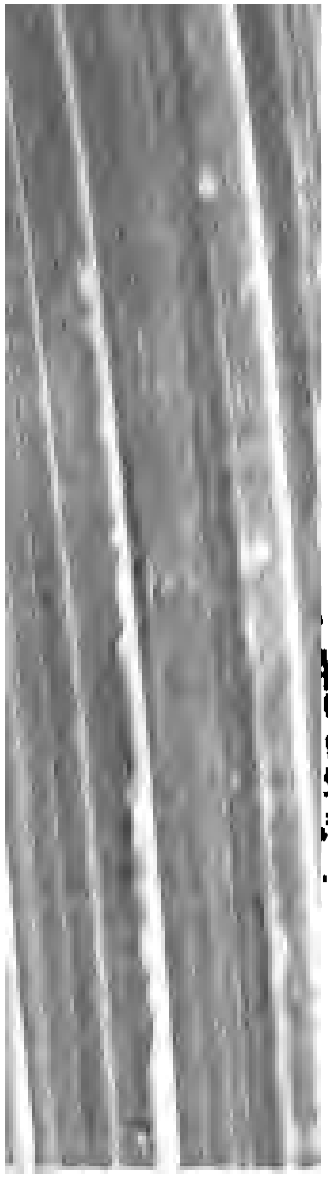




rgan's fearless and
erceive the expression of
ied to Venice. The same phrase occu
oscari." My publisher can vouch for me
gedy was written and sent to England some
re I had seen Lady Morgan's work, which I
ved on the 16th of August. I hasten, however,
the coincidence, and to yield the originality of
ase to her who first placed it before the public.
ie more anxious to do this, as I am informed (for
seen but few of the specimens, and those acciden-
that there have been lately brought against me
ges of plagiarism. I have also had an anonymous

The Venetians appear to have had a particular turn for breaking
hearts of their Doges: the above is another instance of the kind
Doge Marco Barbarigo; he was succeeded by his brother
whose chief merit is above-mentioned.

description of a shipwreck in verse from the narratives of many *actual* shipwrecks in *prose*, selecting such materials as were most striking. Gibbon makes it a merit in Tasso « to have copied the minutest details of the siege of Jerusalem from the Chronicles.» In *me* it may be a demerit, I presume; let it remain so. Whilst I have been occupied in defending *Pope's* character, the lower orders of Grub-street appear to have been assailing *mine*: this is as it should be, both in them and in me. One of the accusations in the nameless epistle alluded to is still more laughable: it states seriously that I « received five hundred pounds for writing advertisements for Day and Martin's patent blacking!» This is the highest compliment to my literary powers which I ever received. It states also « that a person has been trying to make acquaintance with Mr Townsend, a gentleman of the



better than their ...
mine differ materially upon the metaphysical po
of that work; though in common with all who ar
blinded by baseness and bigotry, I highly admir
poetry of that and his other publications.

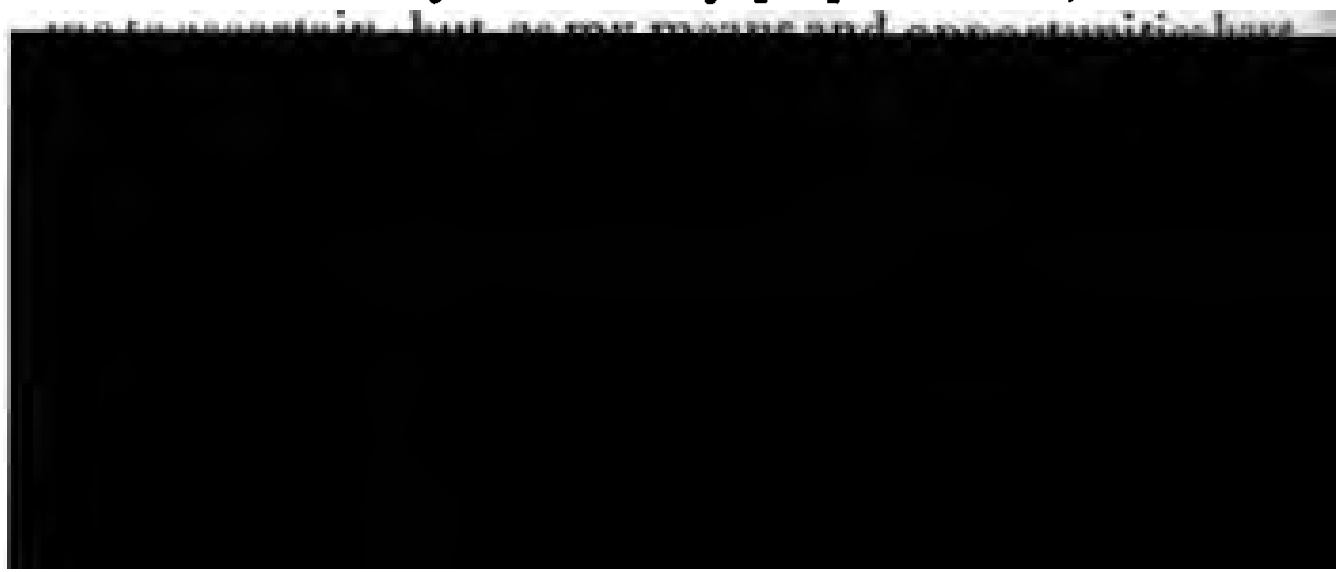
Mr Southey, too, in his pious preface to a poem
blasphemy is as harmless as the sedition of Wat
because it is equally absurd with that sincere produ
calls upon the «legislature to look to it,» as the
tion of such writings led to the French Revolutio
such writings as Wat Tyler, but as those of the «
School.» This is not true, and Mr Southey knows
not true. Every French writer of any freedom wa
cuted; Voltaire and Rousseau were exiles, Marmon
Diderot were sent to the Bastille, and a perpetu
was waged with the whole class by the existing des
In the next place, the French Revolution was n
sioned by any writings whatsoever, but must hav
red had no such writers ever existed. It is the fa
... French revolution.

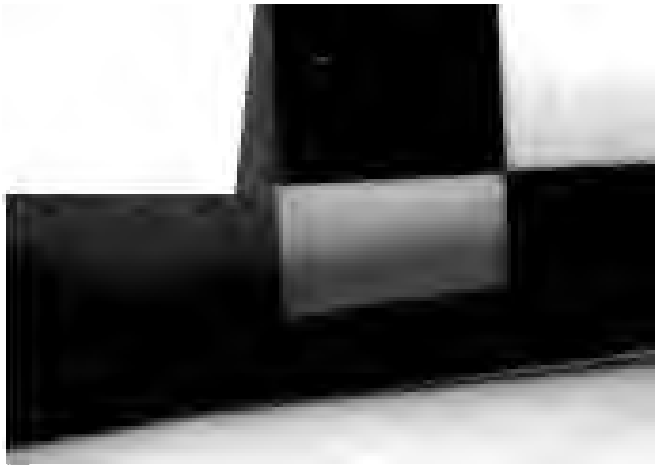
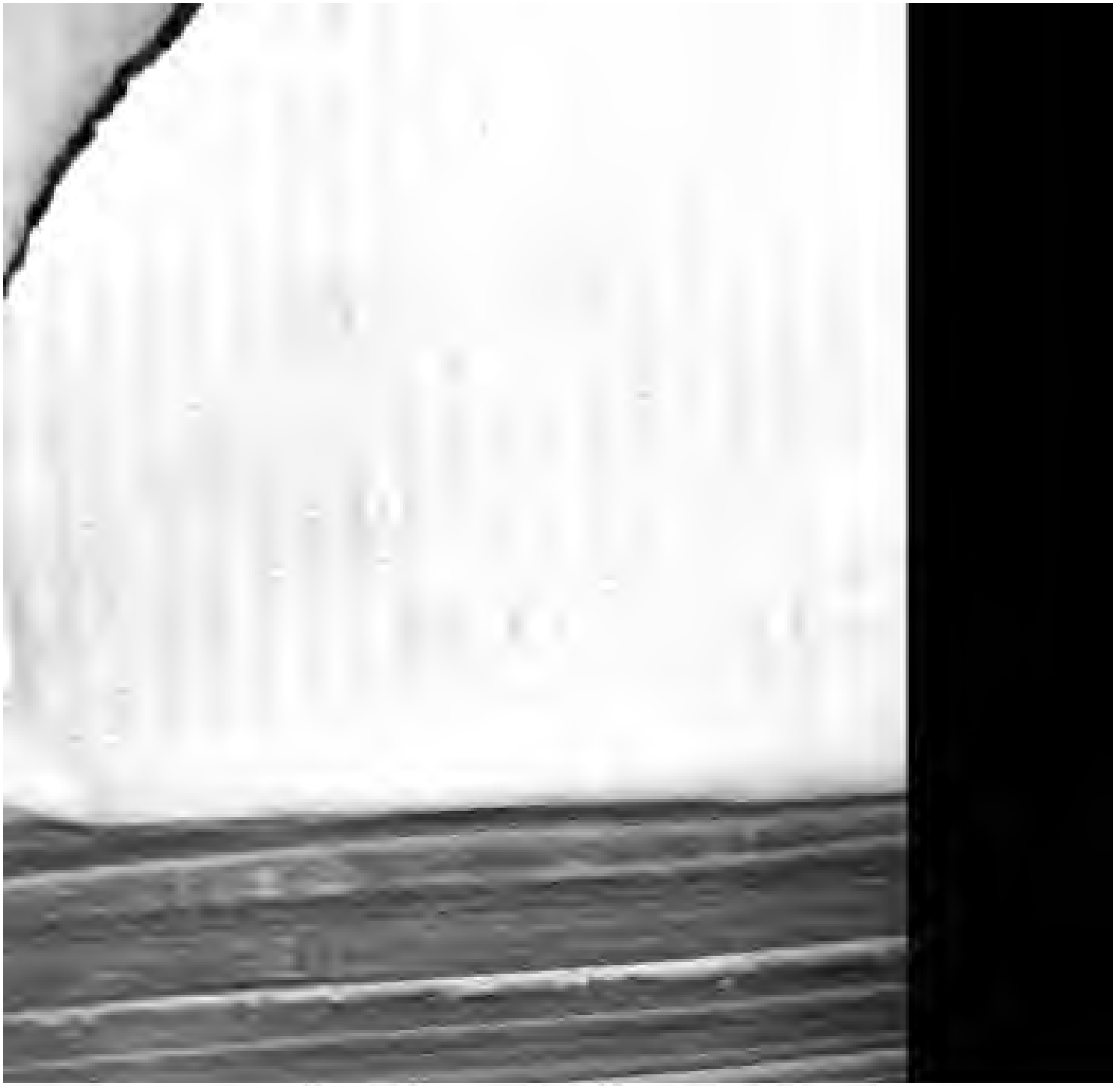
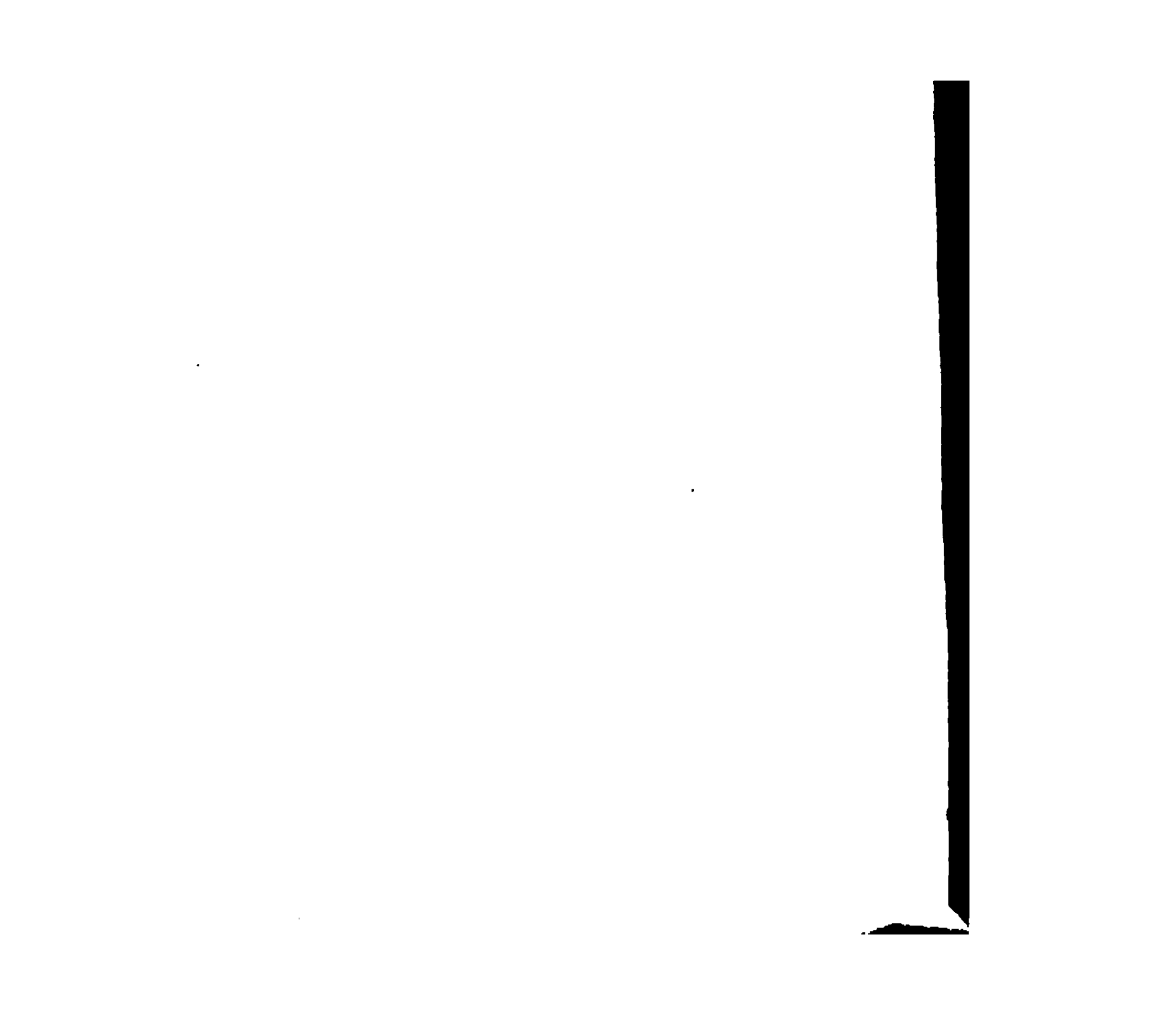
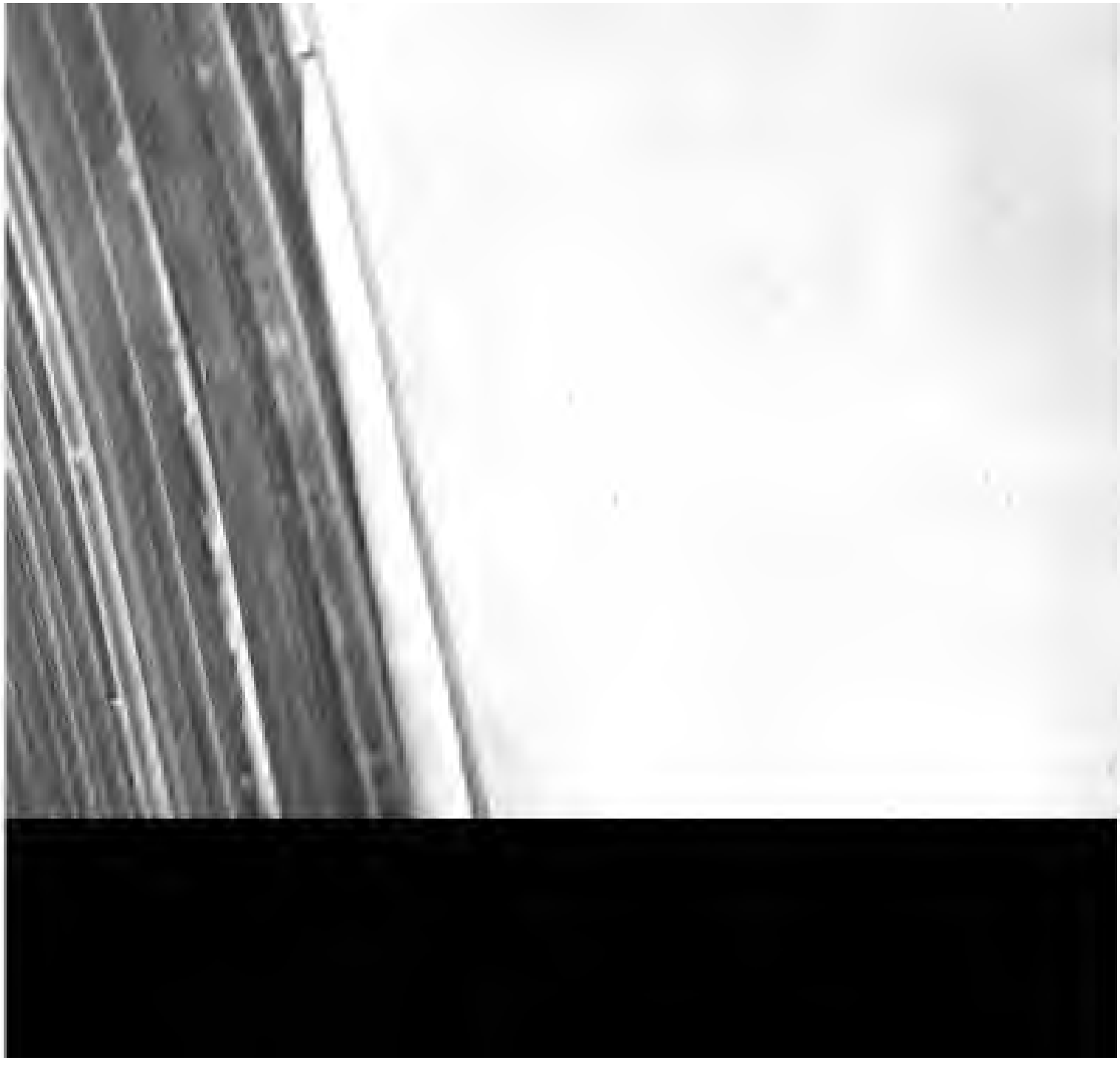
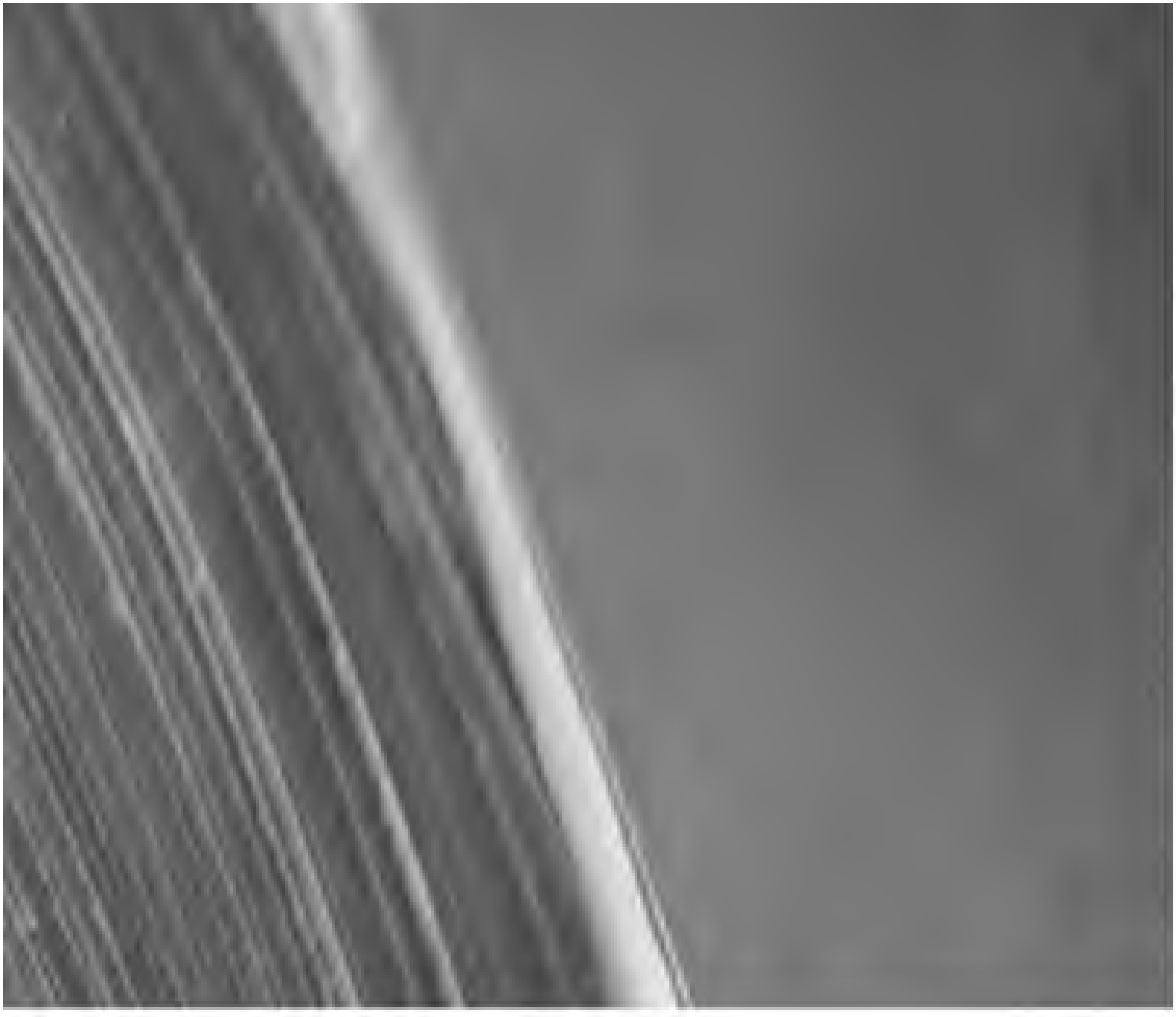
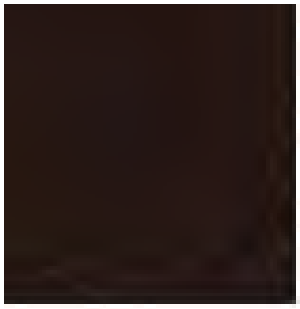
ive caused the p-
ature.

t upon such as inevitable, though no rev
I wish to see the English constitution rest
t destroyed. Born an aristocrat, and natu
temper, with the greater part of my present
n the funds, what have *I* to gain by a revolu
s I have more to lose in every way than Mr
vith all his places and presents for panegyri
into the bargain. But that a revolution is i
I repeat. The government may exult ov
sion of petty tumults; these are but the re
repulsed and broken for a moment on the
the great tide is still rolling on and gaining
every breaker. Mr Southey accuses us of att
ligion of the country; and is he abetting it l
es of *Wesley*? One mode of worship is me
d by another. There never was, nor ever w
ry without a religion. We shall be told of
and a frantic party, w

cuted : *that*, to be sure, will increase any thing.

Mr S, with a cowardly ferocity, exults over the anticipated «death-bed repentance» of the objects of his dislike; and indulges himself in a pleasant «Vision of Judgment,» in prose as well as verse, full of impious impudence. What Mr S.'s sensations or ours may be in the awful moment of leaving this state of existence, neither he nor we can pretend to decide. In common, I presume, with most men of any reflection, *I* have not waited for a «death-bed» to repent of many of my actions, notwithstanding the «diabolical pride» which this pitiful renegado in his rancour would impute to those who scorn *him*. Whether, upon the whole, the good or evil of my deeds may preponderate, is not for





scattered abroad, on his r
me and others : they ha
world; and, if his creed
him less in the next. V
it is not my province to j
his Maker, as I must do
at once ludicrous and bl
bler of all works sitting
struction upon his fell
Apotheosis of George t
the regicide, all shuf
One of his consolatio
a work of a Mr Land